

THE AUSTRALIAN OVER 300,000 COPIES Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. III. No. 50.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1936.

60 PAGES.

PRICE 3d.

13 MAY 1936

SYDNEY

FLOWER STALL



When I buy you roses,
I bid their beauty rise
To your daintiest of noses
And your loveliest of eyes.

It's really very fitting,
For your cheek is like a petal;
If a butterfly were flitting,
I am sure he'd want to settle.

I almost see him gliding
From your lips' divine surprise
To the tiny violets hiding
In the shadows of your eyes.

—LOUIS MONTROSE

GIRL UNDERGRADS' Big Part IN BATTLE for PROCESSION

Gilbertian Situation Satirised in Gilbertian Parody

When a man's liberty is threatened he usually reaches for a gun. A woman raises her voice.

This is precisely what the women undergraduates have done as a protest against the Senate of the Sydney University for banning the annual student procession. And they have also raised it in song—the song quoted below.

WE have it on the authority of history that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," but the undergraduates, being modern, have burst into song in defence of freedom.

The girls have discovered that satire is a more potent weapon than force, and that sarcasm is not lost on the Senate. To the women undergraduates it has not been just a little matter of banning

serious-like manner of the University Senate, but to apply a little wit to the battle with the 'grave and reverend seigneurs,' who are out to spoil a little fun.

"From time immemorial student festivities and processions have been a feature of University life both here and in other parts of the world. In fact, plays have been written about them; but we felt that a song book would meet the case."

The girls made it obvious all along



"YOU MUSTN'T! You mustn't! You mustn't!" Three charming girl undergrads replied to the Sydney University's ban on a student's procession with the Senate's own words.

You Mustn't!!!

(Tune "The Willow")

IN a room in the Law School the Senators sat,
Saying: "Mustn't! You mustn't! You mustn't!"
We'll give you that answer whatever you're at—
You mustn't! You mustn't! You mustn't!
And forever and ever, Amen, will we frown
On any suggestion to let you go down
And hold your immoral processions in town—
You mustn't! You mustn't! You mustn't!

IT'S true they were other Studes eight years ago—
Still, you mustn't! You mustn't! You mustn't!
All students are coarse, filthy-minded, and low,
You mustn't! You mustn't! You mustn't!
In 2000 A.D., after earnest debate
The Senate its wise and just verdict will state:
"You were rowdy and rude in the year '28—
You mustn't! You mustn't! YOU MUSTN'T!"

the procession, but a direct challenge to the liberties of the student.

They have felt all along that because some exuberant students way back in '28 transgressed the canons of good taste it should not have been made a "woe unto ye" lesson to present-day students.

As one girl expressed it: "Of course it had to come to a deciding point sooner or later. We decided, however, not to treat the matter in the pos-

that they were behind the men in their protest, and it was possibly their suggestion that there should be an absolute ban on alcohol on the day of the procession.

They also helped to carry the motion urging all future undergraduates to eliminate everything of an obscene or questionable nature from every festival function, so that everyone might know that the type of humor which crept in-

advertently into previous activities did not represent the general level of intelligence of the students.

But while satirising the Senate has always been an old Varally custom, an undercurrent of feeling has crept in this year, indicating that the undergraduates considered that the Senate had gone a little too far in suggesting by implication that a procession could not be held without the elements of hoodlomanism obtruding.

So it developed that the song book this year became a sort of

Magna Charta of the liberties of the student. That they have taken liberties with the Senate is only to be expected.

The situation was a truly Gilbertian one, and the students have appreciated its potentialities to the full. To paraphrase the poet they cared not who took the scholastic honors if they could write the Uni songs. For weeks past notes on lectures have carried marginal comments which read like the script from a Hollywood song factory.

The girls have written some great stuff

which will blush forth in "Wow," the University song book for 1936.

But it wasn't till late in the day that a perspiring composer, inspired by tremendous feminine interest, evolved the theme song, "You Mustn't." Sung to the tune of Gilbert's "The Willow," even the great librettist himself would appreciate it.

Hum it to yourself and imagine what a devastating effect it had on the University Senate. That, coupled with the wily wit of the women, might have been the main factor which caused the Senate to meet again to reconsider their decision to ban the procession.

PLAYING Cat and Mouse with CONDEMNED MEN

Unfortunate Lack of Guiding Principle in Dealing with Capital Crimes

It is a dreadful thing that the deliberations of the Government concerning the death sentences on Jones and Hickey should be suggestive of a cruel cat and mouse game.

This question of hanging did not arise suddenly. The Government was not caught unawares. Had that been so there might have been some justification for an error of judgment.

IN both cases sentence of death had been passed some months back. Moreover, twelve other death sentences had been imposed and were awaiting the final decision of the Government.

Ministers should have approached this grave question earnestly and deliberately. They knew that public opinion was divided on the question of hanging. That position should have been frankly and honestly faced and clarified.

Previous Governments had allowed an opinion to grow up that hanging in New South Wales was a thing of the past. It is true that the Stevens Government never subscribed to that viewpoint. Three years ago this same Government hanged Moxley.

Not Unanimous

OBVIOUSLY, however, members of the Government are not unanimous in their attitude.

When Cabinet finally sat to consider the cases of Jones and Hickey there was hesitancy and apparently a lack of the judicial atmosphere in which so grave a question should be discussed.

It is a tribute to the instinctive humanity of the Ministers that the daily press announced that they were visibly affected, and that at least one wept at the Cabinet meeting.

But it is not a tribute to their judgment as responsible leaders of Govern-

ment that that same meeting confirmed the sentence of death on two men, and that subsequent legal arguments resulted in the decision being reversed in one case.

There seems no reason why the technical point which later led to the reprieve of Jones should not have been considered by Cabinet in the first place.

In the case of Hickey two weeks went by before the Cabinet reviewed and reaffirmed for the second time his death sentence.

Emotional Atmosphere

INTENSE public interest has been aroused. It is quite clear that there is a very strong body of opinion against hanging.

But even those people who are convinced of the necessity for capital punishment are pained by the unfortunate way in which the Government dealt with it.

Probably Hickey is his well known little or nothing of what has been going on. But he has a father and a mother to whom the long-drawn-out proceedings must have been living torture.

Members of the Government are themselves forced into a terrible position if there is no guiding principle in regard to enforcement of the law.

They are forced into this position every time such a case arises; they must themselves take personal responsibility for saying that New South Wales will take the life of a citizen.

Such a responsibility should be more distinctly and frankly affirmed or denied, so that sentences can be reviewed by Ministers with judicial calmness, rather than under the stress of sentimental and political emotions.

A Man May Marry His Aunt!

By Air Mail from our London Office.

IF he wants to, a man may now marry his aunt by marriage, or his late wife's aunt. He may marry his nephew's widow or his brother's wife's daughter by a former marriage.

This is all according to the new instructions issued by the Stationery Office to "authorised persons." The greatest innovation is that which allows father and son to marry, mother and daughter. Formerly such marriages were not legal if the older people were married first, the two young ones being regarded as brother and sister, though, in fact, they were not related.

N O W

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People



LOOKS FOR DANGER.

CAPTAIN JOHN D. CRAIG, of Hollywood, is a man who simply loves danger. A few years ago he tired of drilling for petroleum, and invented an underwater camera, mastering the art of deep-sea diving in the process. He specialises in filming close-ups of killer sharks, giant rays, and deadly octopuses; and on land takes pictures of savages preparing for war, and anything else with a spice of danger to it. He sells his films to the highest bidder, and you've seen examples of his work in "Tiger Shark," "Treasure Island," and others.

Craig spends ten months of the year travelling with his wife, and accompanied by six technicians. At present he is in the Pacific filming a picture based on his own adventures, which are many and various.



—Dorothy Welding photo.

WOMAN "LINO" OPERATOR.

MISS EILEEN CHANTRELL is Australia's first woman lino-type operator, and, like many women stenographers with dexterous fingers, has forged ahead with a speed that surprises men. Apart from her speed she is a "clean" setter—a thing so desirable in lino-type work, where errors can absorb so much valuable time.

Her hobby is singing, and she has been a St. James' Church (Croydon) soloist for many years.



PIONEER OF MOTORING.

MR. W. H. HARRISON, Secretary of the Chamber of Automotive Industries, was organiser of the International Motor Show which opened in Melbourne recently, thus completing his tenth undertaking in this direction.

Mr. Harrison is a pioneer of motoring in Australia, having driven one of the first motor cars in the country. He is considered a world authority on motor transport, and is an Associate of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, England. He was also organiser of this year's Ideal Homes Exhibition, the Leather Trades Exhibition, and the British Trade Exhibition.

Transport organising is inherent in this family. Mr. Harrison's grandfather pioneered coastal transport between Melbourne and Sydney, and his father conducted a road service between the capitals before the railway connected at Albury.

COSMETICS *Taboo*, but WOMEN Still Look CHARMING

Young Australian Tells Vivid Story of Her German Tour

A vivid first-hand impression of Germany and the Rhineland is given in the following article by Miss Marjorie Florance, a young Australian who has just returned from a tour of the Continent.

She discusses the German methods of instructing women in home crafts and child welfare, the various youth movements, and the tremendous industry in cities and villages. Australia is a magic word to Germans, she says, but many still have the impression that our country is entirely peopled by aborigines.

By MARJORIE FLORANCE

"THIS is our Leader," said a Nazi official, showing me a much-decorated photograph of Herr Hitler. "We follow him blindly, though we do not always know what his meaning is, or what the end will be."

It was this hero-worship, this passionate "follow-the-leader" spirit which most impressed me in the eight weeks I recently spent in Germany.

Arriving in Cologne, I was amazed to find flags waving from every house top, and beflowered pictures of Hitler in all the shop windows. Day by day, and in every way, in every town and village, the flags flew and the photographs increased in numbers.

Open-air Theatres

IN Heidelberg I went to the opening of the Tingstalle—one of the new open-air amphitheatres which are being built by the State in various parts of the country for the performance of plays of a national character.

I saw "Der Weg ins Reich"—a symbolic play supposed to represent the ideals of the new State from its inception to the present time. It was rather too symbolical for me to follow comfortably, but the finale was most dramatic.

A terrific storm blew up, but the audience of 15,000 ardent National Socialists never batted an eyelid.

They stood, to a man, for fifteen minutes, singing stirring songs, with their right arms extended from the shoulder, in the Nazi salute while the rain poured down upon them and the wind lashed the trees to a fury.

My early morning stumbles in Heidelberg were broken by trumpet and drum. Fearing the steel helmets and grey-green uniforms of the Storm Troops, I was relieved to see instead bands of young men, singing as they marched through the cobbled streets shouldering picks and shovels.

These battalions of youths are conscripted for the work camps, which must be attended by every young German, for a period of from 10 to 14 days. They are paid about sixpence a day, and work in the fields and on the roads.

This system helps to relieve the unemployment.

Christmas night in Heidelberg! Again the sound of marching feet, but the drums are silent. It is a torchlight procession to the cemetery to place wreaths on the grave of an unknown soldier, and to offer up prayers for the dead of all nations killed in the Great War.

For Women

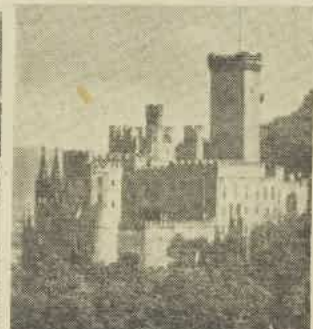
A GREAT deal is being done under the Hitler regime for the enlightenment of German women. There is an organisation called the Frauen-chraft which deals with any questions of social welfare, and which, under the leadership of Mrs. Scholtz-Klink, sends out voluntary workers to the remote parts of the country, to instruct the women in mothercraft and child welfare. That, of course, is excellent, but the taboo on cosmetics seems rather sad to me. Lipstick is "verboten."

In the whole length and breadth of Germany there are no really red lips.

Nevertheless the women look charming and are contented and ab-



THE OPEN-AIR AMPHITHEATRE at Heidelberg, one of many such centres in Germany for the staging of national plays.



CASTLE STOLZENFELS, on the Rhine, one of the many picturesque sights in Germany.

sorted in the care of their homes. The "Haus Frau" certainly deserves her reputation for good housekeeping. The beds are a joy to sleep in—very wide and comfortable, the sheets and pillow-cases beautifully embroidered and trimmed with lace. One always has a fresh linen cover for one's elderdown, and there are always hand-made lace curtains at the windows.

Heil Hitler!

I WAS getting on a train in Cologne when a cry of "Heil Hitler!" smote my unaccustomed ears. Heavens! I was being saluted. Which hand to raise? I flung them both up, dropping my head to do so. I tripped and fell headlong into the compartment. I shuddered. I had been repeatedly warned in England that it was almost death not to return the salute correctly.

"Heil, Hitler!" I stuttered, as my chin struck a good Nazi boot and I bit my tongue.

"God save your King and your Queen," came the reassuring reply.

The carriage was crowded with jolly-looking Germans in uniform—all definitely friendly—in fact, all definitely amused.

Think We're Black

THEY picked me up, restored my handbag, and gave me a comfortable seat. To consolidate my position I told them I was an Australian. Magic word! The Nazis gathered round. Never having seen an Australian before, they were disappointed that I was not black. One dear old man suggested that my father was English and my mother a negress—perhaps I was a cross?

I hated to disillusion him, but for the honor of my ancestry it was necessary. Hands were extended for me to shake, and cries of "Auf wiedersehen" and "God save your King" followed me as I left the train.

I have been told that a more lenient feeling towards the Jews is growing in Germany, and I certainly heard several Germans regret the persecution of these people.

While I was in Germany it was a common sight to see numbers of well-dressed Jews dining in expensive restaurants.

I did the Rhine trip before the re-occupation of the Rhineland. There was no hint of war—no sign of rearmament in this province at any rate. There was tremendous industry in the cities and

villages, and in the vineyards—"perpendicular farms," the Americans call them—which cling by a hair's breadth to the precipitous banks of the river. There was an abiding peace in the old castles which watch the scene from the heights above.

As the Rhine boat passed the famous basalt rock, well known to song and story as the Lorelei, I fancied I caught the ghost of a mermaid's song.

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18/5/36



SIX STUDIES of Norda Mata, the German interpretative dancer now touring Australia. From left: (1) Norda Mata's impressions of Angkor, from a series of dances created by her after visiting the mysterious city of ruins in Cambodia, Indo-China. (2) The simple white training suit is a vivid contrast to the voluminous gowns in which she more frequently dances. (3) An interpretation of The Death of Ase from the "Peer Gynt Suite" (Grieg). (4) Finale of dance, "To the Moon," a fantasy of Chinese temple rites.

Dancer's Novel Costumes



5. From her conception of the famous "Moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven.

6. Another incident from the "To the Moon" dance.



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ART SHOW that All SHOULD SEE

Women Artists' Splendid Exhibition

At the exhibition of the Women's Industrial Arts Society, at the Education Building in Loftus St., Sydney, the chief apparent fact is the amazing progress and increase in number of the women artists of Australia.

IN the short period of twelve months, the society has grown from six to over 100 exhibitors.

In the exhibition is written the story of the rapid growth of appreciation of Art by Australians.

Just to see these paintings of all descriptions, from portraits to landscapes, and every specimen of handicraft made by talented women is a sheer joy for all.

One is lost in delight in the contemplation of these lovely things.

The exhibition is arranged against pale grey walls. The visitor, on entering, is greeted by dramatic masks, vibrant colors, and scenes of extraordinary activity.

Strolling to a table in the handicraft section one beholds Peg Rodda ingeniously making gloves of all descriptions, from sheer silk to smooth-haired fur. Samples of her work hang, fringe-like, around the table.

A few steps ahead one's attention is arrested by shawls, which bring the glamor and picturesqueness of old Spain and enchant the eye of the beholder.

Draped nearby, bedspreads of Italian design are reminiscent of bygone days when popes and dogs lived in lovely palaces by Italy's blue sea.

A Bacchus mask modelled by Lorna Loutour peeps wickedly at one from a far corner.

In contrast, stands a charming Ballerina dancer. With her lovely, subtle face and graceful pose, she looks at one with her slanting eyes.

A gleam of semi-precious stones flash against a subdued background of tapestries, delicately and intricately woven.

Warm soft rugs in harmonious shades, woven by the skilled fingers of Roma Field, hang from the walls.

Mingled Emotions

THEY are suggestive of spacious rooms, which they alone can transform by their vibrant colorfulness.

As we stand surveying a delicate landscape, the enchanting figure of an exhibitor passes by.

Her mannequin form and gracefulness suggest a page from a fashion magazine.

While we pause before a mural, our amazed eyes behold the figures of over-developed nymphs, unadorned but for their exaggerated headwear. We are told it is the work of Vic Cowdroy, the artist who just passed by.

The model of a portrait by Violet Bowring which we have previously been admiring sweeps past, looking even more radiant than her picture.

Standing before her exhibits of several striking torsons, Dolphine Stephens is wholly concerned with the demands of her small son. It is incomprehensible to think this charming young matron has created these arresting studies.

Groups of animated spectators scattered throughout the gallery generously air their opinions of the various exhibits. One leaves the exhibition with mingled emotions.—D.A.

DEAD or ALIVE?

—By PATRICIA WENTWORTH

WHO was the woman in the green taxi, and what part did she play in the disappearance of Robin O'Hara?

FOR ten years Bill Coverdale has loved Meg O'Hara. A year after she married Robin O'Hara, Col. Garratt, of the Foreign Office Intelligence, Robin's chief, is convinced he was murdered while on a dangerous mission. Bill, back in London after a year's engineering job in Chile, finds Meg underfed and shabby. O'Hara, always hard up, was disappointed when Prof. Henry Postlethwaite, her uncle, with whom she had lived, gave her no allowance, and he made Meg's life miserable until he disappeared. Her uncle, engrossed in his writing, has isolated himself on an island in a lake. O'Hara left a packet labelled "To be opened by my wife in case of my death."

Garratt has advised her to see her lawyer and establish O'Hara's death. She doesn't, and when Bill asks why she says she thinks Robin is alive. Left in her flat have been a newspaper with ink-circled letters spelling "I am alive," and a maple leaf on which the word "alive" has been pricked with a pin.

Bill talks to Col. Garratt about these things, but the Colonel is not convinced that O'Hara is alive. The story continues—

BILL didn't answer at once. Then he said, "You'd better know just where we are. I've cared for Meg for ten years. She's never cared for me. She married O'Hara. He made her very unhappy. Now she doesn't know whether she's free or not. He was a cruel devil—it would be like him to keep her like that—no knowing."

Garratt jingled his keys. "It might be . . . O'Hara was like that."

Bill went on speaking. "It's an

Life's Song

One by one the silent shadows go,
Each with its little candle burning low;
And one by one the misty stars steal by,
Reflecting the earth in the canopy of sky.
Each white star belongs to some lone soul,
Guiding it on through life to some far goal;
Waiting for as silent, watching, devout,
Then one by one the misty stars fade out.

—J. Linton.

abominable position. She can't even get probate."

There was something sticking in his mind about those papers in the bank. No, it was a packet of some sort, he told Garratt. Meg didn't know if there were papers in it; she only thought there might be.

Garratt grinned. "Do you expect me to believe that O'Hara had anything to leave? I suppose she wants to be sure she's a widow. She was a fool to marry him. Now look here, Bill—O'Hara's dead. I told her so when she came to see me. The body they got out of the river in December was his all right. Stripped—and ordinary identification impossible, but there had been an old break of the right leg. I happen to know O'Hara broke that leg about five years ago. We didn't

identify him at the inquest because it didn't suit our book. We were still hoping to pick up the trail he was on. We most particularly didn't want any headlines in the papers. What Mrs. O'Hara wants to do now is to see her lawyer and get leave to presume death. We'll back her up—now, there needn't be any publicity. Tell her to see her lawyer at once. All this about letters, and leaves, and snips of paper is either a hoax, or it's hysteria. O'Hara's no dead as Julius Caesar—she needn't worry."

He got up, went over to the other side of the room, clattered at a drawer, and came back with an untidy notebook in his hand. He flicked at the crumpled pages. "Here you are—October, 'thirty-four. First entry about O'Hara on the third. He was due to report, and he didn't report . . . October fourth—rang up Mrs. O'Hara. O'Hara missing. She wanted to know where he was. So did we. We gave it another forty-eight hours and then we began to make inquiries. Nobody had seen O'Hara since eight o'clock on the evening of October first, when he walked out of his flat. Nobody's seen him. Nobody's heard from him. He never turned up, and he never will." He shut the notebook with a snap. "You tell Mrs. O'Hara to see her lawyer and get on with it!"

Bill Coverdale was sitting up. "You say nobody saw O'Hara after the first of October?"

"October first, 'thirty-four," said Garratt laconically.

"Well—I saw him."

"You saw O'Hara after October first?"

Colonel Garratt said:

"Yes, I saw O'Hara," Bill Coverdale answered. "And I can fix the date, because I sailed for South America next day, and I sailed on the fifth."

YOU'RE sure of that? Bill nodded. Garratt fished a pencil out of his pocket. "All right. You saw O'Hara on the fourth. That's four days after anyone else did. Where did you see him? What was he doing? Whom was he with?"

"He was in a taxi," said Bill. "It was somewhere about midnight, because my train was a bit late, and it was due at eleven."

"Where were you coming from?"

"King's Cross. I'd been up north,

A little click awoke her from her dream-troubled sleep. Meg got up to listen. Her heart was racing and her mouth was dry.

and I'd run it fine so I was in a hurry. I was sailing next day. I was held up at a crossing, and I saw O'Hara go by in a taxi. I didn't think anything about it at the time, and barring that it was somewhere between King's Cross and Piccadilly Circus. I can't say where the delay occurred. I just didn't think anything about it."

Garratt scribbled in his notebook. "Was it a taxi or a private car?"

Bill shut his eyes for a moment. "It was a taxi—one of those green ones."

Garratt scribbled again. "Was he alone?"

Bill Coverdale got up, walked to the window, and looked out. But what he saw was O'Hara in a taxi at midnight—O'Hara with every feature clear and

have O'Hara pronounced dead legally. Garratt seemed to think there wouldn't be any trouble about it.

He began to wonder how soon he could ask Meg to marry him. He wanted to take care of her. He had a picture in his mind of an open car, and himself and Meg, and the luggage in behind, and nothing to stop them going anywhere they chose.

BILL indulged this dream for a little, and then woke coldly. Why should Meg marry him? "She's never wanted you to look after her. If she had, she wouldn't have married O'Hara. If she had, she'd have married you five years ago." That was when he had first

Clue of the Zinnia Lipstick

distinct, and beyond him, close at his shoulder, a woman. The anger he had felt then swept over him again. To have Meg for his wife, and to go chasing off with that sort of girl! He tried to visualise her and failed.

Garratt repeated his question impatiently. "Was he alone?"

Bill turned to face him. "No. There was a girl with him."

"See her face?"

"I suppose I did. I can't describe her."

"You're being very useful!" said Garratt with a growl in his voice. "You're sure there was a girl?"

"Yes, I'm sure of that."

"You wouldn't know her again?"

Bill was frowning deeply. Behind that impression of his there must be something if he could only get hold of it. He said, without knowing what he was going to say, "I never said I wouldn't know her again."

Bill Coverdale walked back to his hotel. The next thing to do was to

asked her—on her twentieth birthday. Meg had just laughed at him.

"Bill, darling—how silly! I know you much, much too well, and I'm much, much, much too fond of you. I don't want to marry for ages and ages, but when I do, I expect it'll be someone I don't know a bit, so that I'll have that thrillingly romantic feeling—I've known you since I was fifteen."

Bill sought a telephone. He heard Meg saying, "Yes—who is it?—Oh—hello, Bill!" Her voice, which had been a little breathless, sounded pleased.

"I want you to dine with me."

"I don't think—"

"You don't need to think—I'm doing the thinking. Where would you like to go? I thought about the Luxe."

"Bill, I really don't think—"

"I thought we might do a theatre. What have you seen?"

"Nothing."

"All right, I'll call for you at a quarter to seven."

"Bill, I haven't got any clothes."

"Well, the best people don't seem

to be wearing them much. Quarter to seven, Meg." He rang off.

Meg hung up the receiver. She ought to have said no, but it was such ages since she had been out anywhere—it would be nice to dine with Bill, nice to get out of the flat, and very, very nice not to have bread and margarine for supper. Last week there had been cheese, but now there was so little money left that it was bread and margarine, and scrape at that, with the tea-leaves saved from breakfast to make something you could pretend was a cup of tea. Of course, she ought to have given up her telephone the minute she lost her job, but it seemed like the last link with her friends. Now it would have to go, and she would have to sell something to pay the bill.

She pushed all that away. What was she going to wear? She hadn't anything that was less than two years old—it was two years and a month since she married Robin O'Hara.

SHE went into her bedroom and opened the wardrobe door. There wasn't much choice really. It would have to be the black georgette. She put it on, and thought it didn't look so bad. Uncle Henry had given her a cheque, and it had cost a lot two years ago. Meg looked at herself in the glass, and thought she was too thin for black, and too pale. She could put on some color, but the little knobs on her spine showed all the way down the open back. She shifted the hand-mirror this way and that and then slid off into thinking. . . . There was Uncle Henry with lots of money, and she'd lived with him from the time she was fifteen to the time she married, and he had paid all her bills without a murmur and given her nice fat cheques for her birthday, and Christmas, and things like that. It was a whole year since she had seen him now, and he hadn't even bothered to answer her letters. . . .

Please turn to Page 45



Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

FAIRY Tale PRINCE

... By ...
LEONARD
MERRICK

A captivating story of a girl who found Prince Charming in real life.

"THE carriage is at the door, Madam." How strange that still sounds when the solemn butler says it—to me, Rosie McLeod! I go, wrapped in furs, down the great staircase, pass the two footmen—whose pomposity, if I may own the truth, rather frightens me—and enter my carriage in a dream. For a few minutes my grandeur seems unreal; I am remembering winters when I used to shiver in a spring jacket, and Japan my summer straw. I feel as Cinderella must have felt on her way to the ball, and, indeed, I hold my history no less fairy-like than hers, and my hero no less charming than her prince. I want to write the tale, and to think that, far away in dear old England, other girls will read it. I ought to explain that I am writing in New York, a city that I never expected to see in all my life. But let me begin at the beginning!

The beginning, then, was a draughty flat in West Kensington. In looking back at it I see always a delicate, sweet-faced woman sitting by the fire, and a slip of a girl sketching at a table covered by a faded green cloth. The woman was my mother; the girl was I. I know now that I had very little talent, but I meant to be an artist. When I sold my copy of "Shoeing the Bay Mare" one morning, while I was working at the National, I was prouder of myself than I have ever been since. Pray, don't think I am vain of it now; copies of that were easy to sell and the girls in my time were accordingly eager for their turn to begin it; I only mention that matter because it was the first and the last money my mother saw me earn. Dear little mother! But we were very happy together, weren't we, although we were poor? Dear little mother, if you were living to-day what lovely, lovely things you should have!

At her death I was left quite alone. It is true that I had some second cousins but I had not met them, and they showed no desire to meet me then. From one source and another I had about three hundred pounds, and in my ignorance I expected to support myself by my brush before the sun melted. When I was free of the flat I took a lodging in Bayswater, and continued to study at a life-class. Excepting that I worked and hoped, and very often cried, there is nothing to tell you of the next few years.

Then one afternoon I saw Miss Niblett in Kensington Gardens. She was an artist who had long been an acquaintance of ours. As far back as I remember she used to drop in to tea about twice a year, and talk of the

Everfair

In the Garden of Thought
there's a glamorous plot
Where Faith is the keeper of
beauty.

No sorrow can live in this love-
planted spot,
With golden hope ever on duty.

This everfair corner is watered
with tears,
Turned to smiles by a heart
understanding,
And the glow from the kindness
that lights up the years
Is the sun for the flowers
expanding.

—Marie P. Pannifex.

great things she was going to do. She never seemed to grow any older, nor to do the great things. She was a spirited, chirpy little woman, and when she settled in Paris both my mother and I had missed her occasional visits very much. In the Broad Walk she greeted me as brightly as ever, and we strolled to the Round Pond, and talked for an hour. She was returning to a week's time, and I heard that she was living there in the cheapest possible way, occupying a studio and bedroom in the

quarter called Montparnasse, and mackereling and cooking for herself. She told me of the great things she was going to do.

"Why don't you come back with me, child?" she asked presently. "Come and study in Paris, and then you won't be so lonely. Wouldn't you like to?" "I should love it," I faltered, with a heart-thump "but—"

"But, what?" "I don't know. . . . For one thing, I can't speak French."

"Tut," cried Miss Niblett. "Hundreds of the girls don't speak French. You'll learn." For a minute we sat silent, gazing at the toy ships sailing across the pond. Then she added briskly, "You had better come!"

"All right," I said. Yes, I went to study in Paris, and to live in the queerest fashion imaginable. Our rooms were up ninety-eight

"The carriage is at the door, Madam." How strange that still sounds when the solemn butler says it—to me, Rosie McLeod!

stairs of a dingy house in a dilapidated court. At six o'clock in the morning the court used to wake, and be so exceedingly busy—and cheerful without—that anyone there would have been ashamed to be asked. To begin with, there was the rushing of water outside, for tap there was none, and one by one the tenants clattered to a pump with a bucket to obtain their supply for the day. Then the hawkers made their appearance, each with his own peculiar chant.

"It arrives, it arrives, the mackerel! Who wishes for my fine mackerel this morning?" And "The mussels! The mussels most delicious!" And "Some milk—some fresh milk?" And I mustn't forget the noise that was made by shaking out the rugs from every win-

dow. I have never seen a city that opens its eyes so good-humoredly as Paris. In pictures it is always shown to us at night with its myriad lamps shining, or in the afternoon when it is frivolous, and its fountains flash; but, in my own little unimportant opinion, if one would know Paris at its sweetest and its best, one should get up very, very early, and behold it smiling when it wakes to work.

I HAVE told you that we lived up ninety-eight stairs; I must tell you something about the people who lived on the lower landings. Of course the lower the landing the higher the rent, but none of our neighbors had an air of opulence, need I say it? All of

them hustled to the pump with pails, all of them cooked their own meals; and it was rather a rare occurrence, I believe, for everybody in that house to cook a dinner on the same day.

On the floor below ours there was a Madame Troquet, who painted fans and chocolate boxes for a livelihood—the expensive and gorgeous boxes covered with satin, which fortunate people have sent to them at Christmas and on their birthdays. Still lower there was an American youth who was studying Medicine. I am afraid he did not study it very hard; I should be sorry to think that if I were ill in America one day, he might be called in to prescribe for me.

Please turn to Page 18



Illustrated by FISCHER

BUT for BILLY



BILLY'S Daddy was always frightened out of his wits on his way home from work because every night he'd jump off the bus at the corner and come striding up the street, never dreaming that anybody would be hiding behind the gatepost; and then—

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

hooh!—out would jump a bogyman to catch him by the leg.

When he came to Mr. Fielding's gate Billy shouted and jumped out at him. Daddy jumped and shouted, too—he seemed half-frightened to death—but when he saw who was gripping his leg he began to laugh.

"Whew! My goodness! You scared the life out of me, son!" he exclaimed as he hoisted Billy on to his back. "Hang on, now," he said, and, after they had started off, he added: "Well, what happened to-day?"

"Nuffin', Daddy," the child replied absently.

"Nuffin', eh?" echoed Daddy. "Well, did the postman leave any letters for me?"

"No, Daddy," answered Billy. "He was in a hurry to-day—but an answer man came."

"Oh, answer man came, did he?" retorted Daddy, lightly pinching Billy's leg. "And who might that be?"

"The landlord man," Billy informed him.

"Ah!" said Daddy, and the tone of his voice changed.

"After he'd gone, Mummy cried," the little chap went on, and, though Daddy didn't say anything, Billy could feel the neck under his arms stiffen.

"Anything happen to-day, Mary?" Daddy asked at supper.

"Nothing out of the ordinary, dear," said Mummy.

"No callers or anything?" Daddy persisted.

"No."

Mummy was looking at her plate, and Billy almost choked. Mummy had told a fib! He simply couldn't understand it, and he stared at her in wide-eyed amazement. But Daddy caught



"There's a bear in the house!" cried Daddy, crawling about on the floor on his hands and knees and making grunting noises like a bear.

A Complete
Short Story

By
**CLELAND
LUNDY**

pose. Daddy's lips were firm and his face was set. "I tried every place in the town again to-day," he said wearily. "I should think I walked about twelve miles altogether."

AFTER that, everything was quiet for a while. They both sat and looked at the tablecloth, and Mummy made little round balls of breadcrumbs. Nobody thought to talk to Billy, or to ask him about his adventures that day; and he felt alone all at once, and very small. After a while, he could bear it no longer.

"Tommy had peaches an' cream to-day," he announced.

"Tommy Jamieson, I suppose," said Mummy, reaching over to stroke his hair. "How did you know that?"

"Tommy's mother gave me one," Billy explained, "an' I seen her putting cream on the others, too."

"Say 'saw,' dear," Mummy said gently.

"Why don't we have peaches and cream, Mummy?" Billy asked sadly.

The two grown-ups looked at each other for a moment. Then they looked back at Billy and Daddy spoke.

"Don't you worry, son," he said reassuringly, "we'll be having them one of these days. Come on!"

He jumped up and lifted Billy, making him stand on the chair.

"There's a bear in the house!" cried Daddy, crawling about the floor on his hands and knees, jumping around and making grunting noises, just like a bear. Billy laughed and shouted, and presently Mummy began to smile, too. And as long as Mummy smiled everything was all right.

THE next day Billy was glad that he was playing outside when the landlord called. He didn't like Mr. Renton, who was old and thin, and whose face was rough with whiskers, but when he was safely down the street again Billy made for the house at top speed. He came whooping and crashing in at the back door like a whirlwind; but in the kitchen he stopped dead.

Mummy was sitting at the table, her face buried in her arms, crying; and Daddy was looking out of the window, his hands clasped tightly together behind his back.

Nobody said anything or paid any attention to Billy. It frightened him to see Mummy crying, and he began to cry, too; but there was nobody to go to, now.

Presently Daddy turned from the window, crossed to the table, and put a hand on Mummy's shoulder.

"Buck up, sweetheart," he said. "We haven't got to move for a week yet, and a lot may happen by then."

But Mummy didn't answer. She just went on crying as if her heart would break.

"Here's young Billy, Mary," said Daddy.

She looked up then, her face all wet and shining, and held out her arms. Billy ran as hard as he could and threw himself into them, while she hugged him tightly.

After a time she wiped her eyes and tidied her hair; but she kept her little boy close beside her all the time.

Daddy stood and watched her, his hands in his pockets.

"My chance will come, Mary—see if it doesn't," he said, with forced cheerfulness. "A job of some sort'll turn up. Dash it, it'll have to! There's some justice in the world, my darling."

HE patted Mummy's shoulders and grinned at her; but she didn't smile back. She was leaning back in her chair now, with one arm around Billy, the other hand sliding a spoon backwards and forwards on the tablecloth.

"It's no use trying to fool ourselves, Will," she said. "You know quite well there isn't a chance of a job; and you're just saying that to cheer me up. If there was going to be an opening in a town of this size, dear, we'd hear of it long before it even occurred. Oh, what are we going to do?"

Daddy sat down at the table, too, and thought for a while.

Presently he gave a funny sort of smile.

"I suppose mother would be glad to see us for a time," he said hesitantly; "and it would be nice there, Mary—lots

know, but there's the train fare, and I—I don't want to do that, anyway."

Mummy's voice was getting shaky, and Daddy jumped up suddenly.

"Now, now!" he exclaimed hastily. "Everything's going to be all right, angel. You see if it isn't!" He grabbed Mummy and Billy all in one big armful and made them dance round and round. "The old ship will be in any day now, dear," he assured her. "And we'll be sitting on top of the world! Then we'll catch old Renton and pull his ears till he cries for mercy!"

He danced and laughed until they were all laughing together; and Billy began to feel much better.

They had breakfast for supper that night, with potatoes, and tapioca pudding. Billy ate a lot of it, for he had got very hungry since they had come back from the shop, playing with Tommy down by Mr. Fielding's gate. He liked the supper, but it wasn't a happy meal. There was still something wrong in the house. He didn't know what it was—he couldn't understand—yet he could feel it. For one thing, Mummy wasn't herself. She had been crying again while they were at the shop—he could tell by her eyes—and she hadn't smiled when they came in. Even Daddy didn't talk and laugh to-night. So Billy ate his supper in silence like the grown-ups.

"I found a purse," he announced suddenly.

"Oh!" said Daddy. "Found a purse, did you, son?" He looked across at Mummy and winked. "Full of money, I suppose?"

YES, Billy agreed. "Full of nice money."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Daddy in mock surprise. "You don't say so!"

just as he used to do at supper-time. Yes, he was quite cheerful again.

But Mummy wasn't laughing. She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table, looking closely at Billy.

"Where did you find this purse, dear?" she asked.

"Me an' Tommy found it."

"Yes, but where, darling?"

"Down by Mr. Fielding's gate, Mummy," Billy explained. "And we picked it up and brought it home. We played shops, and I sold Tommy fings. He bought a millum pounds' worth, and then he—"

"Darling!" exclaimed Mother gently. "Take your time. You and Tommy found a purse with money in it, and brought it home. Where is it now, dear?"

"We hid it, Mummy."

"Where, dear?"

"Behind the apple tree, and to-morrow we're going to get it again, an' play shops, an—"

BILLY stopped, because Mummy wasn't listening. She was looking at Daddy as if she wanted to say something, but he was laughing so much he couldn't speak.

"What are you going to buy first, Mary?" he joked.

"But it might be something, Will," Mummy said slowly. "People do lose purses, you know."

"Yes," Daddy admitted. "It might be all right. I don't doubt it's a purse, as the kiddie says, but you can be quite sure there's no money in it, darling."

"All the same," said Mummy. "I think we'd better make sure, dear. You never can tell—"

"Oh, all right," answered Daddy. "We'll go and have a look, if you like, and if there's anything doing you can have a new hat out of it. Come on, young man," he said to Billy. "Get your cap on and show your Dad where you put this wonderful purse."

The boys had hidden it in the ground close to the apple tree, in a little nook between two bulging roots, and covered it with grass. Now Billy pulled away the covering and took out the treasure, handing it to Daddy.

Will turned it over in his hands and examined it.

"H'm!" he said, under his breath. "It's a purse all right."

He half turned—so that the light from the street lamp fell on his hands—and opened it. As he did so a thick, firm roll of notes tumbled out.

For an instant he stood stiff and silent, gazing at the bundle in his hand. Then he gave a low whistle, turned, and strode back home, walking so quickly that Billy could hardly keep up with him.

Please turn to Page 26

This Man of Mine

I understand this man of mine
Far better than he'd credit;
I know each sudden turn of
thought

Almost before he's said it!

Each hidden thing within his
heart.

The dreams he's taking care of;
The plans he's made for him and me

I'm tenderly aware of.

I'd not exchange one foolish
whim.

His boyish love possesses;
I understand this man of mine

Far better than he guesses.

—Yvonne Webb.

his eye, and smiled and winked. That made it all right—almost—but still, Mummy had told a fib.

Suddenly Daddy laid down his spoon and fork.

"It's no use, Mary," he said. "Young Billy told me that Renton had called. What did the old blighter want? Or, rather, how much did he want?"

"Two months' rent," Mummy answered. "Last month's and this month's, too, although this month's isn't due for a week yet."

"Did you tell him I had the chance of a job?" Daddy asked her thoughtfully, and Mummy shook her head.

"How could I, Will?" she breathed.

Daddy didn't say anything for a while. He began to play with his fork.

"I expect old Renton's trying to turn us out," he said at last. "He's never liked me since we had that argument about the roof, and this is his chance to get even, I suppose."

"He's coming back to-morrow," said Mummy, then she clutched Daddy's arm almost convulsively. "Couldn't you stay at home, dear?" she pleaded.

"Please, do—I'm afraid of him."

"I might as well stay at home, I sup-

A Test of Honesty

of fresh air and everything for the kiddie. Just for a few weeks or so, till things begin to pick up a bit."

"Don't be silly, dear," said Mummy softly. "You know your mother doesn't like me—she's never forgiven me for taking you away from her."

"That was a long time ago, darling," answered Daddy. "Everything's sure to be all right, now. Besides, if she had one look at young Billy—"

"It's out of the question, Will," said Mummy decidedly. "She hasn't written, has she? Well, of course we can't go. My mother would love to have us, I

How much money do you think there was in it, now?"

"Tommy said a millum pounds," Billy continued.

"Ho, ho!" Daddy was laughing now. "And how much did you say, young Billy?"

"I said a thousand millum," replied the small boy. "It was a thousand millum, wasn't it, Daddy?"

"Absolutely!" Daddy declared. "No doubt about it whatever. If you say a thousand millum, a thousand millum it was, my boy!"

Daddy was laughing and talking now

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

SPORT and COUNTRY CLOTHES

Colorful Tweeds Brighten Countryside and Sportscape

COUNTRY clothes and sports clothes are full of color; no more drab tweeds or dull brown ensembles. You will wear brown, but it will be spiked with strong color.

You will walk the countryside and the golf course in a colorful skirt, a contrasting jacket, and perhaps another color for your sweater and scarf.

FOR all sports and country clothes tweed is the leading fabric — thick, lumpy, loosely-woven tweeds in plain colors or plaids, stripes and herringbone patterns, fine soft tweeds in one color or patterned, tweeds with colored threads and knots woven through them. Bumpy coarse-textured tweeds are suitable for sports coats.

The fine tweeds, with hairy or knotted surfaces, make ideal suits and golf skirts. The in-between weight, which is

coarse and rough without being bulky, is used for everything.

The new tweeds are all soft to touch and very supple — no more harsh, hard fabrics that make you look inches fatter than you really are.

Colors are gay as a patchwork quilt, checked and plaid tweeds in three or four shades — black, white, red, and yellow; purple, blue, wine, and grey; brown, white, yellow, and red. Dark backgrounds have pale or contrasting lines forming squares. Fabrics have colored lumps and knots woven

through — red and white on navy, brown and yellow on green.

You might use these checked, plaid and herringbone tweeds for a topcoat or for a suit, or your skirt might be checked and the jacket plain.

Plenty of Color

YOU will put as much color together as you possibly can. A tobacco-brown skirt, a sitting-colored sweater and a henna jacket. A brown-and-white herringbone or checked tweed topcoat over a brown skirt and a yellow sweater.

Charming, too, are a purple and plum and blue skirt, plum jacket, sky-blue sweater. A brown skirt, a rust blouse, a dull blue jacket. A bottle-green suit, a yellow sweater. A grey skirt and topcoat, a copper sweater and yellow scarf. Grey and raspberry plaid skirt, raspberry jacket, turquoise blouse. A green tweed woven with lumpy knots in tomato, coral, and blue for your topcoat, a tomato skirt and green sweater.

Sports coats should be severely simple in cut—wide revers and a collar, patch pockets if you wish, a belt across the back, all round, or none at all — in the latter case the coat will be double-breasted with leather buttons.



• **TOP RIGHT:** A three-color combination. Dark brown wool skirt and bright henna tailored jacket. Both are trimmed with vertical tucks. Olive-green scarf and leather belt.

• **TOP LEFT:** IDEAL TRAVELLING or spectator sports ensemble. Grey flannel topcoat and matching skirt. Royal-blue tailored jacket, with lemon-yellow wool scarf.

• **LOWER RIGHT:** Classically-tailored tweed topcoat for sportswear. It fits closely to the body, and is fashioned from navy- and white broken check.

• **CENTRE:** Tweed suit made of a check-plaid Linton tweed in brown and white. Worn with a knitted sweater in yellow.

• **LEFT:** Tailored suit, with square shoulders, of Burgundy wool, with sky-blue cross-bar stripe.

Skirt Lengths and Accessories

LENGTHS are twelve to fourteen inches from the ground. There are a few tweed coats of the swagger variety. These are full or three-quarter length, and hang out from the shoulders in back.

Tweed suits, which you will wear in the country, for spectator sports and on dull mornings in town, are also strictly tailored.

Jackets have squarish shoulders, lapels like a man's coat, single or double breasted, with pockets. Skirts straight and slim, with pleats at the front or sides, length about thirteen inches from the ground. As I previously said, the jacket and skirt may be in one material or the skirt patterned and jacket plain, or the skirt and jacket in two entirely different colors.

Accessories to these sports clothes are as important as the clothes themselves. Lace-up Oxford shoes with Cuban heels, stockings not too sheer or too pale; felt hats in lovely colors, with creased crowns and brims; leather or fabric hand-stitched gloves — these also can be colored; soft woolly scarves in brilliant colors.

Sweaters and cardigans have never been so interesting — soft sheer wools in glorious shades for simple high-necked jumpers, and matching or contrasting cardigans pouched at the waist on to a ribbed band.



CHARMING LITTLE FROCKS ...

That Dance Like Stars at Night



● **THE GRECIAN** influence prevails in the charming gown by Heim. It is of yellow crepe, and might have been copied from the lines of a tanagra figurine.

—Air Mail photos.

● **EVENING** ensemble of black wool. Fashionably large silver buttons decorate the frock. Hood and cape are lavishly trimmed with ermine. Ermine ears point the cosiness of the snug hood.



● **THE GAY 'NINETIES'** spirit is recaptured in this flowered taffeta frock created by Worth. Tiny fans made from silk kitting decorate the off-the-shoulder decolletage.

● **ORGANDIE EVENING FROCK** with velvet polka dots in black from Chanel. Fullness begins at the back of the skirt from below the hipline, while the cape sleeves also have their fullness concentrated at the back.

● **PLEATED SCARVES** are seen in Paris and can be worn in many different ways. That at the right is attached to the skirt of the gown, which is a Marchel Rochas model in bordeaux-red. A crushed belt in pale blue enhances the color scheme. —Air Mail photos.



"I have suffered from Catarrh for fifty years, but have never used anything as good as GLO-RUB, which has cleared up the mucous."
C.E.L.
(South Aust.)

**BREATHE IN GLO-RUB
AND
BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD**

At a time when it is inconvenient to take medicine at regular intervals, GLO-RUB comes to the rescue with an "ALL-NIGHT" treatment.

INSERT A LITTLE IN EACH NOSTRIL. Glo-Rub will not burn or sting sensitive membranes. It adheres to and remains in contact with mucous surfaces long enough to do its work. Glo-Rub gives off a vapour which soothes any irritation, relieves congestion and

opens the nasal passages. It relieves pain or soreness and softens accumulated secretions.

RUB IT LIBERALLY ON THE CHEST at bedtime and breathe in its soothing vapour all night long. Used in this way Glo-Rub is effective with any Cough Mixture; but when used in conjunction with Hearn's Bronchitis Cure its effect is positively amazing in the treatment of Coughs. Let GLO-RUB work whilst you sleep.

GLO-RUB For CATARRH, HEAD COLDS.
A SPLENDID VAPOR RUB FOR 2/-

An Editorial

MAY 16, 1936

WILL GENEVA LEAGUE HELP WOMEN?



WHILE Australian women may have little sympathy with the League of Nations' methods in dealing with plundering dictators in Europe, one aspect of the League's work directly affecting the economic status of women will meet with widespread approval.

Through the League, efforts are being made to stabilise and extend women's position in industry.

Now visiting us is Mr. William Caldwell, an Australian official of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations. He is spending his leave obtaining information on industrial and social conditions here for the use of the office in Geneva. His inquiries are part of a world-wide investigation.

When the present survey is finished, the office will have full information, not only regarding women in industry but for the first time a complete knowledge of the conditions of professional women in all parts of the world.

The survey will study the conditions governing access to administrative positions, possibilities of promotion, salaries as compared with men's salaries, and the question whether women are allowed to continue in employment after marriage or are forced to resign, their pension rights, and similar important matters.

When this information has been collected from all the countries of the world, we shall have for the first time a picture of the status of women in relation to both industrial and professional occupations.

It behoves Australian women to take an active interest in these questions. In accordance with the decision of the League, the whole matter of the status of women has been referred to the Governments for their observations, and Australian women should see that satisfactory replies are returned to the League by the Commonwealth Government. Unsympathetic consideration will undoubtedly retard women's future progress, which will depend on the attitude adopted by Governments represented at Geneva.

Women's faith in the League's ability to preserve world peace has been dissipated by recent international events, but through the League peaceful victories may be won on this other front, where women are struggling for better conditions and salaries and universal recognition of their right to work in every sphere of industry.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Forging the Chains

THE success of a Canadian doctor's system of intra-muscular injections for cancer will cause millions living under the shadow of the "Prince of Death" to take courage again.

The most heartening sign in connection with the Ensel treatment evolved by Dr. Connell is that no flamboyant claims are being made for it. Australian experiments on early cases have proved satisfactory, but only the future years will determine the full measure of its efficacy. Medical men generally feel, nowadays, that cancer will not be cured by one blinding flash of discovery, but by team work—the chain of research which is being laboriously forged, link by link, throughout the world.

A Canadian doctor gave us insulin for the diabetic. Perhaps in Dr. Connell the sister Dominion may present us with yet another great medical discovery.

Synthetic Adventure

THE critics of gambling are legion, but it has taken Dr. Martin, well-known psychologist, to explain the craze. He says:

"Gambling is a form of adventure that provides an outlet for people lacking other means of getting away from everyday life."

So next time your husband makes his way to the racetrack you should consider it as a gay adventure. And, by the same token, the subsequent hazardous task of balancing the family budget may be considered by the wife in the same category.

It's a synthetic world these days, however, when a man must shake his thirst for adventure on the place tote or in the ruinous hazard of penny poker.

Martyr Missionary

"THE young priest held the glowing ember from the fire in his hand. He did not wince, for there was no pain. He turned to the native at his side, and smiled. Father Damien was now brother to them—brother leper."

The story of the young Belgian priest who, moved to pity by the plight of the lepers on Molokai (Hawaii), volunteered to live with them and care for them until disease also claimed him, is one of the classic stories of modern heroism.

Belgium has given a somewhat tardy recognition to her son by bringing his body from the leper island to be buried in state in his native village. Damien's sacrifice was more than the religious fervor of a zealot. His unselfish service gave a new meaning to medical missionary work, and the fact that leprosy is practically eliminated from civilised life may well be a perpetual memorial to the brave little Flemish priest.

And wasn't it said of him, by way of epitaph that "He found a hell in paradise, and made of it his heaven?"

Lyric of Life

BUTTERFLY

I did not know you cared, perhaps that's why
I found it such a simple thing
To say good-bye.

For there have been so many things
Like this,
The clasp of hands, a ready vow
And then a kiss.

My dear, how could I know that you
would be
So different from all the rest,
And true to me?

And yet, had I known, I think that I,
Though more reluctantly, would still
Have said good-bye.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Mothers' Girls

A NEWSPAPER controversy in England seems to have established the fact that, taken all round, daughters treat their parents better than sons. Questions were asked of thousands of women workers, from actresses earning £10 a week to shop assistants earning 25/-.

The girls, in the majority of cases, kept a sort of budget in which payment to "Mum" for board and lodging figured as the most prominent item.

With the boys some startling fluctuations were revealed. There was one son giving up all his wages, and another, in similar circumstances, who borrowed back on the Thursday the money he had proudly handed his mother on the previous Friday.

It would be interesting to discover what an Australian questionnaire would reveal.



"BILLY," a donkey owned by Mr. Joseph Lyne, an English mill worker, is probably one of the most sagacious in the world. He walks up and about the house like one of the family, and stands in front of the fire warming himself. Also, he goes up and down stairs, and sometimes takes tea with Mr. Lyne.

Lost Her Job

THE chaperon nowadays is regarded as a sort of museum piece for which the modern world has no use; but it certainly makes news to read that the professional chaperon, successor to the parlor-sitting variety, has joined the unemployed.

Owing to the period of Royal mourning, there are no big Court functions, and debutantes have no need for the titled chaperons who agree (for a consideration) to put shy young things through their social paces.

This form of chaperonage is adopted by titled but impecunious ladies in England, who seek to supplement the family exchequer. It is a sort of glorified matrimonial agency, a peddling of pedigree and social prestige; but as Anita Loos pointed out, it is more dignified than selling the family plate, piece by piece, to visiting American lumber kings, and canned pork millionaires.

Ode to the Owed

MR. LYLE BLAIR, English publisher, who recently arrived in this country, said Australia has, in point of population, as many good writers as England. He knew of one woman who wrote exquisite verse on the backs of grocery bills.

With so little outlet for the works of our poets, this sort of thing has become almost an Australian custom. An ode to the owed, in fact.

Overland Odyssey of a Pioneer Mother

By KITTY LESMURDIE

A saga of the days when "men were men"—and WOMEN WERE WOMEN—is revealed in the story of a pioneer woman who reached the Kalgoorlie goldfields in the days when life was in the raw, water cost good money, and the most ordinary comforts of life were not.

THE American "Covered Waggon" have been immortalised in story, song, and picture—but those who travelled in Australia's "covered waggons," though no less brave, live mostly in legend.

Recently I met Mrs. E. F. Halford, now 82 years of age, who with her family accompanied her husband, and was the only known woman who travelled the great Nullarbor Plain by bullock waggon, crossing a continent.

She now lives in Dargan, W.A., where she is the district president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and an active church worker.

As the present century dawned, Mrs. Halford was living with her husband and their family at Burras, S.A. It was the days of the drought, when most of the lambs had to be killed to save the ewes. The crops had failed—ruin and starvation loomed ahead.

So the Halford family decided it would be better to perish in a trip across practically an unknown desert to the Golden West, than on their farm. They had a hawker's van converted into a covered waggon, and 19 bullocks were yoked to it. Selling their furniture, the family's remaining chattels were placed in the waggon. The three barefooted boys helped their father to drive the dairy herd, two girls rode their ponies, the mother and the other two girls were in the waggon, and so the brave little cavalcade set off for the unknown.

Long Vigils

THEY reached the Fowlers Bay district safely. Only to be told there was a water shortage at Eucla, and it meant death to go on before the rains.

So the father pressed on alone. He went to Western Australia by one route and returned by another, and found the best way to travel his stock. Mrs. Halford, with her family, herds, horses, and the laden waggon, waited the year at Fowlers Bay.

Then the cavalcade set off again on the worst part of the trail.

From before dawn until midnight the father, mother, daughters and sons watched and guarded the stock, rounding up the strays and stragglers, curing the sick, finding them food and water, and augmenting their own larder when occasion offered.

With Kalgoorlie beckoning 100 miles ahead, one of the sons fell sick with the dreaded typhoid fever. He had cleaned out a dirty rock hole, and paid heavily for trying to be a good Samaritan. The family thought some other overlander might come after them relying on the rockhole to furnish water, and finding it absolutely undrinkable, die of thirst. So he ensured it being filled with fresh potable water, and, in doing so, was stricken down with fever.

He became delirious, and the remainder of the journey was a nightmare to the parents. However, they made Bulong safely, and placed the boy in hospital. It was weeks before he was out of danger.

Still Vigorous

THEY settled near Kalgoorlie, and after their cows had for years given Kalgoorlie a badly-needed fresh milk supply they ran a cattle station. Afterwards they changed to sheep, of which they have 10,000 running to-day. The sons conduct the station now, for their father, a wonderful bushman and a greatly valued citizen, died a few years ago.

The four daughters are married. The brave pioneering mother lives to-day in the fertile south-west of her adopted State—even now, after more than four score years of crowded and oft-times perilous life, still full of vigorous help for her fellow-women—her own family being well "off hands."

She laughs when people tell her she was courageous and says that it was only right she should have been wife enough to be wherever her husband was.

In saying that she is but voicing the urge that has inspired countless others like herself who have ventured into the unknown with their mates, suffered heat, thirst, privation, lived primitively, yet gallantly, building up the wonderful Commonwealth this has become.

A few nights ago I was at the palatial Karrakatta Club. A lady member recounted how she had driven from Perth to Adelaide in a motor car, forming part of a large party of cars and drivers, with advance cars preparing the way, along what is now a well-worn track, not the unmapped desert of the early days.

This woman said: "Wasn't I brave?"
I thought of Mrs. Halford!



"SHIP AHOY!" But, Oh, WHAT A SHIP!!

L. W. Lower Builds a Real O.S. Luxury Liner, Half-sizes and All

BY L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED
BY WEP

I have just launched the King Billy. The Queen Mary looks like a dinghy beside her.

I don't know her tonnage, not having had time to weigh the thing yet, but the bridge is so long that the captain has to pace up and down it on a motor cycle. And all the lifeboats are electrically driven, with central heating and private baths.

I was always interested in boat-building right from my childhood. When my parents saw me sawing up the sideboard to make a canoe, they said, "That lad's going to be a boat-builder. Let's lay in a stock of sideboards for him."

Before any big ship is built, there must be a model made to ensure accuracy. I got my model from the kitchen shelf. My grandfather used to make them and spend a lot of time laboriously wrapping bottles around them.

WHAT work there was in the building of that ship—the King Billy, I mean! Driving a nail in here, screwing a screw there, picking up the bits that had fallen off and tying them on again. . . . But it was worth it.

I shall never forget the thrill I had spinning the propellers. The engines started with a tremendous roar, the propellers whirled around, and I was hurled into the next electorate, satisfied that my work was a success.

A party of distinguished guests were shown around the ship the

next day. I explained everything to them.

"She has twenty-five decks," I explained, "all with their own swimming pools, golf courses, bowling greens, stables and quarters for the mounted police, dehydrated hot and cold water, gyroscopic potato-peelers for passengers who would prefer to 'bach,' and a gas-ring in every stateroom."

"My word!" murmured the Duke of Woolworth, gazing through his manacles. I could see that he was impressed.

"Two-way lifts," I continued,

passing on to the next item.

"They not only go up, but also come down at the mere pressure of a button. That is unless you get into one of the semi-stationary lifts, when you're liable to be stuck in the middle."

"What did he say?" asked the Duchess.

"These are the kitchens," I went on.

"Dear me!" said the Countess of Ensilage. "What luxury for the lower orders. Swimming pools in the kitchen!"

"No, Madam," I explained. "We cook the soup in those. The dining-room is a mile and a half from the kitchen."

A Handy Ship

"RATHER too far, what?" said the Count. "Bally old fodder be too cold to scoff when it arrived, eh?"

"I've thought of that," I replied, "and I was thinking how jolly and homey it would be if we all had our meals in the kitchen."

"How perfectly piffing!" "Wazzat!" I said, turning on him.

"I said how perfectly spiffing, old chap."

"That's all right, then," I said.

"Now, this is the gyro-hydra-super-electronic-aromatic control," I went on to explain. "By means of this the ship can steer herself north, south, east, or west; either separately or all at once."

Great on Knots

"WHAT about her boilers?" asked Blakely-Stave-Blakely, a surgeon-engineer in the Navy.

"We have no boilers," I said proudly. "We get all our water boiled ashore."

"Oh! How many knots can she do?" "All of them," I replied proudly. "And undo 'em again after."

They left the ship greatly impressed. Mind you, I have had my setbacks. I remember vividly a few years ago when I launched the 20,000-tonner, Aspidistra. It was a proud day for me when the Duke of Woolworth smashed the bottle of plonk over her, leaving a slight dent in the ship, and the mighty hulk started moving down the slipway. As the levithan gathered speed, a roar rose from the assembled multitude. As her bows touched the water a mighty cheer went up. As she kept on sliding into the water and finally disappeared from sight, leaving only bubbles to mark the spot, the cheering was almost hysterical.

The Duke turned to me and said, "Lower, I'm sorry. It's that cheap plonk. How much was it?"

"Two and nine a quart, with three-pence back on the bottle, Your Grace," I replied.



L. W. Lower gets the big idea that led to the launching of the X.O.S. luxury liner, King Billy. He always looks like that when he gets an idea.

"Hm!" he said, "I must tell the Duchess to get a couple of bottles and start laying down a cellar." "That's just where she'll finish, Your Grace; lying in some cellar." Next day all the papers commented on the huge success of the launching of Lower's giant, open-air submarine. This soothed me somewhat.

With the launching of the King Billy my name is made; that's if I can get her keel out of the mud. I am running a cheap excursion next month. Don't miss it.

Why let RHEUMATISM get a Hold

RHEUMATISM starts in the joints. When you get up from a chair you feel a twinge in your knee. When you lift something there's a pain in your elbow.

Don't wait until your Rheumatism gets a hold, but start at once to counteract it with Bile Beans.

These fine vegetable pills purify the blood, successfully break up acid formation and daily eliminate poisonous toxins, which are the root cause of rheumatism.

This Winter, if you want to keep free from rheumatism, lumbago and backache, just follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly.

BILE BEANS

PREVENT AND BANISH RHEUMATISM.



"Rheumatism affected my knees, elbows and shoulders, preventing sleep at night. Since I have been taking Bile Beans regularly every night I have found wonderful freedom from pain. My general health, too, is greatly improved."—Mrs. M. E.

"Though I was a martyr to rheumatism in legs, hips and back for years, the nightly doses of Bile Beans got right at the cause and removed it. I am now getting about as I have not done for years."—Mr. F. Dawson.

"It was having Children that made me take pyorrhea seriously"

(prevention MEANS something in their case)

FEW WOMEN pass through the time before a child arrives without gum trouble of some degree of seriousness. Dentists treat these cases with great care. They are treating not merely a temporary condition, but working to prevent a dangerous chronic disorder.

The modern mother is watching her children's gums. Pyorrhea is not likely to be so prevalent among the rising generation as it is among adults to-day. It is said that four out of five people past the age of forty have this gum disease.

In the past, people did not understand Pyorrhea. They did not know that it might be working in the gums five years or ten years without being seen or felt. Even at the present time, however, Pyorrhea is estimated as the cause of half the adult teeth which are lost.

Don't feel a false security because you keep your teeth clean and there is no outward

sign of decay. Pyorrhea is no respecter of teeth that are simply "clean." Your teeth are no sounder than your gums. And you may lose your teeth by twos and threes if your gums become undermined.

Prevention is most important. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings. Preserve your teeth by getting ahead of gum trouble. See your Dentist twice a year, and put the whole family on a twice-a-day schedule of Forhan's.

This Dentifrice, which is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., prevents Pyorrhea or checks its course. Forhan's keeps gum tissues firm and healthy, protects teeth against acids which cause decay, and it keeps them a lustrous white.

Adopt this health insurance to-day.

Price 2/-; extra-large tube 3/-
Australian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Ltd., Sydney.

Forhan's

for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE — IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

A Typical
Thalco
Figure of
Beauty
and
Health



WOMAN LOSES 35 lbs. FAT

Thanks to regular morning
dose of

THALCO
THERMAL
SALTS

THERE is no denying the fact that it is the slim girl—who can look smart in any clothes, from evening frocks to a swimming costume—who attracts the men.

Girls who have a tendency to be fat and heavy need no longer continue to be merely spectators of the slender, vivacious girl's happiness and romance. The widespread success of Thalco Thermal Salts in assisting stout people to reduce should give new hope to all those who are over-weight.

Thalco Thermal Salts not only helps you to reduce but it gives you new energy and glorious, vibrant

health, a clear skin and sparkling eyes. It conquers Constipation and drives out Rheumatism.

Read the following experience of a woman who, by taking Thalco Thermal Salts regularly every morning lost 35 lbs. of fat in a few months:—

"I wish to let you know that I started taking Thalco Thermal Salts for reducing purposes a few months ago and am very pleased with the results. I was 11 st. 5 lbs. when I started taking Thalco, and am now 8 st. 12 lbs. I have recommended Thalco Thermal Salts to my friends."

Mrs. M. V.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES

Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce, not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the Salts themselves, but by aiding the eliminating organs daily to clear away waste products out of the system before they have time to form into unhealthy fat tissue. The gentle, soothing action of Thalco Thermal Salts completely cleanses the system of these wastes and impurities which are likely to cause Fatness, Bad Complexion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Bockache, etc.

Keeps the system clean, wholesome and healthy. Gently expels poisons, acids and impurities. Especially recommended for CONSTIPATION, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, INDIGESTION, BAD SKIN, PIMPLES, NEURITIS, HEADACHES AND LACK OF ENERGY. A most powerful Uric Acid Solvent and excretant.



Small Size 1/6. Giant Size 2/9. All CHEMISTS & STORES

EAT MILK



and drink it too..

You can expect to see happy faces at a dining table where milk foods are the order of the day. The kiddies applaud Mother's judgment because they like milk puddings and junkets. Mothers know that milk foods mean stronger bodies. Even Father has discovered that milk foods do him good.

And a well-nourished family is a contented family. Milk is a balanced food—it supplies whatever is missing in the rest of the diet. More milk for everyone is the surest way to better health.

Inserted by the Milk Board.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Rosita Forbes Tracks Down the Wild Women of the Wilderness

Amazing Tales of Savages and Sorcery

Rosita Forbes, famous woman traveller and author, has given us an amazing gallery of women in her latest book, "Women Called Wild." Whether or not all these characters and stories are true is a matter for the individual reader, but there can be no doubting the extraordinary interest created by the wild women of the wilderness.

SHE takes us across the known and unknown places of the world and tells us of strange happenings in a terse, matter-of-fact manner which somehow carries conviction, until one considers the apparent impossibility of the story. She tells of women of Abyssinia who welcome being sold into slavery instead of looking upon it as something too dreadful to contemplate. These women consider it a soft life and quite a career compared to slavery at home.

Her talks with Communist women in Soviet Russia are amongst the most interesting in the book. They are vividly real, and one feels that the author has walked and talked amongst this younger generation of Russians who hail Lenin as the new saviour of mankind.

Her pictures of efficient women judges conducting trials in Russia are extremely interesting, as is also the outlook on major crime in that country, which has for its greatest sin any offence against the State.

Mrs. Forbes tells too, of the women who fought in the Bolshevik army, and also of her adventures in China with the Soviet forces. She tells a brilliant yarn of the Foreign Legion in Africa which is the gem of the collection. It is a short story of surpassing merit, which records the pathetic wanderings of a

French girl in search of her British lover, who fought under an alias in the Foreign Legion. In this yarn the verities are closely observed, and for that reason it stands well above the purely fantastic



FRANK DALBY DAVIDSON gets all the glamor of the Caribbean Sea in his latest novel, "West Indian Medley," to be published this month by Angus and Robertson.



ROSITA FORBES, famous explorer and author, goes to the wilds for her stories of strange women and startling adventure, reviewed on this page.

tales in the book, which one feels have been inserted to thrill a very gullible public indeed.

One of these stories pictures the "Women of the Flame" in Dutch Guiana, who become drunk with their worship of fire, dance madly through the blaze, drink the licking flames, and crush the burning embers to their faces and lips. Voodooism also comes in for a chapter or two. There is nothing very new in this except the exploitation of some very savage dances as practised by the negroes of Africa.

Mrs. Forbes has followed the trail of the wild women of the world, and given us an amazing story but perhaps the long bow has been drawn too frequently in pursuit of these people, which rather robs the book of its natural vitality and resemblance to truth.

The illustrations by Isabel R. Baird are really excellent. "Women Called Wild," Rosita Forbes (Our copy from Angus and Robertson. 14/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"BEYOND JUSTICE" A. R. Wetjen. This is easily the best sea yarn written by Mr. Wetjen, who visited Australia recently. There is a moving power and a quiet strength about it which makes the terrific climax as inevitable as the slow gathering of a storm at sea. It is a story of elemental



ALBERT WETJEN is responsible for a real sea novel in "Beyond Justice." Undoubtedly it is his best work up to the present.

passions and the wit of one man pitted against another. The woman, Julia, is a magnificent study. One would not care to have abated one jot of her badness, since she fits so perfectly into this sinister plot. It is a story to be read by all who like vivid color in their fiction and action at every turn. (Chapman & Hall 7/6.)

"THE STRING GLOVE MYSTERY." Harriette Campbell. Another worthwhile thriller from the pen of a woman. For a first novel it shows much promise. There is a murder in a chalk-pit, and all the tangled skeins of mystery to be unravelled, but it is well done with touches of humor as a relief to the sinister. Good mystery yarn. (Heinemann 7/6.)

"CHRISTINA STRANG" Alison Fleming. There is a cold austerity about novels of Scotland these days, probably as a result of the expense of "No Second Spring" and the novels of Dr. A. J. Cronin. Miss Fleming, in her story of the north-east coast of Scotland, writes in the same strain, and her novel is also a fine piece of work. It is the history of a farming family pushed off the land and making a poor business of living in a small town. The family saga theme is used to tell the

history of the younger Strangs. It makes excellent if, at times, sombre reading. (Hodder & Stoughton 7/6.)

"THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH." Morley Callaghan. It's a good writer who can distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, but Mr. Callaghan does this exceptionally well in dealing with the relationship between father and son, and, later, the son's love affair. The yarn is well knit, and the happy ending is logical and convincing. (Chatto & Windus 7/6.)

and the men that made it. To-day they are the treasurers of an epic story—the laugh behind the tragedy of 1914. In this spirit has been written the story of the seventh company of Field Engineers with the A.I.F. It is a record which every surviving member will cherish. It tells of the campaign, but its greatest value is the great amount of personal detail and photographs, which makes the story an authentic and important addition to the growing list of A.I.F. literature.

This woman endured 10,000 hours of Stomach Pain!

Even one hour of acute indigestion is more than enough to prostrate any man or woman, yet in six years Mrs. H. R. suffered 10,000 hours of stomach torture. It was needless—as her vivid letter tells you. Read her own words of this harrowing experience:—

"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me, being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years, after every meal, I used to get severe pains which lasted for a couple of hours. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H. R.

If you also have stomach trouble, don't give up hope; remember that all this



suffering is quite needless. Prove it by getting 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; you will be amazed at the quick, sure relief you get. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the quickest-acting stomach remedy known, and it is used, prescribed and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world.

The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark

'Bisurated' Magnesia For the Stomach

HEART Trouble



TIM DARREL, pilot in the employ of European Air Routes Limited, muttered a soft curse as the port engine "cut out" and went dead. The huge airliner, Eagle promptly swung twenty degrees off her course and Tim had to juggle with the controls to counteract the unbalanced pull of the other three engines.

Jack Sadler, relief pilot, frowned darkly.

"What's worryin' Agatha now?"

"Hanged if I know," growled Tim angrily. "If there's any bad luck going I'm sure to get it. For the past two months I've been regularly hoodooed I'm sick of it!"

"So am I. You're a Jonah, or perhaps I am. I love you like a brother, Tim, but when it comes to flying with you, I don't love you so much. I always wear two pairs of socks."

"Why?" snapped Tim.

"Cold feet. Darrel's luck makes me feel religious. It makes me wish I'd been kinder to my little sister and attended Sunday school more regularly."

The plane was half an hour overdue when it taxied to its landing station. Passengers disembarked, porters swiftly handled baggage and

Freda was Mac's daughter—a beauty if ever there was one, with eyes the color of heaven's own blue and hair like ripe corn. She received more homage and worship than was good for her, and was inclined to be wayward and capricious; but it was common knowledge that Tim and John Tarleton, the company's first pilot, were the favored suitors.

Tim wondered what was coming next.

"You're in love with her, aren't you?" Mac's voice softened. "And I believe she's fond of you."

"I—I hope so; I think so," stammered Tim.

"Well, don't you think in fairness to her, that you'd better follow the example of your port engine and—er—cut out?"

Tim started. "Why?"

"Until your luck changes, old man. So far I've talked to you about the company; this is where your bad luck affects yourself. I was flying when you were in your cradle. I know—you know, too—what eventually happens to the man who is dogged by persistent bad luck. It's the same with any speed game. You get off the first, second and third time. Then—"

He stopped and made a gesture—an expressive downward movement with his hand.

"A crash," muttered Tim.

"Exactly. A bad crash. I'm not happy about you, Tim. I'm thinking about yourself now. I'm uneasy about this run of bad luck. So uneasy that I feel I ought to suspend you for a month."

"For heaven's sake don't do that, Mac."

"I'm thinking of you—not heaven. I'm also thinking of Freda. I don't want her heart broken. However, I'll give you one more chance, on condition that you and Freda remain—er—just friends. There's to be no proposal."

As he crossed to the pilots' quarters Tim saw Freda, in flying kit, standing by Tarleton's red-winged private monoplane.

She greeted him coldly: "Had you forgotten that you were supposed to be taking me out to tea to-day?"

"Of course not, dear. I—"

"I've been hanging about for nearly an hour," she said stormily.

"I'm frightfully sorry, Freda," he said penitently. "I was late getting in, and I had to see the Chief."

"Late! You're always late! This is the third time you've kept me waiting. If you think I'm a fit person to be treated in such a discourteous and cavalier fashion you're mistaken. And if you don't think more of me than—"

"Darling, I'm sorry. I'm very sorry," he expostulated. "It won't take me two minutes to change and—"

"You needn't bother. I'm not waiting another minute for you. John Tarleton is flying me over to the club at Lympne."

"I see." Tim's lips were compressed.

"I—I rather wanted to have a talk with you. Perhaps to-night—"

"I shall be going into Folkestone to a party," she replied icily.

He held out an appealing hand.

"Freda: Dear."

"Why should I wait for you?" Her blue eyes flashed angrily. "Why should I suffer for your stupid incompetence? You're mistaken if you think I'm going to wait meekly for you and look a fool. You can't think much of me—or your job—or you'd make an effort to retain—"

Please turn to Page 14

Send NOW for FREE INSTANT RELIEF for CATARRH

The Eupathy Company will gladly send FREE OF CHARGE to all who fill in and post the Coupon below:—

1. A full five days' trial supply of the powerful new Eupathy Fume Distillate for Catarrh, which will give INSTANT RELIEF in every case however severe or troublesome.
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FREEDOM FROM HAY FEVER, COUGHS, COLDS, AND UNNATURAL TIREDNESS AND LANGUOR.



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DEFINITE RESULTS

The results of Eupathy three-fold Course in reaching the deep-seated centres of Catarrh are astonishing. It brings about a healthful condition of internal cleanliness. No matter where the trouble is located—in the passages of the head, throat, chest in the

stomach or intestines—the Eupathy Course is most effective. Catarrhal discharges stop, the blood is purified, throat and lungs are strengthened, breathing and appetite improve, health is restored.

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Fill in the Coupon immediately and prove for yourself without financial risk what Eupathy will do for you. This FREE INSTANT RELIEF OUT-FIT will cost you nothing but the effort of sending for it yet it may be worth pounds to you. Sending the Coupon below is the first step to glorious new health and freedom from an annoying complaint which may lead to dangerous and even deadly consequences if neglected.

INSTANT RELIEF FOR CATARRH SUFFERERS

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Please send me FREE, INSTANT RELIEF Sample of Eupathy Fume Distillate and Eupathy Tablets for Catarrh, together with full information and Health Hand-Book.

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(Please write clearly and enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.)

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SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

TASMANIA: The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Gordon and Gotch (Asia) Ltd., 65 Cameron Street, Launceston.

LONDON: 30 New Bridge Street, London EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS
All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1201E, G.P.O., Sydney.
Social letters, to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS
(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, signed by you in a short, self-explanatory, showing date and page in which your work was published.
(b) Give full name and address and State.
(c) Unpublished contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS
See special notice on the Pattern Page.
Readers desirous of posing The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every 6oz.

STOP FLU IN A NIGHT!

Yes, in a night!

In This Simple Way

You can be Free of Flu Tomorrow if You Do One Thing Tonight!

A word of advice. There is a lot of "flu" about. "Flu" is highly contagious and can become very dangerous if allowed to develop. Here is the simplest and surest way of checking an attack of "Flu". Before going to bed mix yourself a hot lemon drink. Take two Nyal Esterin tablets, then the drink. Get into bed and cover yourself up well. Nyal Esterin acts by reducing your temperature, checking the fever and protecting you against complications which so often follow an attack of "flu".

Pneumonia often Follows Flu

Take no chances with "flu". . . too often it leads on to pneumonia! Take effective steps at the first sign of a cold. . . Go to bed and pin your faith to a hot lemon drink and Nyal Esterin, and you will be safe. Remember that Nyal Esterin is your greatest friend in times of pain or sickness. It not only stops "flu" in a night, but it brings speedy relief from every form of nerve pain. Headaches, neuritis, toothache, toothaches—all are quickly soothed away under the safe sedative influence of Nyal Esterin. And you'll be amazed at the quickness of its action. . . the speed with which it banishes every form of pain and nervous disturbance. Doctors know that the ingredients of Nyal Esterin are prompt in their action; that is why they are so often prescribed by the medical profession in your home medicine chest in your vest pocket or your handbag. There should always be a tin of Nyal Esterin Tablets in your purse and safest friend in times of pain.

NYAL ESTERIN Tablets

TAKE NYAL ESTERIN

for
Colds "Flu" Headaches Toothache Neuritis Nouritis
Rheumatic Pains Sciatic Pains Fever Sleeplessness Nervous Unrest Earache Nerve Pains
And all Nervous Disturbances

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

In order that you can prove to yourself without cost that Nyal Esterin rapidly and surely checks "Flu" and banishes all Nerve Pains, a generous FIVE SAM-PLER is offered to all who fill in and mail the Coupon below.

Prompt Relief From Pain

Nyal Esterin contains a newly discovered sedative known as Esterin Compound. This sedative acts directly on the nerve centres in which pain originates, soothes them, smooths away the distress—ends pain. And Nyal Esterin is safe; it contains ingredients regularly prescribed by doctors for the prompt relief of pain. It does not form a habit or affect the heart. Go to your chemist to-day and buy a tin of 24 Esterin Tablets. This costs only 1/3.

SPECIALLY VALUABLE FOR WOMEN

At those times when pain is severe and your nerves are distressed as a consequence, take 2 Esterin Tablets and secure prompt relief. Nyal Esterin causes the pain to disappear, makes you feel easier in mind and body. Experienced women have learned the wisdom of always keeping Nyal Esterin in the house. Make Nyal Esterin your friend in times of pain. It is sold by all chemists for 1/3 in time to fit your handbag.

FREE SAMPLE

NYAL COMPANY, 43/44, GLEBE ROAD, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me Free Sample of Esterin

Name _____

Address _____

WW16/5/36

HEART TROUBLE

Continued from Page 13

"I'll retain you and my job," he said fiercely.

"Hello, Darrell! How's your luck?" He wheeled and saw the dark and smiling Tarleton.

"Excellent, thank you."

"I heard you brought the Eagle in half an hour late? Did you fall asleep or are you losing your nerve?"

Tim swallowed the insult.

"Late? Oh, I did that on purpose to avoid a boring afternoon." And he smiled grimly as Freda gasped out an indignant "Oh!" as he strode away.

When he reached his quarters, he flung himself into a chair, lighted a pipe and gave himself up to mournful meditation. Darrell's luck! Unlucky in his job. Unlucky in love. When and how would it end?

He stared with sombre eyes at the photograph of Freda which graced his table. She was beautiful—very beautiful. He loved her with every fibre of his being, and the thought of losing her was unbearable.

Well, as things were, that tiff had come opportunely. It made things easier in a way. Certainly easier for Tarleton.

Tim clenched his fists.

"That cove hates me. I can't give her up to him! My luck must change."

From a tray of odds and ends he picked up a little gold heart. Freda had given it "for luck."

He had said: "It's your very own heart I want, Freda."

And she had replied: "Take this to me."

Mist . . .

I feel I must walk from the world apart

In the wet and the mist to-night,

Away with the little blurred stars that drift

In a shapeless vapor light.

I feel I must walk as a form apart

In the calm no sound has broken;

Then away from the world to float in space

Where never a voice has spoken.

I feel I must walk with the mist in my hair

Till I reach where the road runs down,

To the brave blurred lights like reflected stars

In the heart of the little town.

—Joan Lintott.

go on with Tim. It will bring you luck and it may lead to other things."

Her heart! For luck! The little golden mascot had failed. Her words had not come true.

TIM had never carried a mascot. He did not believe in such things but as he looked at the shining trinket he wondered why he had never carried it. Freda had given it to him. A heart was a lucky talisman. The heart seemed to glow as he stared at it.

"By jove!" he whispered. "I'll always carry it in future. Freda's heart. Little heart of gold, you've got to change my luck. You've got to help me. She gave you to me; you've got to give her back to me. Don't fail."

And he slipped the heart into his pocket.

During the following week Tim saw very little of Freda. When they met she gave a cold little nod to his salutation and passed without a word. He knew she was always with Tarleton when he was off duty, and Tim grew hot with anger and fuming jealousy.

But, strange to say, from the day he started carrying the heart his luck changed, and he rejoiced accordingly. He flew under cloudless skies, had smooth air and made fast journeys. He broke a speed record, and MacMillan said encouraging things.

"It looks as though your black spell is over, Tim. Keep it up."

"You bet!" Tim grinned and displayed the gold heart. "There's the secret. That's my lucky mascot. It's super! Absolutely wizard."

"A mascot! That's all bunkum."

"Not this mascot. Freda gave it to me, and I swear my luck is wrapped up in this gold heart. I wouldn't take the air without it."

Nor would he. He guarded it jealously, and it was never out of his possession.

One incident must be recorded, although it does not concern Tim. A big, freight-carrying Titan was warming up on the "apron" when there was an explosion and the plane was destroyed by the ensuing fire. There was no apparent reason for the mishap, and MacMillan tore his hair. It was the sort of accident that would shake the public faith in European Air Routes, Limited. It was reported in the papers, and the next day Air Communications Limited had an advertisement which announced:

"TRAVEL BY AIR COMMUNICATIONS AND BE SAFE. OUR MACHINES DO NOT CATCH FIRE!"

"And that's the limit," MacMillan snarled at Tim. "You see what we're up against. I'd give something to know why the Titan blew up and caught fire. Now, listen. There's an important job for you to-morrow. In addition to the ordinary mail, there are two bags of registered mail—one for Paris and one for Marseilles. I've had a special notification from the postal authorities that those bags will contain very valuable consignments of precious stones, jewellery and money. I was going to send them over by a 'special'; but I'm going to let you take 'em over."

"Righto."

"Now, for the love of Mike, deliver the goods. It's absolutely vital that nothing untoward should happen. If there's a bloomer made, it will cost us our contract."

"Leave it to me, Mac. If I have to bale-out—" Tim meant make a parachute-drop. "I'll take those bags with me."

"I hope to goodness you won't have to bale-out. Remember, it's death or glory."

"But look here, Mac, why aren't you giving this job to Tarleton? He's the blue-eyed boy," he concluded a trifle bitterly.

MacMillan rubbed his chin.

"He's not so blue-eyed as you imagine. I'm beginning to hate his doos about Master Tarleton. However, he's off duty to-morrow."

Tim's face expressed dismay.

"The deuce he is. That means he'll be with Freda all day, rot him!"

"Jealous?"

"I am," was the blunt reply. "I don't like the cove; and I don't trust him. My luck has changed, Mac. What about lifting the—er—the embargo?"

"Freda and yourself? Of course, a lot depends on her, but make this trip and deliver the goods, and we'll talk it over again."

"Good enough. Thanks awfully. If the little gold heart doesn't pull me through, I'll eat my bed-socks."

Later he was standing on a wing, supervising the fuelling of the machine, when he saw Freda.

She smiled up at him, and his heart jumped.

"Just a minute, Tim."

"Sorry, but I'm busy," he replied coolly.

She turned red and looked at him reproachfully.

"I wanted to wish you luck," she murmured.

He jumped down in a flash.

"Freda, do you mean that?" He gazed hungrily into her eyes.

"Of course I do. I want this to be a splendid trip for you."

"It means a lot to me," he said earnestly.

"So Daddy hinted. You're carrying a valuable cargo."

"I'm also carrying this." He showed her the gold heart. "Do you remember?"

She nodded, and once more the color flooded her cheeks.

Five minutes later the Eagle took the air and straightened out on her course at two thousand feet.

"You look pleased, Tim," said Sadler as he unwound the aerial.

"I am. I could sing with joy."

"Save it, brother. We're not across yet. Bit rusty, isn't it?" Hello, Haydon. F.A.R. Eagle calling. Passing Blagdon Hill at two thousand feet. Answer please."

Please turn to Page 16

Grand NEW SERIES of 'BRAN TUBS'

THE 'QUICK-WIN' WEEKLY PUZZLE

MUST BE WON

FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It simply consists of nine ordinary words, only each has some letters missing for YOU to find.

This is how to enter: For the purposes of the puzzle we number the alphabet 1 to 26 to make the code below, and, in addition, we give you nine word-clues which you also see underneath. NOW, THE PUZZLE IS TO MAKE THE LARGEST SCORE OF OTHER NUMBERS YOU CAN IN WORDS ANSWERING THOSE CLUES AND EXACTLY FILLING THE FRAME.

For example, Clue No. 1 is "On your head." You are given the first letter, "H," and could complete the word by adding the letters "AT," making the word "HAT." The letter values of which, reading from the code below, are 8, 1, and 20—a total of 29.

Now carry on with Clue No. 2, in which you are given the last letter. THE SECRET IS TO FIND NINE SUITABLE WORDS WITH THE LARGEST LETTER VALUES. Only recognised words suitable to the clues and contained in Chambers' Dictionary will be permitted.

REMEMBER, YOUR WORDS MUST ALL FIT IN THE SPACES OF THE FRAME STRAIGHT DOWNWARDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. Thus the letters given you for each word are sometimes at the head and sometimes at the tail of the word.

When you have completed the nine words, work out the letter value for each word as in the above example, write out a list of the words IN INK on a sheet of paper, place opposite each word its total letter value, add up the nine totals, and this will give the final total value of your solution. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:

HEADS OR TAILS No. 9V, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, May 12nd. The First Prize of £35 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution with the largest total letter value, and the other two prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, the total prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. £20 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry (1/- in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable). Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on June 5th.

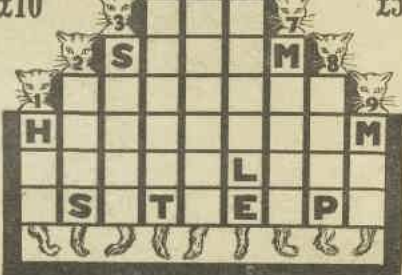
NOTE: The Management's decision as to the suitability to the Clues of the words submitted will be final.

This competition is in no way connected with The Australian Women's Weekly.

FIRST PRIZE - £35

SECOND PRIZE £10

THIRD PRIZE £5



THE CODE:

A B C D E F G H I

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

J K L M N O P Q R

10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

S T U V W X Y Z

19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

THE CLUES:

1. On your head.
2. Confusion.
3. To dodge away.
4. Hidden.
5. Grows in the ground.
6. Confuse.
7. Wealth.
8. To hit.
9. To spoil.

RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS No. 6

FIRST PRIZE, £35.—Mr. J. H. BROWN, c/o Mr. J. Day, "Rockbank," Tamsela, Vic.

SOLUTION: Air, Fuzz, Brown, Curves, Switzer, County, Bays, Dots, Tun. Total 667 points.

SECOND PRIZE, £10.—Mr. J. B. Cole, 46 Clyde Street, Box 211, Victoria.

SOLUTION: Air, Fuzz, Brown, Curves, Switzer, County, Bays, Dots, Tun. Total, 661 points.

THIRD PRIZE, £5.—Mrs. M. Ferguson, 45 Milroy Street, Brighton, Victoria.

SOLUTION: Air, Fuzz, Brown, Curves, Switzer, County, Bays, Dots, Tun. Total, 589 points.

PRIZE MONEY WILL BE POSTED ON FRIDAY, 25th MAY.

Inoculating the Dionne Quintuplets



ABOVE: Although inoculated with anti-diphtheria serum, in the same way as thousands of young Australians are now being done, Canada's famous Dionne "Quins" still view the world from the other side of glass windows and doors. They will be two years old on May 28.



AT LEFT: MARIE had quite a lot to say, and looked quite indignantly at the operators. "What's the great idea?" she wanted to know.



YVONNE showed the keenest interest in the inoculation process, and with eager eyes followed Dr. Dajoe's every action. "I may be a doctor some day," she said.



AT LEFT: Snuggled in Dr. Dajoe's arms, CECILE cast an expert eye over the preparations.

Pictures exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

ABOVE: ANNETTE thought Dr. Dajoe's action a little unfriendly, but diphtheria must be guarded against, so she had to resign herself to the inevitable.

EMELIE submitted to inoculation with very little protest. And now, this vital operation over, the "Quins" are looking forward to a wonderful birthday celebration.

LOLA A. SHARP, TRAINED NURSE NOW SAYS:

Drinking 1 Glass of
Orange Juice
Mixed with 1 Tablespoonful of
BONKORA
2 Times a Day Made Her Safely
and Healthfully

**Lose 106 Lbs.
Ugly Fat**

She ate her fill of delicious
foods as shown in the BON-
KORA Package—regular-
ized elimination—lost 6
inches off waist, 4 inches off
hips, and 6 inches off bust.

FREE SAMPLE

AT ALL
CHEMISTS

MAIL THIS COUPON
SCHAFER & COMPANY, Box 3822, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send FREE SAMPLE and full details of Bon-
Kora Treatment.

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose
postal note for 4/6, and the full-sized bottle will be
mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper. W.W.16/36

PROTECTION



THE survival of the fittest is the law of the jungle.
With shoes, also, the same law applies; for those
shoes which have the leather-preserving finish of
"NUGGET" are fittest to survive everyday wear and tear.
A little application of "NUGGET" to your shoes each
morning will give them longer life...smarter
appearance...freshness and brilliance that
will endure throughout the day.

NUGGET
BOOT POLISH

Black, Dark Tan Stain, Various Shades of Brown, and White

£25 CASH £25 Must Be Won MOTOR CAR COMPETITION

Twenty-Five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars each with some letters missing. No dictionary is required to solve this puzzle. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 1 to 26. All you have to do is fill in the missing spaces representing one letter. When you have your motor-car names complete, substitute the letters for their corresponding values. For example, No. 1, with the addition of the letters "J" and "D," will make the motor-car name "JORDAN," the letter-values of which are 10, 15, 18, 4, 1, and 14—a total of 62. When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each, as in the example. Write out your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than FRIDAY, 22nd MAY, 1936, to

1. — O R — A N
2. G R A — — M
3. A U — — — N
4. C H R Y — — — R
5. R — — — Y
6. V — U X — A L L
7. — — — G E
8. — E W — T T
9. — — A T
10. — S S — X

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
S T U V W X Y Z
19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834 T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 6th JUNE, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by the proprietors of Motor Car Competition, G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.

HEART TROUBLE

Continued from Page 14

"HELLO, Eagle. Understand you are passing Biggin Hill at two thousand feet," answered a distant voice. "Lymaine wants you, please. O-ver."

A second voice cut in. "Lymaine calling all aircraft. General warning. There is a sudden weather change. A deep depression has developed over the Bay of Biscay. Wind sou'-east, strong and squally to gale force at all levels. Dense cloud above eight hundred feet. Visibility may become zero-zero later."

"Cheerful," commented Tim grimly. "I'm going to lift to three thousand. Pop into the saloon and comfort the passengers. Tell 'em there may be weather ahead, but it's nothing to worry about."

"You're going on then?"

"I'm going to trust to my luck—and the little gold heart."

He slipped a hand inside his coat to feel for the heart. It was not in the usual pocket. Practically he searched every pocket, but without result. The little gold heart, that magic talisman, had gone. Lost. Tim felt inwardly cold and sick. Fear that was almost panic made a sudden grab at him. Dark forebodings swept in on him. By some evil mischance he must have dropped it after he had shown it to Freda.

Sadler slid back into his seat. "They're all happy. Sitting up and taking bottled nourishment most of 'em. Hello, you look green? Feeling ill?"

"I'm all right," said Tim thickly. "Jack. I've lost my heart."

The other laughed. "That's common knowledge."

"I mean my mascot. The gold heart. It's gone."

Sadler glanced at him uneasily. "Well, don't worry. All the mascots in the world can't make any difference. By jove, it looks black ahead! Shall I take over?"

"No, no. That mascot did make a difference. I swear it."

The Eagle lurched as a fierce gust caught her; below, sea and sky were merged in one; the next second the machine roared into a pit of gloom and day became funeral dusk. The thick clouds hung back the roar of the engines in echoing reverberations and wind-hurled hail assaulted them with the rattle of machine-gun fire.

"Steady, for pity's sake!" gasped Sadler, as one wing dipped steeply. "We shall snap something, Tim."

"Where are we?"

"Heaven knows! We've passed the Channel."

And then the clouds thinned, the wind died down and they broke through into sunlight and saw green fields below.

"Phew!" panted Sadler, "praise be! Stout fellow. We're on our course to half a degree. Very hot! I began to feel religious."

"I began to feel afraid. And I am afraid, Jack. I feel sick with fear."

"Nonsense, old man. We came through magnificently in another hour—"

The sentence was never finished, for the engines clattered in staccato fashion, back-fired in four shattering reports and went dead. The Eagle swooped down in a sickly dive.

Sadler muttered an oath. "The four of 'em have cut out. A choked main feed!"

"Heavens!" Tim's voice shook; his face was drawn and haggard. The plane swayed as Tim barked. "We've got to land, Jack."

Sadler slid back an observation-panel and looked down:

"There's a large, goodish field. You can make it. Port a bit. Bring her round. Little steeper on the next turn. Spot it? Good. Suddenly he gave a yell. "Heavens! We've dropped two passengers! No, it's mail-bags! Thrown out! Down, Tim! Down for all your worth. There's a bloke running across the field. I can see a car on the road. Quick man!"

HE ran through into the steward's saloon. Down swung the great machine, wheeling and swooping, and the earth rose swiftly to meet it. Lower yet and lower, Tim straightened out and there was a lurch and a gentle bump and the Eagle taxied to a stop.

Tim sprang into the saloon. "Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen, please. There's been an attempt to rob the mails."

He ran through into the steward's pantry and on to the baggage-room. The door was open; the steward was sitting on the floor, nursing his jaw and weeping. Through the open door Tim could see Jack Sadler at grips with a man.

"What have you been up to, Sutton?"

"For pity's sake, sir," the man blubbered, "don't be arid! I bin a perishin' fool!" He clawed at Tim's coat. "Don't let me be sent to prison, sir. He tempted me, the devil. Two hundred quid I was to get. Oh, my! What shall I do? I rot a wife an' kids."

"Who tempted you?"

"Tarleton. 'E was gettin' dough from Air Communications Limited to cripple our line an' put us in bad."

Tim gave a low whistle. He saw Sadler frog-marching a man towards the plane and recognised Tarleton.

"I see. This little ramp was fixed up between you. Now I understand why the Tim went up; and I understand much more. Well, you'll have to tell your story to Captain MacMillan. If the engines hadn't failed! Hello, Tarleton, you don't look very happy. Lost your nerve?"

Tarleton's face was livid; he answered not a word.

"If you'll watch these two blighters, Tim, I'll go and collect the bags and then have a look at Agatha and see what her trouble is. After which, with any luck, we'll dip ahead for Paris Hop in. Tarleton, and keep Sutton company. That engine trouble was what you might call providential."

That same afternoon four people sat in MacMillan's office. Freda was one of the company, and her eyes were fixed on Tim's face as he told his story.

"So you see, sir, it was a slice of luck that the feed-pipe choked when it did. As Jack said—providential. But for that, we should have gone on and not been any the wiser."

"Great work. This has put paid to the A.C.L. and Stoneham's little tricks. Tarleton's made a clean breast of it all. He was setting his money to ruin our line. Now, what was the trouble with the engine?"

"A very common trouble, Mac," replied Tim with a smile. "He glanced at Freda. "Humans suffer from it as well. Heart trouble."

"Wha-ah?"

Tim displayed a little gold heart. "Jack found this wedged in the main-feed."

"Good heavens above! Your mascot!"

For a minute there was silence. "It beats me how it got into the tank. I must have dropped it. Of course, I thought I'd lost it, and got into a regular panic. But there it was—and it saved us. My mascot—Freda's heart of gold." He turned to her smiling. "Is there any cure for heart trouble, Freda?"

"If you'll come outside," she said softly. "I'll tell you."

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Creams as I did—
and you will see your
skin become softer and
lovelier every day

See for yourself the difference that these Creams will make in your complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper . . . cleanses more thoroughly . . . softens, smooths, and nourishes your skin . . . as no other cream you have ever used. No matter what face creams you are now using . . . won't you, just for your complexion's sake, try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream today?



Daggett & Ramsdell

Varicose Veins

If you or any relative or friend are worried or suffer because of varicose veins, or bunches, the best advice that anyone in this world can give is to get a prescription that literally hundreds of people all over the country are using with complete satisfaction.

Simply ask your chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Emerald Oil, and apply night and morning to the swollen, enlarged veins, rubbing gently upwards and towards the heart as the blood in the veins flows that way. Soon you will notice that they are growing smaller, and the treatment should be continued until the veins are of normal size. Emerald Oil is a powerful yet harmless emollient, and results are guaranteed by its makers. You can set it at all good chemists, who willingly refund the purchase price if you don't gain relief.***

FILM-STARS COMPETITION No. 29

RESULT OF 2nd ROUND

It was found possible to form forty-one (41) correct names of featured players from the puzzle submitted, and these entrants submitted this containing forty (40) correct names of featured players. The prize, £50 cash, is therefore awarded to them, each receiving £12/10/6. J. W. Willie, Monmouth, Tex., Moosley, Queensland; L. Polhill, care P. Pitt, Riley and Liverpool Street, Sydney; Miss A. Lang, Napier, Road, Funchal, Azores.

Names traceable were: 1. Anna Olsen; 2. John Bates; 3. Stanley Laurel; 4. Alice Brady; 5. Myrna Loy; 6. Sonoma Alas; 7. Paul Lukas; 8. John Miljan; 9. Lew Ayres; 10. Ardis; 11. Warner Baxter; 12. George Baxter; 13. Vera Hart; 14. W. C. Fields; 15. George Brent; 16. Robert Donat; 17. Harold Huth; 18. Alan Hale; 19. Leon Holmes; 20. Pat Hanna; 21. Warren Hymer; 22. Lella Evans; 23. Robertson Hare; 24. Roscoe Karns; 25. Jan Kiepura; 26. Ben Lyon; 27. Mae Marsh; 28. Mae Murray; 29. Benita Miller; 30. Karen Morley; 31. Lee Ott; 32. Hal Price; 33. Stanley Price; 34. Lydia Robert; 35. Stella; 36. Al Shean; 37. Ann Todd; 38. John Tracy; 39. Omar; 40. H. Warner; 41. Ida Kravner.

Some competitors made the mistake of not moving to the next square adjoining in sequence, and consequently any names obtained in this way were not accepted as correct.

Prize-money will be posted 12th May, 1936. Owing to the error in the correct solution of the 2nd Round of No. 29 Competition—Gary Cooper being included in place of Ben Lyon—competitors are hereby advised of this error and entries for this 2nd Round will be accepted postmarked not later than Friday the 15th inst.***

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



GOVERNOR: Hang it, man, when you saw the prisoner escaping, why didn't you fire a shot?
WARDER: What! And him with a bad heart?

ON YOUR FEET
ALL DAY?

IF SO YOU NEED

Zam-Buk

UP and down steps many times a day — cleaning, cooking, shopping, and so on. No wonder your feet ache, feel tired and make you irritable.

Your feet will always be happy and comfortable if you give them a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk. First bathe them in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage the Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin.

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns, bunions and hard growths are softened, chaffs are healed, and joints, ankles, and feet are strengthened and made easy again. Zam-Buk also stimulates circulation and prevents rheumatic pains. Start with Zam-Buk to-night and use it regularly for healthy comfortable feet all the time.

1/6 or 2/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"My feet were sore, tender and painful, and walking soon became a task to be dreaded. The Zam-Buk treatment was very soothing and soothing and made my feet fine and healthy." — Mrs. D. Hughes

"I was troubled with hard skin, bunions, and a corn which I had to keep cutting. Applying Zam-Buk every night ended these troubles, and my feet are again quite sound and comfortable." — Mr. J. Evans

"He is always setting traps for his wife."
"Jealousy, I suppose?"
"No, mice!"



ORATOR: Now I will ask myself one simple question.
VOICE (from the crowd): Yes, and a darned silly answer you'll get, too!

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TOURIST: Don't you ever get lonely up here?
Mountaineer: Oh, yes, but I have a couple of good jokes I tell myself.

"If you are tired of dancing, let us sit down and have a little tete-a-tete."
"No, thank you. After such a big supper I really couldn't eat a thing."

MOTORIST: My car will do 90.
Friend: Per hour, per gallon, or perhaps?

SAID the smart little waitress, slipping up beside the customer: "I've got devilled kidneys, calf's brains, pigs' feet, chicken livers, and—"

"Forget it!" growled the diner. "I've got a headache, eczema, fallen arches, corns, a bunion, three warts, and an empty stomach. Tell your troubles to someone else, and bring me some ham and eggs."

BOXING INSTRUCTOR: That is what they call a half-hook, sir.
Pupil (feeling jaw): Well, you can keep the other half.

"I THINK we met at this restaurant last winter. Your overcoat is very familiar to me."
"But I didn't have it then."
"No, but I did."

HUSBAND: I've made up my mind to stay at home to-night.
Wife: And I've made up my face to go out.

"HAVE you read 'Fifty'?"
"No, what is it?"
"Oh, it's absolutely the last word in books."



SECOND (to losing boxer): Do you think you'll be able to keep awake for the next round?

Acid In Your Blood Kills Health and Energy Kidneys Usually to Blame

Nothing can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy as an excess of Acid in your blood. Every time you move your hand, take a step, or use even the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This process goes on even when you are asleep. Fortunately, nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids by circulating new blood 200 times an hour through a million tiny, delicate tubes, or filers, in your kidneys. It is the function of the kidneys to filter out these health-destroying Acids, and to purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your kidneys are worn down and do not function properly, and remove approximately 2 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel out before your time, run-down, and worn-out.

Causes many ills

If kidney and bladder troubles cause you to suffer from Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Headaches, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Ankles, Cries Under Eyes, Backache, Loss of Vitality, or Dizziness, feeling and shivering, don't waste time worrying and waiting. Help your kidneys with the doctor's special, guaranteed kidney diuretic prescription, called Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex). Cystex works directly on the kidneys and bladder, and helps the kidneys in their function of washing impurities and Acids from the system and in maintaining the purity of the blood. Don't try to overcome Acidity in your blood by taking medicines to offset the Acidity. The Acid is bound to stay there unless the kidneys function properly.



Dr. T. J. Hastell for his purity and prompt

action as a kidney diuretic. For instance, Dr. T. J. Hastell, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the most remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit to the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." Dr. C. Z. Rondine, another widely-known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the kidneys purify the blood, the kidneys reflect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they recollect the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

Guaranteed to Cure

Because of its world-wide and unusual success, Cystex is offered under a written guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 4 days or money back on return of empty packages. Under this written guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time — you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you must return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys.

For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first 48 hours, and complete satisfaction within 3 days. Cystex costs very little, and as the guarantee provides you completely, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or dyes. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) to day. Schaffer & Co., Sydney or Melbourne.



And do I know what's good for me?...



Johnson's Baby Powder is the kind that make babies happy. It's made of the finest talc—soft as satin. That's why it is best for your own skin, too. Also use Johnson's Baby Soap, and Baby Cream on your own skin, and for baby.

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

© A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc, the Modern Toothbrush, Modest, etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price:
Now 6d per tablet

UNDERARM SHAVING
IS DANGEROUS...
creme **Laneta** Creams away Unwanted Hair

THE Fairy Tale PRINCE

Continued from Page 6

I LOWER still there were two young Frenchmen; one of them wrote verses, and his companion made sketches for some of the papers. And there was another American, who had moved in while Miss Niblett was in London. So good-looking!

He was about seven-and-twenty, and, oh! he was shabby. It made my heart ache to see the threadbare clothes he wore, even there where I had come to take threadbare clothes for granted. I used to meet him at the pump sometimes, and then he always insisted on carrying my pail for me. I felt horrid to let him do it. I guessed he didn't have enough to eat and needed all his strength to drag his own pail up the stairs. Not that he showed any signs of weakness. He would mount beside me as gaily as if he liked the work and the bucket were no more than a featherweight. He seemed quite strong and happy, and—I have told you how nice-looking he was, haven't I?

A GIRL cannot allow a young man to carry a pail of water up ninety-eight stairs for her without thanking him. I mean it was impossible for me just to say "Thank you," as if he had handed me the fork or picked up my sunshade. Of course, we spoke as we went up the stairs. He told me he was an art student like me, and I thought that no poor young man had ever been more courageous and contented with his lot—if one calls a little "lot." He talked as if he loved the life. To listen to him one would have imagined that "poverty," "bohemianism," he termed it—was a kind of treat—a privilege for the select, like a ticket for the Royal enclosure. I used to forget to pity him till I looked at his coat.

"I think you are very brave," I couldn't help saying once.
"Brave?" he exclaimed. "Why, how's that? Where's the hardship? I think it's just the right thing for a man to carry home his bread for breakfast, and dine for a franc when he's flush. It's glorious—teaches him to be independent. And you?" he went on in a different tone. "Is it very hard for you?"

"Oh, I am one of the wealthy—for the time being," I laughed. "I have quite a fortune as yet."

"What shall you do when you have squandered your millions?" People did not stand on ceremony with one another at our pump.

"Paint," I said.

"Nobody to help you?" he asked.
"My own right hand," said I.

He regarded it ruefully. "The prospect is not so charming as the hand," he murmured. "Is it?"

"It's glorious," I declared, "for a girl to carry home her bread for breakfast, and dine for a franc when she's flush."

"No, it isn't," he said. "For a girl it's a different thing altogether. You'll excuse my contradicting you? Besides, even a franc wants earning when you have no allowance from home."

"I shall sell my work," I declared valiantly. In those days I always spent my work with a capital W.

"I guess pictures take a deal of selling sometimes."

"I suppose you mean that you don't think I shall ever paint well?"

"I haven't seen anything you have done," he answered. "How could I mean that? Here we are at the top!"

W E had reached our door, and Miss Niblett was standing there, a stiff little figure of disapproval. Considering that I was only showing the young man

simple civility in return for his extreme kindness, I am bound to say that Miss Niblett's later remarks were absurd. Miss Niblett said she should go downstairs with the pail herself in future.

When she came up the next morning I was all ears. Was she alone? No, I could hear her speaking; and then there were steps, as someone turned away. "That Mr. Martin is certainly polite," she said, as she entered; "he insisted on bringing it up for me."

"Who did?" I inquired loftily.
"That Mr. Martin," she repeated. "Who else do you suppose would take the trouble?"

"Oh! I didn't know his name was 'Martin,'" I explained. "You seem to be on very friendly terms with him."

"Tut," said Miss Niblett. "Don't be ridiculous child, and make haste with the coffee, do!"

Though I did not meet Mr. Martin at the pump any more, I very often chanced to meet him on my way home from the art school. Each time I liked him better, and of course I knew I wasn't doing all the liking myself. He never said anything, but a girl can always tell, can't she? When I heard of the shifts that some of the young

WEEKLY DANCE HINT

CARL THOMAS
Says—

Do not regard your partner as a strain to clutch at or a long-lost uncle from Papua. Be self-supporting.

men in the house were put to for a meal, and thought that his straits must be as cruel as any of them, I could have cried. There were moments when food almost choked me, as I pictured him sitting half starved in his room, his chin sunk on his breast. I never saw him with his chin sunk on his breast—never despondent in any way—but I was sure his buoyancy was just put on to hide his sufferings.

W HEN I had been living in the court for about two months, the sight of his coat and the idea of his privations proved too hard to be borne. We had become comrades by then—for the walk from the school took a long time, especially if one didn't walk very fast—and I thought he would let me speak like a sister to him.

"Mr. Martin," I murmured one day as we went home, "I want you to do me a great favor, please."

"Why, certainly," he said. "Right now! What is it?"

"Well," I said, "we are both students, and we are very good friends, and it's all nonsense of you to reply that, because I'm a girl, you can't regard me as a real chum." And when I had stammered that, I turned red and gazed at the tips of my shoes.

"But I haven't replied anything of the sort," he said, with a laugh; "I'm waiting to hear what you want me to do."

"You won't be offended?" I asked.

"I'm sure I could never be offended with you," he said earnestly.

Please turn to Page 24



The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface. New Veet is just like a sweetly scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send ad in stamp to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 2679 SS (Dept. 387W.), Sydney, N.S.W.

BRUNETTES RIVAL BLONDES.

When Hair Grows With Jewel Flashes. Dull hair subdues your entire personality. But see what happens when you bring out the myriad hidden and unsuspected lights that turn ordinary hair into a mass of flashing tints. The real secret is Hennafoam. One application and the dullest hair leaps to new life and glamorous fascination. Nothing like Hennafoam. It's safe and sure. No dye. Chemicals on shoes. Only 6d. (tablets packets), Powder Form, or 1/4 Liquid Form. HENNAFOAM'S capable of making any Gentleman marry a Brunette!



LEG ULCER DISAPPEARS

Another "VAREX" Success

Just a line to tell you that "Varex" Treatment has been quite a success in my case. I write one grateful user. "The ulcer, with its embarrassing pain and swelling, has entirely disappeared and the leg is quite normal." "Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No waiting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet, Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymally's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney, and 523N Collins Street, Melbourne.***



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WITH
Super Plume Ethyl
THE 5 POWER PETROL
AND
CLEAROSOL Mobiloil
PRACTICALLY 100% PURE LUBRICANT

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



YOUR CHANCE TO WRITE!

This is your page—not only for you, but BY you. To it you may write your opinions, your advice, your philosophy, your grumble—or your answer to those of other people. Don't miss the opportunity!

LIVE FOR THE PRESENT

THE thought has often come to me as I sit by the fire: "Am I enjoying this present moment?"—and I realise that my mind has been restlessly turning towards the future.

It seems to me that a great number of people live and enjoy what is to be, rather than the present. We are always striving, only to feel dissatisfied when we do attain our goal—always hoping that the future may bring forth something better. What a pity we do not try to extract the best out of our present happiness, and calm our restless minds! Ambition need not necessarily be quelled—but must be kept in its place.

To have a contented mind will mean much to every one of us.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Fealy, 10 King St., Deepdene, Melbourne.

WHY MARRY?

HOW often does the hard-working married woman, struggling to raise her family on approximately \$4 per week, advise the single girl never to marry unless she can do so with advantage to herself? Yet, on the other hand, every day one sees girls in good positions in offices and shops, earning £3/10 per week or more, surrender this salary to face the future with a man whose wage-earning capacity is not much greater than theirs. I wonder which is preferable—a never-ending struggle for existence, plus the endowments of wifehood and motherhood, or a single life in a secure, remunerative job?

What are women readers' opinions on this subject?

Irene Connors, 71 Herries St., Toowoomba, Qld.

THIS HASTY AGE!

WHAT is to become of our faculty of thought, if our present mode of living continues indefinitely?

This is a "rush" world. We rush our food, our work, our leisure. We rarely stop to think about anything. We have no time to weigh the pros and cons. Providing our solution of a difficulty is plausible, we are satisfied.

In plain language, we are fools! A neglected faculty will become blunt and perhaps insensitive. Our faculty of thought is already rusty. If not, we should have realised by now the tremendous harm our "rush" existence is likely to do.

A. J. Kerby, 7 Milton St., Carnegie SES, Melbourne.

THE ENGLISH VIEWPOINT

HAVING been at school in England for a number of years, I regretted to find, on coming to Australia, that many fellow-scholars regarded England as just street upon street of tenements—in other words, "a land of slums." Probably this trend of thought is brought about because England has such a large population, while it is only one-third the size of Victoria.

The real England abounds in old-fashioned villages, ancient cities, cathedrals and moorlands, etc., a picturesque and history-steeped country.

I have found this misconception of England by Australians as common and as irritating as Australians find the Englishman's belief that this country is peopled mostly by blacks!

Miss M. Harford, 450 Johnston St., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

TALKING AT BRIDGE

SHOULD talking be banned at bridge? I read in an English paper lately that it has been suggested that automatic signals should be adopted for bridges.

Already the game is taken far too seriously. When people start puzzling their brains, getting irritable and even losing their sleep over a game, it ceases to be such, and becomes another "job of work."

Wouldn't it be more enjoyable if people could feel that they were at liberty to make a friendly remark in between the hands without receiving the usual reminder, "we are playing bridge now?"

Mrs. E. Hill, Kyema, Bickell Road, Moama, N.S.W.

Scare Campaign Against Dangerous Driving

I AGREE with Mrs. Gray (25/4/36), for I, too, cannot see any practical result coming from this scare campaign against dangerous driving.

Instead of setting up lurid posters and hoping for the best from their influence on the minds of drivers, let the police enforce obedience to the laws and secure severe penalties for defaulters.

They should, as England has done already, set a limit of 30 miles per hour throughout the country. They should not grant licences unless the driver has undergone, under a police officer, several hours' training per week for a fixed number of weeks—in addition to any other private coaching. I have heard of licences being granted to people who have had less than a week's driving practice.

There are many practical ways of stopping dangerous driving.

Mrs. Nellie Warbank, Brighton, S.A.

Builds Up Genuine Dislike

I THINK this scare campaign against dangerous driving is an excellent idea. It is being conducted throughout the world with splendid results—shown by the lowering of the death-rates on the roads.

One article written in an American magazine impressed the public so much that it was reprinted in thousands in pamphlet form. Called "And Sudden Death," it described with horrifying precision every detail of road accidents. Several films have been made to show the horror of careless driving—one in England was particularly impressive, opening with a gruesome skeleton, and ending with a machine gun spitting words of warning.

All these things are building up a genuine horror and dislike of careless and speedy driving, which hitherto has been associated with romantic daredevilry.

Furthermore, experienced drivers should not feel nervous at the sight of a poster—however colorful!

Mrs. G. Rickard, Sandy Bay, Hobart.

Time To Be Scared

DURING the last six months in N.S.W. alone, there has been a very heavy death-roll from motor accidents, and I think the "scare" campaign is long overdue.

If a driver is so timid that he is rendered unduly nervous by warning signs, I advise him to become a "back-seat driver" and leave the wheel to more capable hands.

Mrs. F. Poole, 92 Minnamurra Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W.

Inspires and Impresses

I DO not agree with Mrs. G. Gray regarding the "safety campaign." Instead of wrecking the nerves of drivers, it should have the opposite effect, of inspiring them with confidence, and of impressing upon them the solemn obligation they are under to observe the regulations.

Statistics, showing the large number



PEDESTRIANS need scaring, too!

of road "fatalities," have caused widespread alarm at the needless loss of life. Therefore, the "safety campaign" is doing invaluable work. Good luck to it!

C. Sutton, 37 The Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Won't Stop Them

I QUITE agree with Mrs. G. Gray (25/4/36) re the "scare campaign." In my opinion it won't make much difference to these careless drivers. In most instances, they are far too busy trying to race past the cars in front of them, and have no time for posters or anything else that may be on the side of the road, or even in the road.

My husband, who does a lot of driving, says the only way to put a stop to careless driving is to have the culprits' licences taken from them.

Apropos of Mrs. Gray's conclusion, I think a nervous driver should not be allowed on the road.

Mrs. Cliff Wright, Castlereagh House, Castlereagh Rd., via Penrith, N.S.W.

Radio Accounts for Dearth of Modern Musicians

W. J. BAYES is not alone in noticing how rare pianists and singers are among the young people to-day. Gramophones, pianolas, and radio sets have been used while they have been growing up, and therefore many have not interested themselves in learning music.

The musical evenings of years ago were most enjoyable, and often brought forward unsuspected talent, both instrumental and vocal, as well as enabling the young folk to amuse themselves at home. We can only hope that parents of the future will have their children taught music where it is possible.

Mrs. W. J. Hemmings, Box 49, Kalangadoo, S.A.

Blessing in Disguise

IN answer to W. J. Bayes (25/4/36), I attribute the dearth of musicians to radio. Everyone is willing to admit the educational value of wireless, but I wonder how many children realise that this greatest of modern inventions is the main factor in eliminating the drudgery of pianoforte tuition from their daily routine? In my school days every child, regardless of talent, was put to the piano. It often entailed considerable sacrifice on the part of parents. How rarely money invested in this manner ever showed any return!

Nowadays, through the medium of wireless we are able to hear the world's masterpieces perfectly rendered. People are beginning to understand that to achieve any worth-while results in music one must possess unlimited talent and devote many hours a day to practice. I believe radio to be a blessing in disguise. We may have fewer alleged musicians, but we have every

Animals Get All the Praise!

IT is curious, and from some points of view regrettable, that in our homes terms of endearment and expressions of affection or admiration are addressed, not to the fellow-creatures composing the family circle, but to its animal members—its dogs, its cats, its horses, and its birds.

Admittedly, the creatures are endearing, and home would scarcely be home without them, but I think that a little of the eloquence lavished upon these animals should find its way into the curt phraseology with which we habitually conceal our affection for our nearest and dearest.

Mrs. C. Landst, Woongarra St., Bundaberg, Qld.

opportunity of developing a truer sense of music.

O. Moustaka, 478 St. Kilda Rd., Melbourne SC2, Vic.

No Time For Practice

W. J. BAYES (25/4/36) has mentioned a fact that has struck me very forcibly.

It is surprising to find so few young people who are able to play musical instruments. And yet, there seems to be no dearth of teachers. Perhaps it is that outside interests claim so much time that there is none left for practice. This is certainly the case with one girl of my acquaintance, who had her A.L.C.M. degree for the piano at 15, and now at 20 can hardly play a melody with one finger.

What a pity we can't make our children realise what golden opportunities they're missing!

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew ES, Vic.

Perhaps Selfish Attitude

I WAS interested in W. J. Bayes' letter (25/4/36) on the present dearth of musicians. But it is not so much because young people cannot play, as because they don't want to.

I recall a somewhat similar occasion, when fully half a dozen of those present could play dance music, yet none offered. I afterwards asked one of the girls why she didn't play.

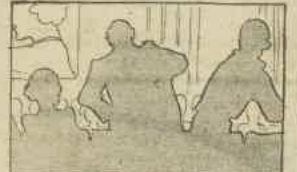
"No!" she said emphatically. "I go out to enjoy myself. It's no fun sitting at a piano and watching others enjoying themselves."

Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

That Mad Rush for the Doors at End of Shows

I, TOO, like Mrs. McConville (25/4/36) have tried to find a reason why people rush away from entertainment. Many hurry away before the finale, and it is annoying to have people standing in front of you when you are most interested in the conclusion.

Generally the rush is to secure a seat



EVEN before the end, they leave

in the bus or tram, but after sitting for hours in the theatre I'm sure it would not matter if they stood on the way home.

Miss M. Williams, 118 Station Road, Booval, Qld.

More Exits Wanted

WHEN I, like many others, go to a theatre I usually have to rush out to catch a conveyance. The more fortunate ones with cars should be the ones to remain till last. Most theatres have only one or two exits, and it is impossible to avoid congestion. Why blame the patrons? Why not ask why theatres have not more exits?

Mrs. S. G. Venamore, 128 Hamilton Road, Hamilton, Brisbane.

To Catch Trams, etc.

IN reply to Mrs. J. T. McConville of 25/4/36, I do not agree with her, although I would certainly like to see a few more exits, but I think that as long as there is life there will be the usual wild rush to all doors.

Picture shows, concerts, etc., end so late that I have been put to considerable inconvenience and expense as a result of missing the last train home by being detained for over 15 minutes, and as a result I always try to get out first.

Miss A. Daley, 17 Parker Road, Arlinton, N.S.W.

WEATHER COMPLAINTS

WHY do some folk always have a grievance against the weather? When a dull day dawns, perhaps slightly more chilly than its predecessor, each client who comes into my office passes the much-worn remark as to the "beastly day" or "terrible change we're having," and then ends up with "but what can one expect in this place?"—as if "this place" were so very different from any other!

I say let's stop complaining about the weather.

If it's a glorious day, I'll revel in it, but if the higher powers sort out the weather and send rain—why not make the best of it?

Miss Brenda Locker, 181 Bourke St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

"SHOUTING" TRAM FARES

REPEATEDLY I have noticed the marked difference in the attitudes of girl friends and men friends as regards the payment of fares in trams particularly.

No matter how good a friend each may be to the other, the girls will each get her own fare; on the other hand, two men, even though not particular friends, will nearly always vie with each other to get the tickets.

Why is this difference between women and men travellers so distinct? Is it because the habit of "shouting" for girls is strong upon men, and girls, having less money in general, have to be careful over pennies? Or is it because women are less generous?

Mrs. D. Spooner, 5 First Ave., Forest Gardens, Adelaide.

BLAME PARENTS?

WHY are the pages devoted to the answering of readers' problems, particularly of the heart, always so full? Is it the parents' fault that young girls prefer to write to strangers for advice on their personal troubles rather than go to a parent?

A parent, who must know the circumstances out of which the problem arose, should be able to give more sound advice and be of greater help than one who has only a letter to go by. Why, then, do they write to the stranger?

Mrs. J. Stokes, Colyton P.O., Colyton, N.S.W.



Mr. TOSSY SPIVAKOVSKY, the world-famous violinist, praises HEENZO

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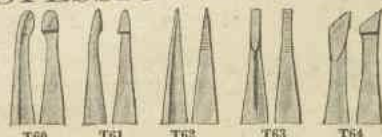
cough remedy for cost of one when you use



Cough remedies, if bought ready mixed, cost a lot of money, but the following recipe gives you eight bottles for the cost of one. To sweetened water add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, thus making a supply equal to about £1's worth of the best remedies money can buy for banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, and influenza. HEENZO is delightful to take, and wonderfully good for both adults and children.

HEENZO HOMES ARE HEALTHIEST

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ALSO LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SCALPERS FROM 3/6 And Nail Nippers from 4/6.

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LONDON and Paris Styles AT "COOTA"

Society's Sartorial Elegance At Southern Picnic Races

The sartorial elegance of London and Paris set in the picturesque surroundings of Cootamundra racecourse gave a brilliant and colorful atmosphere to the Southern District Picnic Race Club meeting last week.

The gay crowd included all the local social leaders from miles around, and a large sprinkling of Sydney society.

A NOTABLE fact was that in some instances there were representatives of the third generation of the first committeemen busy riding and racing with the same keenness of their grandparents.

Mr. Matt Sawyer, the popular first president of the club, was present with his grandson and granddaughter, Buddie and Cliff Gibb, grandsons of the late Mr. David Gibb, of Berthing station, and Joan and Frank Davidson, members of the Davidson family from Geraldra, also represented the third generation of club members.

Numbers of private parties in between races and balls added to the general merriment. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walker were host and hostess at an outdoor cocktail party given on the balcony of the Albion Hotel after the first day's racing. Mrs. Walker, formerly Bea Hussy Cooper, was early astir decorating the small tables with briar berries and autumn-shaded chrysanthemums in readiness for the party.

Among the many guests was George Main, junior, who was greeted with hearty cheers on arriving at the party. The jubilation was in honor of his win on his horse, Claymore.

Mr. and Mrs. Dent, from Canberra, with their son and daughter, John and

Special pictures of prominent people at Cootamundra races on opposite page.

Alison Mr. and Mrs. Keith Richards, and their trio of daughters, Mr. Ken Richards, Mrs. Gordon Mackinnon and daughter, Mildred, were among those present.

Miss Joyce Ranken also acted hostess to a number of friends at a five-to-seven party at the Commercial Bank.

A long table, decorated with baskets of flowers sent from Sydney, was the setting for a merry dinner-party at the Albion Hotel given by the president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Gibb.

Around the board was the president of the Yass Picnic Race Club, Mr. Ernest Merriman, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, from Forbes, Captain and Mrs. Aardis, Miss Lucy Gibb, Mr. Sam Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Garry, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Massie and their debutante daughter, Betty.

"Lovelies" at Race Ball

THE race ball was remarkable for the number of very lovely young girls that graced the floor. Among them were Joan Davidson, whose frock of carnation-pink chiffon was offset with deep blue velvet. She wore a velvet band and bow in her hair.

Nancy Sawyer danced in the palest of pink satin frocks and tied pink ribbon in her fair tresses.

Tall and slim with fair hair and brown eyes, Barbara Florence, from Temora, looked her best in black spotted net, ruffled at the neck, and a close-fitting skirt.

Allison Dent's frock was of navy lacquered satin. Mrs. Hector McFarlane wore mauve chiffon, and Jean Main, from Retreat, Illabo, grey chiffon and mauve feather flowers in her hair. Mrs. John Scott brought her two debutante daughters, Margaret and Allison, to their first race ball.

Sydney visitors included Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hardie and Mrs. Alan Lloyd, whose lovely quilted mauve taffeta frock was partly covered by a rose-pink taffeta coat.

Mrs. Hertford Wood, from Wangar, wore a graceful gown of pastel-blue. Dr. Neil Henry chose a beige frock with a coachman coat of brown velvet. Dr. and Mrs. Jack Mason, from Tumut, were present, the latter wearing a charming model of cream georgette with a knife-pleated skirt.

The second day's racing was brightened by the vivid splashes of color worn in scarves, hats, gloves and bags.

Afternoon tea parties under the gum trees were popular, one being given by Mrs. J. J. Jamieson, of Temora, and another by members of the Davidson families.

Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Maxwell entertained at a cocktail party in their home on the second evening.

Dancing enthusiasts covered mile round and round the Town Hall floor at the Hospital ball, which has been a regular feature of the picnic race season since its inception.—V.M.

Skin Eruptions



Iodex iodine ointment is invaluable in the treatment of disfiguring skin ailments. Pimples and skin blotches yield quickly to its antiseptic, penetrating powers, even when they have proved stubborn to many forms of treatment.

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NO-STAIN IODINE

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food becomes indigested. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "bun and up." Harshness, gentleness, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes, only, 1/2 and 3/4. Resist a substitute. ★★

HE BECAME LESS ATTRACTIVE

Used 4 handkerchiefs daily.

That happens to any person suffering from catarrh. The first essential is to remove the secretion, clear away the inflammation, and keep the nasal passages in a state of cleanliness. To achieve this result, a prominent specialist produced a perfectly-balanced formula by blending rare medicinal ingredients long used by Physicians for treating catarrh. The preparation is registered by the name *Clyman*, and is sold by all chemists for 1/6, or larger size 4/6. Full directions go with every bottle as well as a written guarantee. ★★

BERTHA MAXWELL . . .
DESIGNS STILL AVAILABLE

Bertha Maxwell's Designs, previously featured, are always available by sending to The Australian Women's Weekly Box 3607EE G.P.O. Sydney

17 x 41 linen kerchiefs in white, green, emerald blue with hemstitched trim, carrying dainty floral designs in one corner. Price 1/- each. 16 x 11 oval cloth kerchiefs, finished kerchiefs, with the same designs and tiny hem in pink, pink, dark yellow and green. Price 7d.

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Free Gifts again for Sunlight wrappers!

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Save 30 wrappers for a Bath Towel or 27 for a Pillowcase. Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 117 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to:

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Lever Brothers Limited, Box 430VY,
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DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

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A white Admiralty BATH TOWEL, 23 x 46 inches, thickly woven and absorbent.

PILLOWCASE FOR 27 WRAPPERS.

A hemstitched, embroidered PILLOWCASE, 31 x 21 inches, in best pillow cotton.



SOCIETY Suns Itself... in Sylvan SETTING

PICNIC
RACE
PHOTOS



A JOLLY GROUP discuss race form. Miss Joan Davidson, Mr. Jim Davidson, Mr. Cliff Gibb and Mrs. Max Hinder.



MRS. KEITH RICHARDS and her eldest daughter, Pamela. Pamela is first cousin of the Countess of Jersey.



MRS. HECTOR McFARLANE looked hopefully at her fancy as the horses lined up at the barrier.



MISS NANCY SAWYER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Sawyer and granddaughter of Mr. Matt Sawyer, the first president of the Southern District Picnic Race Club.

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Care-
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Promptly
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In fine quality. Well-cut Length 22 inches.

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With colored College Stripes. Size 38 inches

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This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 375 PITT STREET. We have just published an illustrated booklet entitled, "Vision and the Care of the Eyes." Should you like a copy, one will be posted free to you on application.

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They are in latest white linen, 11 x 16 pillow-case, ready to work, 2/5 plus 2d. postage. Print or cot cover with plain edge 24 x 36 1/8, plus 2d postage.

To obtain any of them send in postal note or stamps for amount to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

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LITTLE GIFT LINENS

For a charming, quickly-made, personal gift choose one of Bertha Maxwell's sweet Needle-work creations. To obtain, send postal note to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2607EE, G.P.O. Sydney

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MISS MILDRED McKINNON, wearing a smart American model frock acquired on her recent visit to Hollywood.

—Women's Weekly photos.

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INGLIS ESSENCE of COFFEE and CHICORY

Containing the highest percentage of Coffee-Extract of any Essence of Coffee and Chicory on the market.

★ Take a vacuum flask of it / on your next picnic!

How to make it:

Use a teaspoonful to each cup. Add half water and half milk and bring just to boiling point, BUT DO NOT BOIL.

Save the capsules for valuable presents. You can use them in the same collection as Goldania Tea Labels and other Inglis Bonus lines.

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AT ALL GROCERS AND STORES

ZEPPELIN OWNERS Favor Australian WOMAN

Travelled 48,000 Miles

In Eight Months

—22,500 By Air

Found Courtesy and a Smile
Got Her Everywhere

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Leaving Perth last September, Mrs. Ailele Veronica Vail has now arrived in London.

This in itself is not a noteworthy fact, were it not that by the time she returns to Australia next month she will have covered 48,000 miles in eight months—15,930 miles by plane, 6600 by the new zeppelin, Hindenburg, 23,125 by boat, 600 by train, and the rest by motor car.

"I AM a born wanderer," this petite feminine Marco Polo told me, sitting before a roaring fire in one of London's oldest and most sedate hotels. "I love risks, and I am a gambler. Wherever I go I ask if there is a casino, and I immediately dash for the tables . . . but I never lose more than I can afford, which, I suppose, is not the true gambling spirit."

"My husband knows that travelling is my hobby, and he accepts it. He hates travelling, but I am certainly bringing him to London for the Coronation."

"My last trip was to China and Japan,

so this time I set out to see something of South America. Of all the places I have ever visited, I think Rio is the most lovely. It reminds me of a piece of stage scenery—too beautiful to be real. I am always expecting the curtain to come down."

"Of course, when I left Australia, I

had no idea of travelling on the maiden voyage of the airship Hindenburg," continued "the explorer." "That part of the trip was just good luck. A friend in Buenos Aires told me that the Hindenburg was expected in Rio, and was returning to Germany almost at once."

"The very next morning I set off by plane for Rio and booked my passage in the airship. It was a marvellous experience. Everything seemed so terribly silent and motionless after the noise and vibration of ordinary flying. It was wonderful to be able to stand and look down on all the country over which we were passing."

"There were only three women in the airship myself and two Germans who spoke no English. The men all spoke English, including Dr. Eckener, who is the most charming old man, a bit slow and deliberate, perhaps, like all Germans, but so gentle and courteous."

"I found the journey very comfortable and pleasant. That is why I am going back to Rio by the Graf Zeppelin. And, would you believe it, now that people have heard that I am travelling again by airship, in spite of having had a taste of engine trouble in the Hindenburg, they are booking their places without the least anxiety, so the German travel agency told me, when they rang up to offer me a rebate of £20 of my fare because of the business I had brought them."

Travelling "Light"

"LUGGAGE is always a problem in air travel, but I rather flatter myself I have brought 'travelling light' to a fine art. I just take two suit cases everywhere I go, as well as carrying my fur coat, an ermine cape and an ordinary fox fur. The suit cases hold one three-piece suit with several jumpers to go with it, one pair of walking shoes that can be worn indoors, a pair of evening shoes, three flimsy, weightless evening dresses, and a little black taffeta coat that can be worn with any of them—incidentally, I changed for dinner every night in the airship—and odds and ends. On my travels I wear a skirt and jumper with a tight-fitting, very warm scarlet leather jacket, beret, and comfortable brogue shoes. All my hats are berets or squashable felts."

Lounge Room Sightseers

MRS. VAIL does not think that the average Australian is a very good traveller. "Most of us don't see enough," she said. "We come to London, sit night and day in the lounges of hotels peopled by other Australians, wander into a few art galleries, and think we have seen England."

Mrs. Vail is short and looks as though she has walked out of a handbox. In spite of being so fond of action, she is a most reposeful person.

"I don't really speak any foreign language," she confessed. "But I find that courtesy and a smile are understood all over the world."



MISS CAROL COOMBE, the well-known young London actress, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, only son of Sir Robert and Lady Armstrong-Jones, of North Wales. The wedding will take place in June. Miss Coombe is the daughter of Sir Thomas Coombe, of Perth, W.A., and Lady Coombe, of London, and a sister of Miss Vera Coombe, now on her way back to England from Australia. Mrs. A. White, of Belltrees, Scone, is another sister.

The Lid lifts off
"just like that!"

So simple
to replace too!

A spoon or a coin slipped under the convenient flange—presto!—the lid is off! And under the lid is a patented parchment seal—placed there for your protection. It positively ensures the freshness and quality of a Baking Powder that has become a household necessity in thousands of Australian homes. Ensure perfection—always use

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Here's the easy, simple and most efficient way to wind your wool. They clip on to any table, shelf edge, chair, etc. Hold any length of skein and make winding wool an easy job. Made of steel throughout. Send 1/- and 2d. stamp for postage, and save your wool-winding problem.

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BETTER ROSES. PROOF OF THE PUDDING

One of our suburban clients writes this week:—"We finished the season's exhibiting on Saturday, our total winnings being nine silver cups, four vases, 4 champion cards, 69 first and 31 second prizes." Our very hearty congratulations have been conveyed to this skilled craftsman, and we are naturally very gratified to receive his order for more of Hazlewood's "Better Roses" in order to meet the inevitable fierce competition next year. These plants are grown to meet an ideal and not neglected to meet the demands for a cut price. Business hours, Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 4.45 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. only.

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NO SECRET

It's no secret that there is a wonderful new way of cleaning white shoes. Get from any store for only one penny a large bottle of the new shoe dressing, "Hi-Mark." "Hi-Mark" will not run off and waste and costs red cents.

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MACAULEY'S RHEUMATISM AND NEURITIS PILLS
carry a Money Back Guarantee.
One month's treatment £4.0. gold free, from JEAN & CO., 402 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness, and home—his wife successfully treated him with "HARDRO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your mead. It can be given secretly. Booklets on selling scupper. Write or call for it. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE TRV., 333 George St., Sydney.

I have been a customer for 50 years
you **ALSO** will be satisfied at

W.W. Campbells

YOU
CAN
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2 YEARS to PAY

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£25 for 20/- deposit 5/- weekly. £50 for 40/- deposit 10/- weekly.
£100 for 80/- deposit 20/- weekly. £150 for 120/- deposit 30/- weekly.

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Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

20% CASH 5% WEEKLY

OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT



18/6 DEPOSIT 4/- WEEKLY

Contrasting Walnut veneers enhance the beauty of this new Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, 4ft. 10in. Dressing-Table and Double Chest are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. This artistic suite is a gift at the Special Cash Price. (Bedstead Extra) **£18/18/-** or on Easy Terms...



A perfect Lounge Suite is required for "Winter Comfort" in every home. The beautiful example illustrated is a remarkable opportunity for all who love the good things of life. The large Settee and spacious Chairs are upholstered in superb Genoa Velvet, with five fully sprung loose cushions. This artistic design is extraordinary value at the Introductory Cash Price **£19/19/-** Or on Easy Terms.



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£13/19/6 5 VALVE DUAL WAVE RADIO



Again we make an outstanding Radio offer. A new Dual Wave, easy tuning to World stations, perfect Local and Interstate reception; 5 Valves with full efficiency; Glorious tone; Beautiful Cabinet; sloping top; clock dial; splendid construction. Backed by a firm of 50 years' standing. You can depend upon perfect entertainment.

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16/6 DEPOSIT 4/- WEEKLY

Polished Figured Maple gives the keynote of "quality" to this new Dining-Room Set. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has mirror back and two large centre drawers and two cupboards; 3ft. Rectangular Table has handsome box-legs; Four Chairs have spring seats and backs shaped for comfort. Legs of Chairs and Sideboard are turned and fluted. This handsome suite may be purchased at This Week's Cash Price **£16/16/-** Or on Easy Terms.



Here is a new 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc., with artistic leadlight doors. It is faithfully constructed, and no home should be without one.

The Reduced Cash Price

This Week **79/6** Or on Easy Terms.

Many other designs and qualities are in **5/- and 2/-** stock. DEPOSIT WEEKLY

PREPARE for WINTER!

Visit our Third Floor and inspect the display of Down Quilts, Blankets, Radiators, etc. Bedding. In all worth-while qualities, also at Warehouse Prices.

JUST OPENED! NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM and LINOLEUM SQUARES



BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

Size	9ft. x 11ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Special Price	42/6	50/-	57/6	65/-

IMITATION LINO SQUARES

Size	9ft. x 11ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Special Price	27/6	32/6	37/6	42/6

GENUINE CORK LINO. IMIT. LINOLEUM

TWO YARDS WIDE-	TWO YARDS WIDE-
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.	3/3, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

CARPETS SPECIALLY REDUCED

AXMINSTER SQUARES

Size	9ft. x 11ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Now at	£3/15/-	£4/5/-	£4/19/6	£5/17/6

Size	9ft. x 11ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Now at	£6/5/-	£7/10/-	£8/15/-	£9/19/6

HALL CARPET BARGAINS

Wilton Width 13ft. Per Yd. 22in. 8/11 Now 6/8 27in. 9/11 Now 7/8 36in. 13/6 Now 10/6

Axminster 22in. 10/6 Now 9/3 27in. 12/6 Now 10/3 36in. 16/6 Now 16/6



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249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY. ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET



Will this
happen to
your child?

It's a sad day when the dentist says "They'll have to come out." It's tragic because it's unnecessary. A germicidal tooth paste would have prevented decay germs from getting a start, and those beautiful teeth would have lasted a lifetime.

Euthymol Tooth Paste kills dental decay germs within 30

seconds. Children from the earliest age should be taught to brush the teeth night and morning with Euthymol, and to visit the dentist twice a year. Such care will ensure healthy gums and strong teeth and prevent the possibility of dental tragedies later in life. Get a tube of Euthymol to-day.

1/3
per tube



Pronounced U-THY-MOL

"O R hurt?" I added.
"I'm sure you would never hurt me."
"Well, then, I want you to let me
lend you a little money till things are
better. Will you?"

His eyes widened at me, and then
he blushed. He did, he blushed. I
saw the color spread right up to his
temples. I hated myself, though I had
done my best to say it all delicately.

"I am very, very grateful to you,"
said Mr. Martin. "Believe me, I'm not
in need of money. But you're a chum,
indeed."

"Oh, you're too proud to confess," I
guled—and there was a lump in my
throat. I couldn't swallow.

We were crossing one of the bridges
and I stopped and looked at the sun
sinking while I tried to blink my tears
back. He stood there by me, and was
quiet for a minute. When he spoke,
I hardly recognised his voice. It
trembled so much. "Will you tell me
something?" he whispered.

I nodded.

"W HY did you say this
to me?"

"Because I know you are poor, and
I'm poor and can understand. But I
could spare a small sum easily, and I
thought you'd be great enough to let
me help you."

"You have helped me," he answered;
"helped me to ask you a question that
I hadn't the pluck to put. . . . Dear
little chum, do you care for me?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Enough to wait till a pauper can
afford to marry you?"

"Yes," I told him.

"I love you," said Mr. Martin, "with
all my heart!"

And the boats were sailing down the
river, and a crowd was on the bridge,
but I couldn't see them. In all Paris
there was no one but our two. We
were alone in the sunset—he and I!

I knew what Miss Niblett would say,
and she said it—"Tut!" She warned
me that I was doing a rash, an im-
provident thing. And after she had
reproached herself for bringing me to
France, and prophesied a hopeless
waiting and the workhouse for me by
turns, she hugged me splendidly, and
wished me happiness. There you have
Miss Niblett!

T HEN my fiancé was
invited up to supper, and we were merry
I was annoyed to see that, while I was
making that salad, she had examined
him about his prospects. Of course I

THE Fairy Tale PRINCE

Continued from Page 18

A ND by and by we
all went out. "I have pennies
to spend," pleaded my lover, "let's
be lavish!" Could I be wise on
such a night? Away we sped
from Montparnasse into the Paris
where the cabs darted and the cafes
glittered, and we had syrups and fuzzy
wilters under the trees in the starlight,
and made believe that we were rich. I
thought Miss Niblett must have been
in love herself once upon a time—she
was so tactful. It was a long rumble
that we took. Like children we looked
outside a jeweller's window, pretending
to choose the costliest of engagement-
rings; like vagrants we loitered by a
great house where a reception was
being held. Yes, we stood there on the
pavement and watched the grand
people arriving; and for the first time
for hours I remembered we were poor.

"Why aren't we going to a party?"
How lovely it would be!"

"Are you keen on parties?" my lover
asked. "Perhaps I could take you to
one this week. Shall I try?"

"A party like that?" I laughed. "Yes,
please!"

"Ah, well," he replied. "I can't
guarantee that it will be quite like that.
Still, I guess it will be rather fun. Will
Miss Niblett go, too?"

"I!" she exclaimed. "Don't talk non-
sense."

"I wonder," he said, "which is the
best place in this city to hire a suit of
dress clothes for the evening. My
social gaities have given me cause to
find out."

Please turn to Page 28

GIRLIGAGS



THE GIRL OF TO-DAY would
rather be known to "take the cake"
than bake the cake

all that has happened since, the scene
remains clear and living to me—the
little lamp-lit room, half studio, half
parlor, the scent of the mignonette in
the open window, and the promised
hand I saw beyond. When I am old
and grey it will be living to me still—
his voice, his touch, and the joy that
was singing in his heart.

KNIFE THRUSTS OF Indigestion

Heart and chest pains come from gas swell-
ing the stomach so that it presses on the
vital organs. Get fast, safe relief and pro-
tection with Harrison-Maclean Stomach Pow-
der. This at once kills the acid, and quiets
the gas. "Full," "afraid to breathe," sensa-
tion stops—smiles return where, a moment
before, all was fear and distress. This
famous remedy, better than liniment, magnesia,
is the one sure, proven, modern way of
curing indigestion, heartburn, gas-pain, flatu-
lency, and acid-dyspepsia. Big packages,
2/6, all good chemists. Be sure to get
genuine HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach
Powder, containing Maclean's Salicylates. If
any difficulty, send 2/- and ask extra postage
to Owl Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney,
and supply will go to you at once.



HERE COMES MRS. CLARKE
... SUCH A CHARMING
WOMAN YOU MUST
MEET HER...

NOT NOW! I'VE
GOT TO GO IN
HERE...
QUICKLY



WHAT IS THE MATTER
WITH YOU? DON'T YOU
WANT TO MEET NICE
PEOPLE?

NOT UNTIL I GET SOME
DECENT CLOTHES AGAIN.
MINE ARE ALL SO WASHED
-OUT AND
DRAB-
LOOKING



WELL, LET'S PICK SOMETHING
BRIGHT FOR YOU—NOW
THOSE COLOURS WOULD
SUIT YOU BEAUTIFULLY

YES, UNTIL
THE FIRST WASH!
THAT'S THE
TROUBLE EVERY-
THING FADES
SO



RUBBISH!—IF YOU WASH
THAT IN LUKEWARM
RINSO SUDS, THE WAY I DO
COLOURS, IT WON'T
FADE A
SCRAP

RINSO... SO
THAT'S HOW YOU
KEEP YOUR
CLOTHES
LOOKING
LIKE NEW



WHAT LOVELY
COLOURS IN THAT
FROCK! IT'S A NEW
ONE, ISN'T IT?

THIS? OH NO, MRS. CLARKE,
I'VE WASHED IT HALF
A DOZEN TIMES IN
RINSO



LOTS OF WASHING-UP!
I'LL STAY
AND HELP
YOU

DO STAY... AND
SEE HOW
QUICKLY I
GET THROUGH
THEM NOW I'M
USING RINSO
FOR DISHES
TOO



After months of Rinso washing,
colours still fresh and bright—

writes MRS. PAYNE OF 59
CHAPEL ST. ROCKDALE

"It's a wonderful thing to think that you can wash all
my pretty dresses safely in Rinso. I've heard of so
many pretty dresses being ruined the first time they
were washed, and I always wish those people had
known about Rinso for colours. Even after months of
Rinso washing my coloured clothes still look fresh and
bright, and I'm glad to say my white things are always
beautifully white, thanks to Rinso. We always use
Rinso for washing-up, too, because it gets rid of
grease so quickly."

6.11.1929



RINSO WASHING IS
FAR SAFER FOR
COLOURS

AND WHAT A SPARK-
LING WHITE WASH
RINSO GIVES!

Keep your colours flying! Wash them
the safe way, in Rinso, and they'll
always come out clear and gay. Don't
rub—that streaks and fades colours—
and don't wring. Just squeeze luke-
warm Rinso suds through and through
the coloured clothes. There won't be a

Rinso alone gives snowy whiteness

single speck of dirt left behind.
This is the safe method for
silks and woollies, too—
lukewarm Rinso suds
and no rubbing.

You'll never go back to
bar-soap washing once
you've used Rinso. Such
wonderful suds—soapy all
through! Such a marvellous
way of getting clothes whiter
and brighter! It's easy to
see that Rinso is more than
just soap.

"Does the whole wash—with safety"



You don't need bar soaps with
Rinso—that's money in your
pocket! The quickest way to
move worn-in dirt is to shake
on a little dry Rinso and rub
lightly in the soak water.

A LEVER PRODUCT



Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Congratulations are order of day for Mr. and Mrs. Lach Horsley, of Yabtree, Cundagai, on birth of baby daughter?

"Boys" Past and Present

"BOYS" past and present interested in North Shore Grammar School had day out on Friday. Headmaster Mr. Robson and Mrs. Robson entertained at large garden party in school grounds. Boarders displayed surprising agility while assisting with serving of afternoon teas. No doubt boy scouts among them would consider effort good deed for day. S.C.E.G.S. Association to be formed with school interests main objective. Mrs. L. A. Purves, Mrs. Donald Esplin, Professor Holme, Dr. St. Vincent Welsh and Mr. A. B. S. White among those present.

The Other Fellow

OLYMPIC team members struggling manfully to remember German phrases taught them by Mr. Crammer, Olympic representative. "Walter, give the bill to the other fellow" being among the remarks that might be useful. Mrs. G. Fergusson, chaperon of team, able to say au revoir to Frau Asmis at party given by German Consul-General in fluent German. Kitty Mackay and Pat Norton hope to break Olympic records as easily as they have broken existing figures for number of farewell parties.

Jean Elching, of Rockhampton, now en route for further studies in dramatic art in London.

New Faces

QUITE a few new faces at Romano's on Saturday. Ted Turner, Cambridge student on visit to parents in Sydney, entertained by Stan Wise. Party included Win Hale, Peg Wilton, and Kath Cox. Olga Hendrick, from Cairns, had final party before leaving for north this Tuesday. Rex Long Innes trod measure with her. Mrs. Roy Chisholm, Molly Grey, and Babe Cockerott also present.

Parkes Entertains

LADY WHISKARD, highly delighted with presentation of pink rosebuds and maidenhair fern looped with blue and gold ribbons. Sir Geoffrey and attractive wife recently paid visit to West and were entertained by Country Women's Association in Parkes. Mrs. E. E. Darken, president of association, made welcoming speech. Musical items brought party to close.

Merrillie Marsh, pretty daughter of tennis-playing Henry Marsh, making most of delightful stay in Canada. She is travelling with Mrs. Alfred Blomfield with England in view.

Coradgery Picnic Races

RECORD attendance at Coradgery Picnic Race meeting source of satisfaction to energetic president, Mr. H. H. Balcombe, of Coradgery station and committee. Mr. and Mrs. Lex Balcombe entertained about eighty guests at picnic luncheon on course. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Whitmill, of Wombin station, also provided good cheer and victuals to all and sundry. Jim had win with Master Kerchious, much to delight of friends. Ball at night was great success. Among dancers being Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Matthews, Dr. and Mrs. N. D. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Burch, Dr. and Mrs. Downes, Gladys Witte and Pat Humphries, of Forbes.

Picnic Race Innovations

SEVERAL innovations at Southern District Picnic race meeting at Cootamundra this year. Not one horse-drawn vehicle to be seen in parking and dock. Nearby was John Lerie's aeroplane. Flying gallant flew from Melbourne just in time for meeting. His sister Lorice was guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walker for meeting. Mrs. Hector McFarlane was first of local lovelies to appear at races without hat. Tiny bows to match ensembles worn on both days.

Finds Golf Boring

NORDA MATA has many interesting tales to tell of time spent in Japan. Her presence in Japanese ceremonial dancing classes caused sensation. Photographers and reporters so numerous that times of lessons had to be kept secret. Norda found stillness instead of movement was first essential of Japanese dancing. Brilliant German dancer fond of all sport with exception of golf. Found slow saunter from hole to hole with indifferent strokes every little while most boring.

Audrey Cooper, of Adelaide, accompanied by Jean Percival, enjoys Sydney holiday.

Will Be Missed

DR. AND MRS. LORIMER DODS will be missed from winter parties. Popular couple off for English holiday. Before sailing Lorimer paid visit to mother in Brisbane, and "Mrs. Lorimer" took two small children, Rosemary and Robin, to Southport to become acclimatised to temporary home with her mother, Mrs. Western Walsh.



Related to G.-G.

COMMANDER OTWAY-RUTHVEN a connection of Lord Gowrie, has just arrived in Melbourne where he is attached to Naval Office for two years.

Charming wife accompanied him. Mrs. Otway-Ruthven great reader, and is personal friend of Lieut-Commander Woodroffe, author of "Naval Odyssey". Sea-faring reminiscences have taken fancy of English public, and book is best-seller. Visitors to our shores are busy house-hunting and finding schools for two children, Oonha and Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Richardson, of Tarana station, are rejoicing in welcome arrival of son and heir. Mrs. Richardson formerly Emily McMaster.

Graceful Ice Skaters

ICE skating looked deceptively easy as experts flew over rink on opening day of season. Peggy Littlejohn, Miriam Reid, Mrs. Croll, Clarice Kennedy and Beatrice Fawcett, bright exponents of fascinating winter sport. Skaters agog at expected arrival of Friedl Meerkamper and Hope Braine, runners-up in British professional pairs skating championship. Nancy McNaught, Mrs. John Throsby, Mrs. Herbert Douglas and Jocelyn Poynter among skating devotees.



Last-minute Dash

THIS Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney Mein give afternoon party in Melbourne for son Dal and bride-elect, Kathleen Rhys Jones. Both hostess and guest of honor wearing black ensembles with tiniest of black hats and smart eye-balls. Dal making last-minute dash from Brindagee, Hay, to be in time for party, and sister Phyllis also holidaying in this State returns from fun and frolic at Walgett Picnic Races.

Not Without Honor

APPARENTLY authors not without honor in own country. Jean Campbell's novel, "Brass and Cymbals," story of Jewish life in Melbourne, subject of paper in Yiddish at Kadimah Cultural Society Club on Sunday. Jean says critics will have opportunity of saying what they will without fear of her answering back. Another novel, "Greek Key Pattern," chronicle of Greek family dealt with in English. Jean is first Australian author to portray problems of foreigners in our midst.

Cries of "Daddy"

SO entertained was small son of Mrs. Delphine Stephen by portrait of father hanging on wall at Education Department, that opening ceremony performed by Mr. T. H. Kelly almost drowned by cries of "Daddy". Occasion being private view of exhibition by Women's Industrial Art Society. Mrs. Violet Bowring showered with congratulations on paintings. English artist has made home in Sydney for many years.

Dr. and Mrs. George Downes motored home to Parkes after spending holiday in Sydney and some time with Edgar and Rupert Downes at Camden. Three brothers all polo enthusiasts.

New Portrait

TOTI DAL MONTE, Italian soprano, popularly known in Australia as well as in European operatic circles, recently had entrancing drawing made by Fortunino Matania. Diva is pictured in lame toque with soft black lace arranged in Venetian manner at throat. Toti makes occasional visits to London and creates furore at Covent Garden during season.

Cupid on Skis

AFTER stay in Sydney, Alice Wessing has returned to Hobart home sporting new engagement ring. Alice met fiancé Christopher Heyde on trip to Kosciusko last year. Romance flourished in surroundings of snow and ice. Chris then tripped off to Tasmania for approval of Wessing family to engagement. No word yet of honeymoon plans, but friends contend that luggage will contain skates and skis.

Have You Noticed—

"Mod. cons." include variety of luxuries in new Alexis Albert home in making at Vacluse? Cocktail bar and outside swimming pool will be featured.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, the famous English actress, who will broadcast this Sunday over National stations, photographed with her daughter, Mrs. James Dickson, and her small grandson.

Jane Lane

BUT for BILLY

Continued from Page 7

WHEN he reached the house he went into the kitchen. "Mary!" he cried, dropping into a chair at the table. Flinging the purse aside he fumbled excitedly with the roll of notes. Mummy stood close to the table, fascinated, and Billy clung to her skirts, bewildered.

In a moment Daddy was thumbing the notes, laying them down one by one and whispering to himself. Then, as he finished he said in a hushed voice:

"Twenty-five pounds!"

He looked up at Mummy, and for a long instant they gazed into each other's eyes. Then Daddy seemed to go crazy.

Mummy was almost as bad. She was laughing and crying all at once and continually brushing a strand of hair from her eyes. She was biting her lips, too, and her eyes were moist and shining.

Finally Daddy dropped into a chair, out of breath, but after he had rested a moment he darted to the table, scooped up the money, kissed it, waved it at Mummy, and began to whistle a gay tune.

It seemed a long time to Billy before anyone noticed that he was crying. All this noise and confusion frightened him, and he was crouching down by the wall, out of Daddy's way, crying by himself.

Then suddenly Mummy was on her knees beside him. Her arms were tight around him, and her cheek was against his wet face.

"Mummy's angel!" she crooned. "Don't cry!"

And Daddy, seeing them there, was suddenly silent. He picked up his chair, sat down and began to count the money all over again.

It was while Mummy was comforting Billy that she saw the purse—there, by the wall where Daddy had thrown it. Holding her little boy close with one arm, she picked it up and, turning it over, discovered a little label with printed words on it. Billy felt her start, and heard her whisper to herself: "Herbert K. Fielding."

For a long time she knelt there beside him, holding the purse and looking straight at the wall before her. Then, listlessly, as if she were tired, she rose and went to the table, where she sank down into a chair.

"Will," she said dully at last.

"What's up, sweetheart?" Daddy answered.

Silently she handed him the purse, and he read the name on the label.

As he looked at it he seemed to wilt, to grow smaller in his chair. They stared at each other for a long minute. Then, finally Daddy said in a low voice:

"I never thought of that."

And Billy, listening, thought Daddy was going to cry.

After that there was silence in the kitchen. Mummy stared wide-eyed at Daddy, and he studied the tablecloth. After a while he said, without looking up:

"Fielding, of all people. And he's got thousands. He'd never miss it. It means about as much to him as a penny or two does to us."

There was bitterness in his voice, and an expression on his face that Billy had never seen there before.

Presently Mummy, watching Daddy closely, said softly:

"That's not the point, dear."

"He's got thousands, I tell you! Thousands!" he cried. "A little bit like this means absolutely nothing to him!"

Then he went on with his pacing, and, while he strode up and down, Mummy began to speak.

"Even so, dear, that's not the question," she said gently. "Anyway, we don't really know that he's so well off. He might need it, with the hard times and all. His factory's been shut down for months now, you know."

"Bah! He made thousands while it ran, they say. And I bet he's still hanging on to most of it," retorted Daddy. "Don't tell me he'll need it."

"Well, perhaps not, dear," Mummy answered, "but what can we do? The money's his, no matter how much he has. Oh I admit I'm as tempted as you are. But you'll have to decide, dear."

Daddy became quieter. He sat down at the table, thought for a while, and presently began to speak slowly.

Please turn to Page 42

LACONIA
BLANKETS
ARE
GUARANTEED

THEY MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

What Women Are Doing

Woman Literary Agent

MRS. KAY COTTON, wife of an Australian journalist in London, and resident in Melbourne until about a year ago, is now a literary agent in London.

She has business affiliations in Paris, New York, Tahiti, Barcelona, Copenhagen, and Melbourne.

Kindergarten Teacher and Musician

MRS. ARTHUR HAIGH, who before her marriage was Miss Lena Rutherford, one of the leading teachers in Sydney in the early days of the Kindergarten and Montessori movements in the State schools of New South Wales, still keeps in touch with the work.

She has given valuable help to the Presbyterian Kindergarten in Burwood in which suburb she lives with her family.

Mrs. Haigh was also responsible for the formation of the Home and Teachers' Club in connection with the Presbyterian Church, thus carrying out the lessons in co-operation that should exist between the school and the home, which she had proved in her work at Blackfriars Infant Demonstration School, Sydney.

Mr. Haigh is a musician, and his wife and four daughters share this interest. They are all taking prominent parts in the Welfare of Youth Demonstration, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church of Australia, at the Sydney Town Hall, this Saturday.

Mr. Haigh will officiate at the grand organ, and Mrs. Haigh will conduct the choir of three hundred and fifty voices.

To Design and Build Palaces in India

AN unusually fascinating job has come the way of Mrs. Walter Burley Griffin, wife of the designer of Canberra, who left Sydney last week for India.

Some months ago, at the invitation of the Lucknow University, Mr. Griffin went to India to draw up a design for a library.

His work so interested several Maharajahs that he has now been commissioned to design and build palaces, libraries, and even a capital city.

The task has become one of such magnitude that Mr. Griffin cabled to his wife, who is a fully qualified architect, and his business partner, to join him in India as soon as possible.

It seems likely that some revolutionary ideas in architecture will be embodied in these Indian buildings if the Australian work of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin may be taken as an indication.

Mrs. Griffin's taste in clothes is comparable with her ideas in architecture and furnishings. When she left by the Comorin she was wearing an attractive coat of woven flax in brilliant colors.

Collects and Illustrates Cingalese Nursery Rhymes

A BOOK of Cingalese nursery rhymes, with imaginative illustrations in black and white, has just been published by Rex Hamer, who recently held a most successful exhibition of his drawings in Adelaide.

Mrs. Hamer has heard that a smaller edition of the book, in the Cingalese language, is to be used in the schools in Ceylon, as the Education Department there is most interested in the work.

Keen on everything to do with the ancient history and customs of the Cingalese people (she lives in Kadugannawa, near Kandy, Ceylon), Mrs. Hamer collects the rhymes from the people themselves and from books which her native friends help her to translate.

She has written and illustrated stories on Cingalese Christmas subjects for Christmas publications in Ceylon.

Mrs. Hamer had intended to display her work in Sydney shortly, but her exhibition in Adelaide has been so successful she has not enough pictures left. However, she will visit Sydney before returning to Ceylon.

Matron Retires

MISS M. E. CHAMBERS, who has just retired from the position of matron at the South Australian Mothers and Babies' Health Association, has completed seventeen and a half years' work for mothers and babies in that State.

Although Matron Chambers will now give up nursing altogether, she will still take an interest in the work.

She trained at the Adelaide Children's Hospital, then took a triple certificate at Tresillian, N.S.W., the mothercraft training centre, and subsequently spent six years at a country hospital before taking over the position with the health centre.

Salvation Army Leader From Ceylon

ADJUTANT FORSYTH, who has passed through Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney on her way to New Zealand to spend six months' furlough, has been attached to Salvation Army headquarters in Ceylon for fourteen years.

She says the women of Ceylon are becoming more emancipated every day and it is now quite common to see Mohammedan women walking about with their faces unveiled.

Part of Adjutant Forsyth's time has been spent as superintendent of the Salvation Army college in Kandy, and part as matron of the Women's Hostel in Colombo.

Enthusiastic Worker For Many Good Causes

MRS. P. T. BRENNAN, wife of Mr. Justice Brennan, of Rockhampton, Queensland, is one of those clever

people who find time for everything.

She has three children, and her main interest, of course lies in her home, but she is always willing to give enthusiastic assistance to all worthy causes, and is interested in many charities.

Her talent for organising bridge parties and such gatherings is well known, and during the ten years she has spent in Rockhampton she has given much time to public duties.

A woman of charm and intelligence, Mrs. Brennan is a good public speaker, and her remarks are well to the point.

Her hobbies are golf, bridge, and motoring, and for some years she was president of the Rockhampton golf associates, and always takes a keen interest in the club.

Has Knowledge of Modern Languages

A KNOWLEDGE of languages, particularly French and German, has proved of value to Miss E. M. Pegg in her work on the Victorian Wool Exchange where she has been a member of the staff for ten years.

Miss Pegg was educated in England, and studied French in Brussels.

She is much interested in the work of the Y.W.C.A., and is president of the Melbourne Women's Club.

Having studied dramatic art, she is at present helping with the dramatic work of the Y.W.C.A. Extension in Melbourne.

Skating Everywhere Seems to be Her Idea

SKATING everywhere seems to be Miss Rona Thael's idea, and this time it has brought her from London to Australia with her brother, who is to skate in Sydney.

Miss Thael started her skating career in Manchester fourteen years ago, and since then she has taught in London and country districts as well as in many parts of the Continent, and goes each year to Switzerland.

She is particularly interested in the exhibition side of her work, and hopes to partner a friend of hers, Miss Elsie Heathcote, in Sydney.

Miss Thael says that the trend of skating fashions in London is towards gaily-colored outfits to brighten up the rink, which are numerous and excellent.

This is Miss Thael's first trip to Australia, and she hopes to spend some time in swimming, as this is her chief interest after skating.



Miss Pegg

Mrs. P. T. Brennan
—Irving Studios

Bachelor of Music

Is Clever Whistler

WHISTLING is an unusual accomplishment possessed by Miss Maurice MacGillicuddy, the brilliant young pianist from Melbourne, who left recently for England and Europe, where she will further her musical studies.

Although remarkably proficient at whistling, Miss MacGillicuddy finds her work as a pianist all-absorbing.

A Bachelor of Music at the age of twenty, this vivacious and clever girl studied with Frank Homewood and with Rieke Parker at the Melbourne University Conservatorium, having won scholarships for all tuition.

Miss MacGillicuddy is particularly interested in composition and hopes to work on this branch of her art while in London, for although she has been composing since she was a child she has never had time for any serious work of this kind.

Miss MacGillicuddy has won many music prizes, and at her farewell recital in Melbourne, received enthusiastic applause from a very large audience.

Miss MacGillicuddy is travelling with her parents and sister, Miss Joan MacGillicuddy, who is to study the violin. The sisters will be away for about two years, and will return via America.

Secretary of Queensland Bush Children's Health Scheme

MRS. F. R. MATYEAR, of Brisbane, is an enthusiastic worker for charity, and is interested in all women's activities.

One of her greatest interests is the Housewives' Association, of which she is honorary secretary, and another is the Queensland Bush Children's Health Scheme. She has been recently appointed organiser and honorary secretary to this association.

Mrs. Matyear, although born in New South Wales, can almost be called a Queenslanders, because she has lived there for over twenty years.

She has served on State school committees, on rowing club and scout committees, is founder and past-president of the Queensland Women's Club, chairwoman of the Queensland Ambulance Transport Board, and has helped with almost every charitable function held in Brisbane for many years.

Mrs. F. R. Matyear
—Murray Goldwyn

Schoolgirls Tour Central Australia

A LONG, ambitious, and certainly a most thrilling vacation tour has been undertaken by a group of Melbourne schoolgirls.

Twenty-five pupils of the Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne, and nine teachers, under the direction of the principal of the college, Rev. J. W. Grove, planned to leave by the Adelaide express on May 12 en route for Alice Springs.

Two trained nurses accompany the girls, who all carry their own sleeping-bags.

They will visit the region of the Arunta and Luritja tribes, the oldest races of people in the world, on their nine days' motor tour embracing the country between Alice Springs and Hermannsburg, the famous Glen of Palms and Palm Valley.

Australian Girl Learns Film Make-up at Headquarters

JUST returned from London to film work in Sydney, Miss Joan Hannam is the first girl and first Australian to have worked in the Gaumont-British studios learning the intricate art of make-up.

Miss Hannam, who appeared in several Australian films, spent four months working in the make-up rooms themselves, under twelve men, all artists who taught her how to transform and make-up the face for films.

All work is done with brushes and Miss Hannam had to spend hours on just one special feature, study shading, the anatomy of the face, the effect of lights on various colors, and numerous other factors before she was allowed to actually prepare a face for photography.

The preparation of false eyelashes, and other "hair work," including the correct placing of beards and whiskers, was part of this girl's work, and make-up for such characters as Orientals, negroes and others was studied.

In the studios she worked among such celebrities as Jessie Matthews, George Arliss, Joan Bennett, Nova Pilbeam and Douglas Montgomery, all of whom were making pictures at the time. Bringing this valuable knowledge with her, Miss Hannam plans to work with the Australian films in Sydney.

Graduated in Italy As a Prima Donna

MARGHERITA ZELANDA, the New Zealand coloratura soprano, who is shortly to tour Australia under engagement to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, returned from Italy a few years ago, after unusual success.

For two years she studied at the Palermo Conservatorio under the famous maestro Benedetto J. Graciani, and graduated as a prima donna.

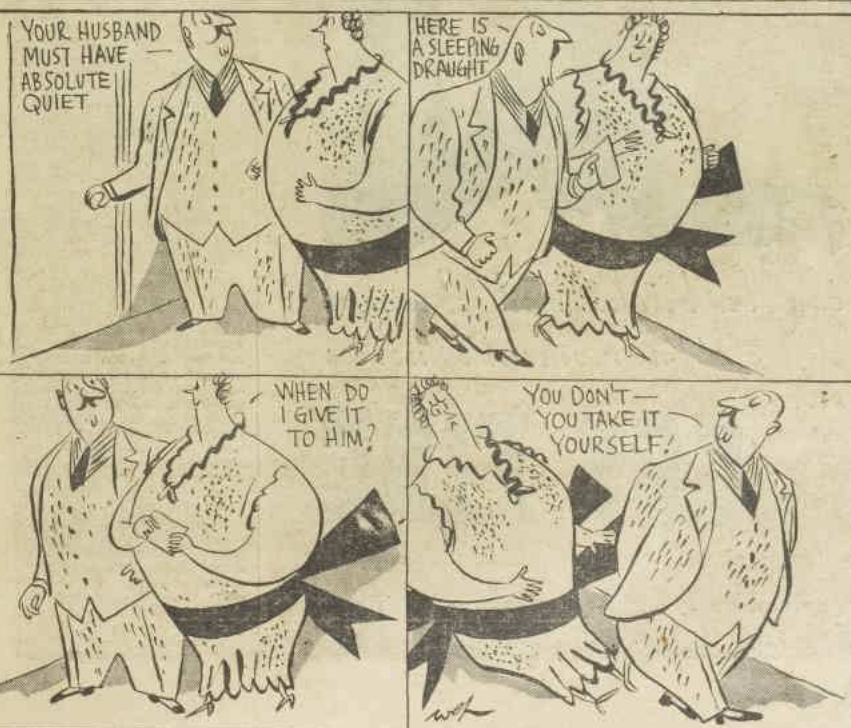
Then she went to Milan and became a pupil of the late Bagnoli, who, it will be remembered, visited Australia some years ago with the Imperial Grand Opera Company.

Brought up on a farm in New Zealand, she was one of a musical family. She first studied at a Dunedin convent where, on one occasion, she sang, for the late Archbishop Redwood, himself a cultured musician, who was most impressed and predicted a great future for her.

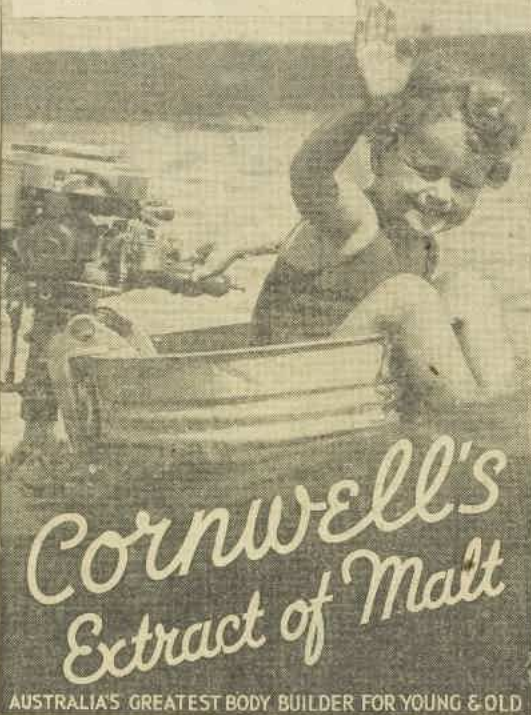


Miss Zelanda

IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP



This tub is quite a trusty craft
To sail the seven seas;
I'll set the sails both fore and aft
To catch the changing breeze.
With pirate kings and mermen bold
There's sure to be a fray,
But after Cornwell's Malt Extract,
I'm BOUND to win the day.



Cornwell's
Extract of Malt

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER FOR YOUNG & OLD

THE Fairy Tale PRINCE

Continued from Page 24

THAT was all. We turned homeward. I thought with Miss Niblett that he had been talking nonsense. Imagine how surprised I was to hear him revive the subject after a day or two.

"Well, it's all right," he said. "I've managed it. We're invited." "Invited where?" "Why, to the festivity to-morrow night."

"But," I cried, "you didn't really mean it, did you? You didn't suppose I'd go? The people are strangers to me."

"Oh, that's nothing," he answered. "In society they often go to strangers' parties. It's rather chic."

"Well, we aren't in society," I reminded him. "I'm not chic. I can't go junketing with a lot of students I've never seen before."

"You'll never be a bohemian, Rosie," he said. "You don't seem to catch on to the taste of the quarter at all. No, do come! If you're a good girl you shall be rewarded. You see I have my clothes ready, and it would disappoint me some not to get a chance to show 'em off."

He made such a point of it that I promised. But I wasn't pleased. Besides being reluctant to intrude, I was annoyed at the thought of having put him to expense. Also, the idea of his going to a party in a hired suit was distasteful to me. I went to my school as cross as two sticks. Early the next morning he ran upstairs in a great hurry to borrow our newspaper. I wondered why he wanted it, for he always read "Le Matin," and we the New York "Herald." However, we were busy, and let him have it, though we hadn't looked at it ourselves yet. We were busy examining the white silk frock that I meant to wear. I was for freshening it with some new tulle, and Miss Niblett kept saying that it would be folly to spend the money. The argument lasted such a long time that I didn't go to the school at all that day. Miss Niblett won.

And then, behold an afternoon of amazement.

As I was boiling the kettle there came a rap at the door, and whom should I admit but a stylish young woman with a note and a large box! The note consisted of four words—"Fills for the fairest"—and the box contained a dress. But, my dears, a dress that I can't describe to you! I should need a page to do it justice, such a dress as the fairy godmother might have created when she changed a pumpkin to a chariot.

"What does it mean?" I gasped.

"Is that from him?" stammered Miss Niblett.

"Oh, don't you know it's from him?" I cried hotly. "Now I see why you couldn't let me buy the tulle! But how can he have paid for it, and how could you encourage him?"

I thought she was going to cry. "Rosie," she whimpered, "he told me he wanted to give you a dress, and asked me to help him, but I never imagined he meant a dress like that! I didn't, indeed! How could I? Oh, my child, look at the name on the lid—look where it comes from!"

"Mademoiselle will try it on!" suggested the young woman coolly.

"What does she say?" I demanded. She spoke French, of course. It is to be hoped she didn't understand English.

"She says you had better try it on."

"This is madness," I faltered. I looked from the young woman to Miss Niblett. I looked from Miss Niblett back to the frock. "Madness!" I repeated—and tried it on. Oh, what a frock! There were exclamations, and pins, and stitches. And in the middle of it all came another bang at the door.

A PORTER in uniform stood on the landing. He too, bore a note and a box; he, too, behaved as if miracles happened every day in the year.

Four words again—"Suede for the sweetest."

Gloves, if you please!—a stack of them with I can't tell you how many buttons, and the faintest odor of violets. I know now that in the whole of Paris there is only one shop that sells gloves quite like these; and that they are famous all over the world.

A knock at the door! By this time we opened it speechlessly—we just glanced at each other and tottered. And again four words—"Bonds for the Beal." I tore the brown paper with hands that shook. Under the brown paper tissue paper; under the tissue paper, the glint of velvet, pale blue; I drew out a jewel case; I pressed a spring, and—

"Oh, gracious!" screamed Miss Niblett.

Shimmering on the satin with which the case was lined lay a "rope" of pearls fit for an empress. Not even a string, a "rope"! Three times round the neck it would wind, and hang almost to the waist. We fell on to the sofa, dazed.

"Are they real?" Miss Niblett panted. "Oh, my dear! Give me the case. My dear! They are real. I'm sure they are. Oh, my dear! They must be worth thousands upon thousands of pounds. What does it all mean?"

And for the rest of the day not a glimpse of my fiancé, not a message from him. Monsieur Martin was out the concierge told us when we inquired. It had been arranged that he should come for me at ten o'clock, and at half-past eight I began to dress. We lit every candle in the flat that evening. At five minutes to ten I was ready—all but one glove. We sat trembling with curiosity. Then we heard him—singing on the stairs; and he tapped as the hour struck.

"Now!" we both cried. "Perhaps you'll explain?"

He weren't his own, he had discovered a remarkable establishment; I noted that, despite my dizziness. I fancy I have mentioned how nice-looking he was, but I had never really done him justice before. He was worthy to take his frock out. He stood there admiringly, presenting a bouquet.

"Explain?" he murmured. "Oh, you mean those things I sent you? My dear ladies, patience is one of the most beautiful of virtues—let us cultivate it! Rosie, you're a dream of loveliness. I thought perhaps you'd like a few flowers. Shall we go?"

And we went. I had expected to see a cab at the corner; there was a brougham with a footman waiting on the kerb.

"Not mine," said the Marquis of Mystery. "I assure you, hired."

"Like your clothes?" I dashed.

"Much more so," he said serenely. "Would you prefer the window up, or down, dear?"

"Either," I said. "If you'll tell me where we're going."

Please turn to Page 43

CREATIONS

By

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THE MOVIE WORLD

May 16, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 29

CALLING Australia!

GARBO TALKS

Nervous Figure In First Interview

From JOHN B. DAVIES

By SPECIAL CABLE
from Hollywood

The Arrival

GARBO has arrived!

More, she has amazed America by granting her first interview to the Press.

When the Gripsholm arrived at the dock a seething mass of newspaper reporters and photographers rushed the gangway, boarding the vessel in a manner that gave them

Another Arrival

ECLIPSED to a certain extent by the huge interest in Garbo's return, Douglas Fairbanks' arrival in New York has still received some space in the newspapers.

Doug, sen., is accompanied by his wife, formerly Lady Ashley, and the two have not disclosed their plans for the immediate future. Fairbanks states that he is likely to be tied up for some time with "Marco Polo," the film he is planning, but cannot say how long he is likely to remain in the United States.

As regards his own appearance on the screen, Doug says, "I'm pretty sure my acting days are over." Maybe, but there have been a lot of come-backs.

the appearance of a crowd of modern buccaneers attacking a victim.

The ship's smoking-room was the place chosen by Garbo to receive the members of the fourth estate. There, men and women from dozens of different papers crowded, firing questions at the dazed star while lamps flashed and excited photographers pushed and scrambled to get clearance for their cameras.

Very Nervous

THE great actress was plainly not at her ease. Pale and nervous, she wore no make-up except a faint pencilling of the eyebrows. Her tawny hair was brushed straight but curled at the ends, hanging over her shoulder with a puffed bang over the brow.

Garbo appeared thinner than when she left America, although she insists she has not lost weight. The strangest thing about her, however, was the remarkable agitation that possessed her all the time the interview was in progress.



GRETA GARBO... Now Back in America

Her lips were dry and bloodless; when speaking, she nervously rolled her handkerchief between her fingers, knotting it and pressing it to her lips while listening to questions.

Asked about her vacation, she said: "I've been so sick, something like influenza." She appears to be indefinite regarding the future. "I've no home in Stockholm now," she stated, "I'm just a wanderer. I don't plan to return to Sweden for at least another two years."

In view of the rumors that have been current regarding a romance said to have been entered into by the great star while she was away, she was asked whether anything of the kind had occurred.

"Ah!" she replied wistfully, "isn't life full of romance?"

This was very cryptic, although it doesn't tell much. Some of the interviewers, however, seemed to read a lot into it.

Legitimate Stage?

THERE has been talk of Garbo appearing on the legitimate stage, but she would have to change greatly to make this possible. Her extreme nervousness when confronted by the Press does not augur well for her self-possession before a crowded theatre audience. It seems probable that studio executives will continue to be the only people who actually

see this fine dramatic artist achieving her effects.

This Press interview is the only concession to date that Greta has made to the terrific public interest in her as a personality. Naturally, every broadcasting station in the land has been endeavoring to sign her up for a talk—if only for a minute. Despite the magnificent offers which, according to rumor, have been made, she persistently refuses to make this gesture.

In response to questions about her immediate plans, Garbo stated that she will get to work without delay. The first picture she will make will be "Camille," a vehicle which should suit her magnificently.

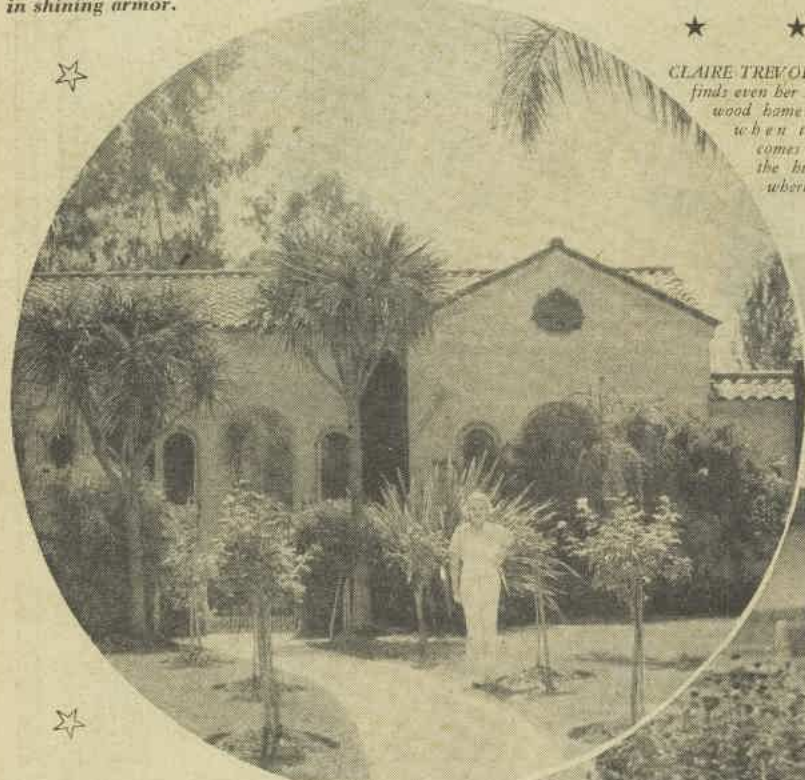
NO PLACE LIKE HOME for STARS

Townships Turn Out to Meet Famous Sons and Daughters

By
JEANNETTE
MacMAHON

How many of you, boy or girl, haven't dreamed of, some time or other, coming to the big city, making good, and returning to your old home town positively rolling in luxury, wealth, and self-made success? What boy or girl doesn't dream of being driven down Main Street in the local Mayor's car, with cheering multitudes lining the side-walk hailing their idol back home?

Sounds like a fairy story, doesn't it? Everybody yearns to leave home, make good in a big way, and come back to see the friends and familiar places of their childhood. It's a human fundamental emotion, and just as natural as the little boy who waits for his knight in shining armor.



★ ★
CLAIRE TREVOR (in circle) finds even her lovely Hollywood home not enough when the longing comes on her for the humbler place where she was born.

YET these things still happen . . . and in no other place but Hollywood, which has made fortunes for more men and women than any other town of like size on the map. It seems fitting that this centre of romance for the world's millions should supply this typically romantic setting. For Hollywood's glamorous stars always get a big thrill out of going back home, even as you and I.

They get a much bigger thrill out of hearing Auntie Sarah, who bakes swell scones, saying, "Gee, honey, but you were good in your last picture with Clark Gable" than in reading paragraphs and publicity raves in the leading city newspaper commending them for "an excellent and artistic portrayal."

Dolores' Thrill

AND, of course, every up and coming young actor sooner or later gets the thrill of seeing "JOHN JONES" in "Rose Marie," with Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, on the lobby of his home-town theatre. Naturally, if you happen an eyelid, you wouldn't even see Johnnie Jones, but the home-town exhibitor doesn't give two hoots for a little thing like that.

Dolores del Rio, brunette Mexican charmer, is one of the most recent to succumb to these "home town blues." She hadn't been back to Mexico City, where her folks, relations and childhood pals lived, for nine years—eventful years crisscrossed with joy and sorrow, happiness and heartbreaks for the little del Rio. But the urge to go back and see the folks who'd known her since "she was knee-high to a darning grasshopper," or whatever they say in Mexican, was always there. So when she was invited



DICK POWELL leaves dog, swimming pool, and new house whenever Little Rock, Arkansas, calls. And does the town turn out to welcome him! Just read about it.

to attend the opening ceremonies of the Teatro Nacional, she hastily packed a bag, grabbed her husband, Cedric Gibbons, by the arm, and caught the first plane.

Revitalised

AND when she returned from her exciting fortnight with "the folks," she had never before looked so vitally beautiful. "It was marvelous," she said, her dark eyes flashing with the thrill of it. "They were so wonderful to me, they made me feel so important. Of course, I knew that my relatives and my new cousins would be there to meet me, but I never expected the thousands who waited at

the airport. Oh, I was so touched by it, I got all choked up and couldn't speak, and as soon as I got in the car I cried on my husband's sleeve. They made me feel as if I was their queen. Never again do I stay away from home as long as before. I'm going back again just as soon as I can to explore those hills, and see those same trees where I once played. It'll be heavenly."

I asked Del Rio what thrilled her most—apart from seeing her family again—and she replied without hesitation, "One evening while I was at dinner I heard many voices shouting 'Viva del Rio,' and when I appeared at a window overlooking the garden I found it filled with students from the University of

Mexico, most of them with guitars, and for an hour they serenaded me with lovely Mexican music. It was so beautiful, and I was so happy that I had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming."

Sang in Choir

THEN, too, seeing all my former girl friends, with whom I went to school, gave me quite a thrill. They all have nice husbands now, and dozens of fat little babies. I was so ashamed because I didn't have a baby to show them."

Dick Powell is another Hollywoodite who just recently returned from a visit home to see the folks. His mother and



WALLACE BEERY, whose big pleasure it is to return to Kansas and get out hunting again.

father still live in the house where Dick spent his childhood, in Little Rock, Arkansas. Dick, who likes to be called an Arkansas Hill Billie, was born near Mount View, Ark., about ten miles from anything approaching modernity, but his family moved into Little Rock when he was still a wee kid. There he went to school, worked for the telephone company, and sang in nearly every church choir in town. Dick goes home nearly every year, but last time it was something special, because the Boys' Club of Little Rock found their funds down to the last penny. They wrote asking Dick to give a benefit for them, and they would pay him out of the proceeds.

Two Big Days

"I'll come only on condition that all the takings go to the club," Dick wrote back, and the first moment he could spare away from the studio found him in a plane homeward bound. And what a thrill! He arrived at eleven that night, and the Governor, the Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce, and practically the entire population were out to meet him. And then more thrills—the newswel cameraman, the radio broadcast, newspaper reporters, and photographers galore.

Dick could spend only two days, but what grand days they were. His brother and sister-in-law came down from Chicago to be with him, and Dick made the startling discovery that his two nephews knew every song that he'd sung in every one of his pictures. The benefit for the Boys' Club was held in the High School (the same one where Dick and some of his pals were once suspended for boyish pranks) and the club cleared enough money to keep them out of debt for the next two years.

Gary and Myrna

THEIR greatest kick I got out of the trip," said Powell afterwards. "was seeing the proud smile on my mother's face, especially when she served me with the second helping of fried chicken. And when I saw Dad posing for his first newswel, that got me, too. Gee, but they're swell people back home. They make you feel like you're the President."

Probably none of Hollywood's luminaries gets a bigger thrill out of going back home than tall and loose-limbed Gary Cooper. About fifteen years or more ago, a little red-haired girl named Myrna Williams and a big, lanky boy named Frank Cooper lived across the street from each other in Helena, Montana. They called each other names and indulged in neighborhood fights when the occasion demanded.

Myrna Williams, who became Myrna Loy, has never been back home since she became one of the biggest stars on the M-G-M lot, but Frank Cooper (Gary to you) returns every so often.

Continued on Page 32

WHAT Is "IT" .. that Makes A STAR?

Mysterious Flame that Conquers the World

By MARY OLIVIER

WHAT is the strange magnetism that some stars have and others lack? Why is that you and I and thousands of other filmgoers are instantly attracted by a certain actor or actress and not by another?

What unusual qualities send one player skyrocketing to fame and leave another struggling to survive in a sea of picture personalities?—

Questions! Questions! And no answers. Why? Because there is no explanation, no definition of their peculiar magnetism and ability to make you like them.

Nothing!

IT is just that certain indefinable "something" that is possessed by some, and not by others. A strange, compelling quality, almost inexplicable, elusive, yet very definite.

A born star cannot be killed except by disablement or death. Some of them live on, even after death, like Wallace Reid, or Valentino, or Marie Dressler. On the other hand, a star cannot be created by all the skillful building up in the world unless he or she has that "something" to begin with.

Some years ago Madame Elinor Glyn gave that "something" a name. She called it "It." Madame wrote a book about "It." Paramount made a film about "It." The film made a new star—Clara Bow—and the world became "It" conscious.

Magnetism

IT means a compelling magnetism without which no merely good actor or actress can retain stardom. All extremely magnetic people have it, and without that blazing quality no studio, no publicity agents, can create a star. Of course, if they have on their payroll a singularly beautiful girl or a handsome young man with ability they are optimistic and ready to spend time and money on an effort to make another sweeping box-office personality. But talent and star quality are not the same. A star must have talent, but needs a certain bright genius as well.

There are many very beautiful young women and good-looking young men on the screen to-day. For instance, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen, Gloria Stuart, Joel McCrea, Jean Parker, George Brent, Cary Grant, Buddy Rogers, Joan Bennett, Robert Young, Rochelle Hudson, and many others who have great charm, experience, and talent. But they don't possess the mysterious flame, and because of that they are destined to be leading ladies and gentlemen, and no more. They lack that vital spark that spells star quality.

Differences

GARY COOPER, Carole Lombard, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby, and Myrna Loy started in pictures on the same footing as they, but where Richard, Gloria, Jean, and the others have remained stationary on the ladder of fame, Gary, Carole, Robert, and their brother and sister stars have climbed to the heights of world-wide popularity. Why? Because they have "It," or that certain "something" that the others haven't got.

Gary Cooper is a born star. He is the perfection of boyishness combined with manliness. He often thinks that he acts badly, but he doesn't. He can't. Now matter how disappointing a film may be, the crowds will always like Gary. Cary Grant is just as handsome, and quite as good an actor as Gary, but he isn't a "natural."

Clark Gable is as striking an instance

of natural star quality as can be pointed out. Despite a very discouraging start in pictures, Clark forged ahead. He couldn't help coming to the top. It did not take long after his film debut for everyone to be talking about him. Today he is one of the biggest favorites on the screen.

George Brent is even better-looking than Clark. Probably he is every bit as good an actor, but he just misses out somewhere. It is in the possession of



ABOVE: CAROLE LOMBARD and Jean Parker, two beautiful women. But the fact that one is blonde and the other brunette cannot explain the vital spark which animates Carole, but not Jean.



RIGHT: George Brent, handsome and an honest actor. But he has not captured the imagination of the millions.

Left: Bill Powell, not up to Brent's standard in looks, but with something else that Brent will never possess. What is this something?



There are others possessed of that "something" that must not be overlooked. They are Wallace Beery, Charles Laughton, and George Arliss. They can do more with a mere glance of the eye, a turn of the hand, than anyone on the screen. They, in their genius, can go on while films last, but they are character actors, not young lovers. They have that "something," but of a different quality.

Hollywood producers spend millions of dollars each year trying to make stars out of likely material. They engage stage stars, radio personalities, beauty contest winners, chorus girls, artists' models, and any other good-looking men and women who are lucky enough to come under the favorable eye of some studio executive. These possibilities are put under contract, trained to act before cameras, made-up by skilled craftsmen, photographed and tested. Now and then the producers strike it lucky. More often than not they draw a blank.

Thousands Spent

OCCASIONALLY somebody worthwhile graduates from the schools of acting maintained by most of the major studios. Gary Cooper was a Paramount Screen School student. So were Clara Bow and Carole Lombard. Fox recently picked June Lang and Michael Whalen, from among its most likely pupils, and are now giving them a chance to make

the grade. If they prove to the public that they have ability plus that divine spark of personality required, nothing can prevent them being stars of the future. If not they may last for a few years as juvenile leads—then oblivion.

Thousands of dollars were spent by Samuel Goldwyn to groom and establish Anna Sten as a star. She was beautiful. She had talent. But she lacked the essential "something" to make the public demand more of her. And, after all, it is with the public that the final verdict lies.

Mediocrities Abound

MISS STEN'S case is paralleled by those of many others. Ketti Gallian, of French-Italian parentage, was discovered by a Fox executive and brought to Hollywood. Her unusual beauty photographed to perfection. She was quite different from any star on the screen. Here, thought the Fox people, is a new and great star. For nine months Ketti drew a princely salary without once appearing before the movie cameras. She was being groomed for stardom, but after two so-so pictures Ketti was given her marching orders. Just another experiment that failed.

Hollywood is overrun with nice pleasant young men and attractive actresses whom the public like in a mild sort of way, but their names in electric lights outside a theatre will never bring the shillings tumbling into the box-office. They lack that little "something" the others have got.

the elusive magnetism of his fellow-actor.

Who has not fallen under the magic charm of Dietrich and the mysterious spell of Garbo? They have glamor and talent rather than burning genius—that little "something" again.

Foreign Failures

DOROTHEA WIECK, Sari Maritza, and Tutta Rolf were three more foreign importations of the glamor school, but they never came up to expectations. Warner Bros. once thought that they had a second Garbo in Katherine Sergava, but she never got to first base as a contender for the throne of the Swedish Sphinx.

The splendid acting of Fredric March, Warner Baxter, and Robert Donat would mean nothing if it weren't for their

magnetic personalities. It is just the same with Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, and Ann Harding.

Jean Crawford and Jean Harlow are of the flaming type to which Valentino belonged. They show more of their wonderful quality in every picture.

Ronald Colman is another "natural." His first picture was "The White Sister," and Hollywood acclaimed him straight away. He has a quiet, but very real star quality—like Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall.

Another magnetic personality is George Raft. Right from the word go he was a sensation. Not a studio-made player of importance, but an actor of whom the public demanded more. He has a burning personality that suits the modern taste. James Cagney possesses the same quality.

LONDON ON the AIR

English Production News

• Bergner's Arrangements • "Millions" • Karl Grune Directing • Sylvia Sidney Signed Up • Australian Director • Church Films?

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London

By BEAM WIRELESS

SAMUEL GOLDWYN announced before he left London that films produced during the next five years by Elisabeth Bergner and Paul Czinner will be distributed through United Artists. Bergner is to choose her own subjects. The first three will be Sir James Barrie's "The Boy

David," Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan," and Jack London's "Little Lady of the Big House."

"MILLIONS" is the title tentatively adopted for the latest Herbert Wilcox production to go on the floor. Shooting started on Tuesday under the direction of Leslie Hiscott. The picture stars Gordon Harker as a self-made millionaire who spends most of his time and energy trying to persuade his light-hearted son to turn to a serious job of work. The son, played by Richard Hearn, chooses to compose music, that being the easiest form of activity he can imagine—and fortunately meets a composer and a singer, played respectively by Tony Holles and Stuart Robertson, whose talents he employs to hide his own shortcomings.

A feature part will be played by Geraldine Hisslop, whose debut in Sydney Howard's picture, "Fame," was considered remarkable.

MACK GORDON and **Harry Revel**, song-writing team for Cicely Courtneidge's "Everybody Dance," are under contract to write special numbers for Jessie Matthews' next.

MONTHS of intense production have been spent on Capitol's ambitious screen version of Rafael Sabatini's "The Marriage of Corbal," and this picture has now been completed. It is the first directorial effort of Karl Grune since this famous Continental director won instantaneous success in this country, and abroad, with "Abdul the Damned."

It is the first film of the French Revolution in which there is not a single shot of the revolution, the subject being concentrated on a delightful romance.

It is the first film starring Capitol's discovery—the 18-year-old Hazel Terry, granddaughter of the immortal Ellen Terry, and an actress for whom a great screen future is forecast by Max Schach.

Nils Asther and Hugh Sinclair play the male leads, and Noah Beery is also featured in the strong cast.

A.T.P. have bought an original story by Gene Markey, entitled "Sporting Peer," as the next for Edmund Gwenn. Production date, which depends upon Gwenn's return from his present Hollywood engagement, is listed for about August at the Ealing Studios.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is to make a British film. She has been chosen by Alfred Hitchcock, director of "The 39 Steps" and "The Secret Agent," to star in

Male Lead
in
"Thoroughbred"

FRANK LEIGHTON, who plays opposite Helen Twelvetrees in Cinesound's "Thoroughbred," is a brilliant runner and boxer. He is well known to Australian theatre-goers.



"Sabotage," a story based on a Joseph Conrad novel.

Miss Sidney will not be lonely in London. Although "The Wrecker" has been completed for Gaumont-British and Edmund Lowe has returned to the U.S.A., Constance Cummings, Constance Bennett—who is starring in "Everything is Thunder" with Douglass Montgomery—and Richard Arlen are still busy around and about Shepherd's Bush.

A FILM on the maiden voyage of the Atlantic giant, "Queen Mary," may be made by Gaumont-British. Incidentally, the luxury talkie-theatres on board the vessel are installed with G.B. equipment.

AFTER a lot of negotiating, it has been decided that Robert Donat will star in two British productions before he goes to Hollywood at the end of the year. He is still reading scripts for the first of these, and neither he nor his producer has yet decided on a suitable story. The second of Donat's pictures is to be "Siamese White," a story of Samuel White, of Bath, who began as a £5-a-year clerk in the service of John Company and learned enough about graft to later become a Siamese chieftain, and later still a pirate king.

THE A.T.P. Studios have this week seen a reunion after eighteen years between Monty Banks and the Australian comedy director, Alf Goulding, who directed Monty Banks in a silent picture in Hollywood eighteen years ago. Now he is directing him again in "Olympic Honey-

moon" for London Screen Plays Limited.

When the film is completed, Monty Banks will return to directing in charge of George Formby in his second film for A.T.P., "Twelve Chairs," the script of which is now being prepared.

Goulding, in the course of 19 years in Hollywood, had directed almost every famous American comedian with the exception of Charlie Chaplin and Eddie

Cantor. He directed Fatty Arbuckle in his "come-back" film shortly before he died.

WILL films soon be showing in our churches? In Scotland, where the idea originated, films in churches are now the accepted thing, whilst further south specially selected subjects are under consideration for ecclesiastical release. It is even suggested that the clergy should tackle scenario-writing themselves!

NO PLACE Like Home for STARS

Continued from Page 30

HE likes to do the same things he did as a boy, hunting deer and shooting mountain lions, fishing and swimming in mountain streams, and wandering about those same streets where, not so many years ago, he used to tell the fellows, "When I grow up and get a lot of money, I'm going to have lots of rifles, and a car that'll go a mile a minute." Gary's brother and sister-in-law and three kids still live in Helena, and those kids have a grand time boasting about "Uncle Gary's yellow Duesenberg, that'll go at 120 miles an hour."

Professors Wrong

WHEN Frank Cooper was a member of the dramatic class of the Grinnell College, Iowa, neither the professors nor the pupils thought too much of his histrionic ability. But when Gary Cooper, the movie star, returned to Grinnell several years ago he was given an honorary degree and even invited to sit up on the platform with the president of the college.

And that's just another way of showing these home own folks. Jean Harlow can't resist dropping in on Kansas City now and then. And what a fuss the townspeople make when their favorite platinum-pardon me, brownette—comes to town! The last time she arrived by plane, there were thousands upon thousands at the field

to meet her, and the fans followed her all the way to the stately home on Olive Street, where her grandparents live, and where Jean was born.

"I couldn't even take a bath," Jean told me later. "There were people hanging on the roof even. Finally, I had to move to an hotel so my poor grandparents could have some peace."

Jean says that the most frightened she has ever been in her life was the occasion on which she was the guest of honor at the Women's Club of Kansas. They had assured her that she wouldn't have to speak—and then, all of a sudden, she heard her name called, much applauding, and the next thing she knew she was on her feet and talking away about Hollywood and the making of pictures generally, just as if after-dinner speaking was a push-over. "But was I scared!" she says.

It's Natural

SO, by the foregoing you'll see that, no matter how big they are, there's always that lure of the childhood hearth. It's the salve to a soul that's seared by too much lying. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant—and movie actor—no matter who or what you are, you just can't resist the urge to "show 'em." It's natural!



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

It is not often we quote other folk.

But what Eric Baume said last week in Sydney "Sunday Sun" is too good to pass up. This is what he told the world:

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to-day is the greatest producing company in the world. Not a company can hold a candle to them. They have shown unusual courage in selection of stories and in casting. What is more, they are maintaining their position with such films as 'Mutiny on the Bounty' and 'A Tale of Two Cities'."

If Leo of M.G.M. weren't used to such praise he'd probably become a regular swell-head. Instead of which it only encourages him to make bigger and better pictures.

What will Baume say, for instance, when he sees the Three Marx Bros. in "A Night at the Opera"? Or was he one of the 1500 who laughed their heads off at the special preview?

What adjectives will he manufacture to laud Jeanette MacDonald, Nelly Eddy when they bring you the glorious melodies and romance of "Rose Marie"?

And what a grand time he'll have, in between laughs at Laurel and Hardy, listening to the beloved songs in Bette's operetta, "The Bohemian Girl."

His appraisal of "A Tale of Two Cities" as being one of "the best pictures of the year" and of Ronald Colman's grand performance finds ready response in the hearts of all.

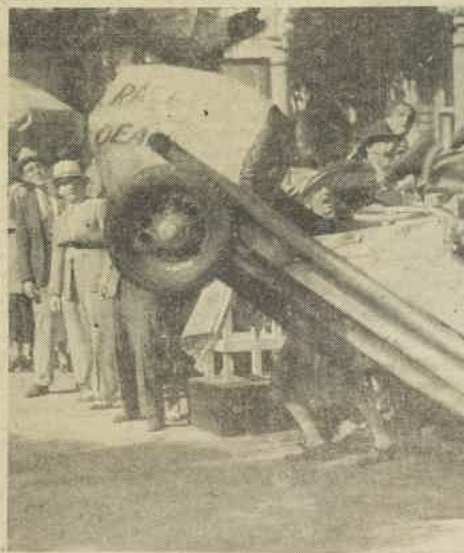
Many more big pictures are on the way.

Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy in "Wife versus Secretary," William Powell, Rosalind Russell, in "Rendezvous," Walter Huston in "Robin Hood of Eldorado"—and in the offing—"The Great Ziegfeld," "Roméo and Juliet" (Norma Shearer, John Barrymore, Leslie Howard).

Baume is right. M.G.M. pictures are first in public favor—and you'll find that happy old Leo roaring his endorsement in the most famous of all trademarks on the screens of the Sydney St. James, Melbourne Metro and Brisbane Cremorne.

Yours for entertainment,
L.F.O. of M.G.M.

THIS is the SEASON for BIG COMEDIES



THE big-money comedians all seem to have taken it into their heads, at the same time, to release a new picture. Chaplin and Lloyd came first, and now Cantor's "Strike Me Pink" is soon to have its Australian premiere. Above are scenes from the picture, with Eddie prominently displayed. He's even the old gentleman with the whiskers.

HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY
Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

ALTHOUGH the King has not been to any kind of public entertainment since his father's death, he has seen several of the latest films released in London. Fort Belvedere, the King's house at Sunningdale, where he spends almost every week-end, has a very fine projector. Sitting in one of the darkened rooms, the King and his few friends have been shown such public favorites as Eddie Cantor's "Strike Me, Pink"; Jeanette MacDonald's "Rose Marie"; Walls and Lynn in "Pot Luck." The King's taste evidently runs more to musical shows and comedies than to serious drama.

Well, the Academy dinner went off with a bang, and everyone seems satisfied with the placing of the annual awards. Victor McLaglen took his award calmly enough, but Bette Davis, who immediately christened the little statuette "Oscar," became excited to the point of hysterics. Bette's award is known as the "hang-over prize." It was officially given for her work in "Dangerous," but everyone realizes it is in retribution

DOTS and DASHES

JOHN HALLIDAY complaining about his unsuccessful New Zealand fishing trip. • **Ida Lupino** going in for fencing. • **Carole Lombard** sitting for her fourteenth portrait, more than any other star. • **Ginger Rogers** and **Lew Ayres** looking blissful at the Cocoanut Grove. • **Maureen O'Sullivan** telling of plans for a motor tour through Mexico. • **Robert Montgomery** getting a laugh by riding around the studio in a dog sled used in his recent picture.

for the mistake made last year in not awarding it to her for "Of Human Bondage." The plates for the dinner were two guineas each, but even at that the place was packed. Janet Gaynor caused a great deal of excitement when she arrived on handsome Bob Taylor's arm, but no more than did Merle Oberon, who came with Clark Gable. Gossip noticed it was the first time since his marital split-up that Clark had appeared with an unattached lady. But don't worry, it doesn't mean a thing. The latter pair both received commendation for their screen work—Clark for "Mutiny on the Bounty," Merle for "The Dark Angel."

THE COUNTESS DE FRASSO is famous for her sensational and lavish Hollywood parties. She gave a reception in red and white, so to speak, and her guests achieved some startling effects.

John Barrymore and **Elaine Barrie** were two of the most striking figures. Barrymore came in red trousers, white sash, short white mess jacket, and a red

necktie. He wore an antique ruby ring. Elaine appeared in a white dress with a red carnation over one ear. She achieves distinction by her graceful carriage and dark complexion and black eyes, although she is no beauty.

Marlene Dietrich wore a dull crimson dress with white flowers over the shoulder. A white lace mantilla and white Spanish comb provided interesting touches, while her face was dead white with a mouth painted in bright red.

Something of a practical joker, the Countess de Frasso had a recording apparatus concealed in the most comfortable sofa in the house. Before the guests began to leave, the Countess surprised them with a soft reading of the records. Some of them looked embarrassed.

THE principals have made no announcement, but everybody in Hollywood has agreed that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are headed for the altar. Joan wishes to make it plain that her divorce won't be final until August, so even with the most honorable intentions towards Dick she couldn't marry until then... because, says Joan, "I ain't no bigamist."

Joan is preparing to receive in her mansion a tiny bear and a small kangaroo that have been sent her by a loving fan in Australia. She is thrilled at the gift, and waiting impatiently for her new little friends.

AVIATOR CAMPBELL BLACK'S film and stage star wife, **Florence Desmond**, caused a big laugh the other day at a very exclusive West End fashion parade I attended. She was introducing a new commenting on the various styles displayed, and had more than 100 fashionable people interested for an hour at a lovely selection of footwear. So that the audience's attention might be focused better, the mannequins walked behind a screen with only their feet showing.

Florence had finished her talk, and the last batch of shoes was being shown. Suddenly she grabbed one of the assistants. "Lend me your shoes!" she whispered. She quickly slipped into his large brogue and followed the last of the willow mannequins across the stage behind the screen, imitating Charlie Chaplin's shuffle to the life. Florence certainly can make any party go, even if it's only a shoe show.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is kicking its heels over the wonderful reception given the **Dionne Quintuplets** film, "The Country Doctor." As a reward for his grand work in directing it, **Henry King** has been given an exclusive two-year contract. **Jean Hersholt** was also rewarded for his splendid characterization of the doctor by being assigned to the lead in "Turmoil," a film based on



Alex King's impression of Miki Hood, spoken of as one of B.E.F.'s coming stars.

the novel "Job," by **Joseph Roth**. Of course, **little June Lang** has also been helped a great deal by her work in the film. So far it seems the only members of the cast who weren't rewarded were the Quins. But, of course, forty thousand pounds for thirteen minutes on the screen is quite something!

MOST picture-goers know **Anna Neagle** as a piquant damsel with carefully-dressed hair piled up in curls at the back. But in real life, Anna's hair is usually picturesquely windblown. One of her favorite spare-time occupations is setting out for a long walk in the country with her red-setter dog, Mike.

RONALD COLMAN, having completed his work in "Under Two Flags," is rushing right into his next picture, "The Last Horizon," at Columbia. The screen adaptation of **James Hilton's** popular novel will be one of the super-productions, and will

duccy and first-class directors. The movie magnate has a good word to say for English women, whose appearance, he declares, has improved a whole lot since he was last in England. This he attributes to the influence of such films as "The Private Life of Henry VIII," in which English girls looked so lovely even though they weren't in modern dress. It's Mr. Goldwyn's opinion that to-day it is difficult to pick between England, America, and France for the world's smartest women.

TOM WALLS, it seems, is going to get right away from the oft-repeated Aldwych farce traditions. I understand he has contracted with **Capitol Films** to star in a story that gives him a straight role. The new film, which will be under way in a few weeks, is called "Blue Train," and debonair Tom takes the part of a gentleman adventurer, a role in which many American actors have made themselves names. Walls is going to leave the direction of this picture to somebody else, which should give him a chance to concentrate on his acting. Everybody wishes him well in his new enterprise.

Capit again? In a popular Hollywood night club, with half the film colony looking on, **Joan Harlowe** the other evening spent several hours languishing in the arms of **William Powell**. That debonair young man accepted her attentions with manly dignity. Very chic was Joan in a sleek, black dress and tiny hat. She is still several shades removed from brunette. Her hair is really quite light.

THERE'S still money in Hollywood. **Shirley Temple** is about to sign a new contract at **Twentieth Century-Fox** for a reputed 200,000 dollars a picture. Impressive though this sounds, Shirley does not make a record at this figure. **Jackie Coogan** did better than that, signing for a million dollars a year.

She deserved the applause!



Learn Syncopation and get yourself a real welcome everywhere — always! Advanced classical pianists, medium players—even absolute Beginners can learn (no matter where they live) by means of my complete Personal Postal Course in **MODERN PIANO SYNCOPATION**.

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

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FILL IN COUPON BELOW

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 224 PITT ST., SYDNEY. I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.M. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS

AFTERNOON at BEVERLEY HILLS



1. CHARMING AND PRACTICAL is this afternoon frock worn by Gloria Stuart, lovely Fox player. A mellow tint known as "golden wedding" is used for the suit, which is banded with fur.



2



5

5. AN ORIGINAL heart-shaped neckline is featured on this frock of black matte crepe worn by Alice Faye, of the 20th Century-Fox company. The perky little hat shows the vogue for front trimming by having a large bunch of white violets in front of the crown. A shoulder cape of superb silver fox fur makes an attractive accessory.



3



4

2. SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE is this rust angora cloth frock worn by Rochelle Hudson. The three-ended white scarf is fringed and blended with varying shades of rust.

3. SHAWLED. Tuxedo-collared swagger coats are featured in coming fashions. This model is worn by Mona Barrie, the beautiful Australian actress making good in Hollywood.

4. WINI SHAW, at present in the cast of "Broadway Hostess," is the lovely model posing for this daytime frock of black crepe cut on surplice lines. The scarf and belt are of vivid blue.

NEW SECRET OF HAIR BEAUTY!

BLONDES
STAY FAIR
AND KEEP
THEIR HAIR
BEAUTIFUL



BRUNETTES GET AMAZING
SPARKLE AND GORGEOUS
DEEP COLOUR

No matter whether your hair is light or dark, it is constantly being dulled by unseen impurities of the atmosphere (dust, grime, gases from motor cars, chimneys, gas stoves), which are always forming a dulling film that makes your hair look faded and commonplace. Only by removing this film can the secret of true hair beauty be discovered. You can do this now not only quite easily, but absolutely safely, for Lavona Shampoo is specially compounded to reveal the hidden beauty of your hair and bring out its film-dimmed lights without harming its delicate texture. No harmful dyes, bleaching agents, camomile, orris root or other injurious ingredients. Lavona Shampoo removes this film completely and safely. Try one to-day—you'll be delighted—Lavona Shampoo makes your wave last longer. Obtainable from all chemists and stores.

Lavona SHAMPOO—6^p EACH
THE SHAMPOO THAT safely REMOVES THE "ATMOSPHERIC FILM" THAT DULLS YOUR HAIR

WHEN BETTER RINGS ARE MADE—

Angus & Coote Will Make Them
MEANTIME—YOU CANNOT DO BETTER THAN
SELECT THIS "GIFT OF GIFTS" HERE



£9/10/-

Very handsome diamond ring of 18ct gold and platinum. Six sparkling diamonds altogether.



£12/10/-

Fascinating two-stone design. 18ct gold filigree mount, and platinum. Diamonds in shoulder, 10ct. each.

A BOOK OF RINGS
full of loveliest designs, comes free at once if you cannot call.



£10/10/-

Sydney does not offer you a finer ten guinea worth—just a more graceful ring. Two big diamonds—two small ones in each shoulder. 18ct. Gold and platinum.



£13/10/-

Solitaire diamond ring with diamond-studded filigree. 18ct. gold and platinum.

GLORY BOX
GIFTS

These are given free with every ring purchased, and take the form of a personal present or something for the "house-to-be". Mention the "Women's Weekly".



£15/-

Rich diamond solitaire. Three diamonds in each shoulder. 18ct. gold and platinum.

ANGUS & COOTE
500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: The Magician loses his way in a snow storm in company with

LOTHAR: His faithful Nubian servant. As they prepare for the night, a terrified girl rushes into their camp. She is

LORA GATES: Who has been frightened from her home by a mysterious werewolf. Mandrake and Lothar return with her to the house, where they are met and opposed by

VASIL: Lora's uncouth cousin, whom Mandrake subdues by

magic means. Inside the house Lothar captures a

prying old man, who proves to be Lora's uncle, **BORIS:** A weird creature, who warns Mandrake about the dangers of the house. When Mandrake retires for the night, Boris gives him time to fall asleep and then creeps into his room with a gun in his hand. Mandrake, sensing something strange, stays awake. He saves himself by his magical powers, and then Boris pleads sleepwalking as an excuse. Now read on—



DAILY TELEGRAPH



PICK A NAME FOR THIS CARTOON

from the following list and write your selection below.

NOEL COWARD
CHARLES
LINDBERGH
AL. JOHNSON
IRVING
BERLIN
RICHARD DIX
JIM FERRIER

To the Daily Telegraph,
Prominent People Cartoon Contest,
168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney,
Box 4250Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

The name for

Cartoon No. 1 is

My name is

Address

SERIES
1

This Coupon, together with the Coupons from the five other Cartoons that appear here, should be mailed or brought to the Daily Telegraph immediately. Stamps must accompany each series of 6 Cartoons. If you call enclose 6d in coin.

Send in this
Coupon Only



PICK A NAME FOR THIS CARTOON

from the following list and write your selection below.

CHARLES CHAPLIN
MAX ROSENBLUM
FRED ASTAIRE
AMBROSE
FALSIER
COMMANDER BYRD
JIMMY DURANTE

To the Daily Telegraph,
Prominent People Cartoon Contest,
168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney,
Box 4250Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

The name for

Cartoon No. 2 is

My name is

Address

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FIRST PRIZE
£2,000
MUST BE WON

SECOND PRIZE £400

THIRD PRIZE £200

FOURTH PRIZE £100

FIFTH PRIZE £50

SIXTH PRIZE £50

SEVENTH PRIZE £50

EIGHTH PRIZE £20

NINTH PRIZE £20

TENTH PRIZE £20

90 Additional Awards of £1 each

Read these Rules and follow them carefully!

1. Beginning on Monday, May 4, 1936, the Daily Telegraph is publishing each day for a period of eight weeks a name-puzzle cartoon by WEP. These cartoons represent or suggest the names of prominent people—as spelt or pronounced. You are asked to study each cartoon, and by exercising your skill select from a daily list provided, the name of the most prominent person represented by each cartoon. "The most prominent person" is understood to mean the person who, in the opinion of the Judges, has the greatest news value in Sydney journalism.

2. At the close of the contest, and after the correct answers have been decided, and announced, the competitor whose selection for each of the whole series of cartoons agrees or most nearly agrees with the decision of the Judges, will be awarded the first prize of £2000. The next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on.

3. Competitors should—

(a) Write their answers to the puzzle cartoons and sign their names at the foot of each cartoon in the space provided.

RULES—Continued.

(b) At the end of each week, during which a series of six cartoons will have appeared, bring or mail the answers to all of those six cartoons to the Daily Telegraph, Contest Department, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, (Box 4250Y, G.P.O., Sydney.)

4. Answers can only be accepted in a weekly series of six at a time. The answers for one week should reach the office before the expiration of the following week. Each weekly set of answers must be accompanied by 6d for entrance fee. Do not send coin by mail. Stamps only will be accepted through the post. If you call, enclose sixpence in coin.

5. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no responsibility is taken for any answer or remittance lost, delayed, or mislaid in transit or after delivery.

6. Answers not complying with these conditions will not be recognised.



PICK A NAME FOR THIS CARTOON

from the following list and write your selection below.

MSE WEST
AMY JOHNSON
JEAN HARLOW
ETHEL MERMAN
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
LADY ASTOR

To the Daily Telegraph,
Prominent People Cartoon Contest,
168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney,
Box 4250Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

The name for

Cartoon No. 3 is

My name is

Address

SERIES
1

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Don't miss a
single cartoon!
See the Daily
Telegraph every
day.

"PROMINENT PEOPLE" CARTOON CONTEST

Start now

£3000 IN PRIZES TO BE WON



HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Each cartoon stands for a prominent name—disguised, puzzled—humorised by Wep. All you have to do is select the most prominent name from the list given that best suits the cartoon...

HOW IT'S DONE

It's fun to solve the cartoons, and the one above was drawn only for the purpose of helping you understand the contest. It is a sample. It doesn't count in the contest, and was drawn to represent the name of Clark Gable. The clues are Clerk—Gay—Bill. Just put them all together, read them aloud, and there it is. All the names in the Contest are of most prominent people and there's a guiding list of names with each cartoon. Study the cartoons carefully. Not only the words, but occasionally the actions bear significance.



PICK A NAME FOR THIS CARTOON

from the following list and write your selection below.

RAMSAY
MACDONALD
JOHN BOLES
ANTHONY
EDEN
JOE LOUIS
WALTER
LINDRUM
ADOLF
HITLER

To the Daily Telegraph,
Prominent People Cartoon Contest
168 Castlereagh Street Sydney,
Box 4250Y, G.P.O. Sydney.

The name for
Cartoon No. 6 is

My name is

Address

SERIES
1

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RULES.—(Continued)

7. Employees of Consolidated Press, Limited, and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

8. In the event of a tie for any prize or prizes, the Daily Telegraph reserves the right in its discretion either to hold a further eliminating contest or to divide the prize money between the persons tying.

9. At the close of the contest, the Editor of the Daily Telegraph will appoint a board of judges, whose names and qualifications will be announced. The Judges will award the prizes after determination of the name of the most prominent person represented or suggested in each cartoon, and after all the answers of competitors complying with these conditions have been carefully considered.

10. Competitors agree that the decision of the Judges in all matters relating to the competition, whether provided for by these rules or not, shall be final and conclusive.

Order the Daily
Telegraph from
your nearest news-
agent — have it
delivered to your
home!



PICK A NAME FOR THIS CARTOON

from the following list and write your selection below.

MICHAEL
ARLEN
FRITZ
KREISLER
REGINALD
DENNY
FRED
PERRY
STANLEY
BALDWIN
BARBO
MARX

To the Daily Telegraph,
Prominent People Cartoon Contest
168 Castlereagh Street Sydney,
Box 4250Y, G.P.O. Sydney.

The name for
Cartoon No. 4 is

My name is

Address

SERIES
1

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PICK A NAME FOR THIS CARTOON

from the following list and write your selection below.

KILY FONS
SHIRLEY
TEMPLE
MARGARET
VYNER
GRACE MOORE
BARBARA
BUTTON
MYRNA LOY

To the Daily Telegraph,
Prominent People Cartoon Contest
168 Castlereagh Street Sydney,
Box 4250Y, G.P.O. Sydney.

The name for
Cartoon No. 5 is

My name is

Address

SERIES
1

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Coupon Only

GEORGE ST. (Near Quay),
GEORGE ST. (Near Market St)

MICKEY the Mouse— Radio ENTERTAINER Disney Feature For Station 2GB

Few people will deny the title of genius to Walt Disney, the creator of Mickey Mouse, the diminutive film star, who will make his radio debut in Australia from 2GB next Wednesday.

Like most geniuses Disney has been greatly helped in his career by his wife. In fact, Mrs. Walt Disney was the first woman artist employed by the creator of Mickey Mouse.

THIRTEEN years ago she assisted Disney with his first cartoons, and Mickey Mouse was thus responsible for a real-life romance, for eventually she became Mrs. Disney. She still assists her husband, and although she is now the mother of a family she is always on the look-out for ideas. From the observations of her children she frequently suggests stories or vehicles for Mickey Mouse pictures. Special permission had to be obtained by the sponsor from Walt Disney Enterprises for these 2GB broadcasts of his adventures. It is interesting to know that on the two occasions that Mickey Mouse made personal appearances on American stations he received something like 10,000 dollars for a quarter of an hour.

"The Adventures of Mickey Mouse."



WALT DISNEY, creator of the imitable Mickey the Mouse, whose adventures will be recounted from Station 2GB.

His girl-friend Minnie, Pluto the dog, the horse Horsecollar, and Clarabelle the cow will be related by those popular entertainers, Albert Russell and Ned Morgan, and special songs composed by these artists will be a feature of "The Adventures of Mickey Mouse."

James Raglan of the B.S.A. Players has played opposite many famous actresses; to mention but a few, Madeline Carroll, Frances Doble, Gladys Cooper, Mary Ellis, and Jane Cowl. The finest of all, he says, was Jane Cowl. Incidentally, Leonard Bennett, a fellow B.S.A. Player, will tell you how on

his first day in London he went to see Jane Cowl in Noel Coward's first great success, "Easy Virtue," and was so delighted by the acting of James Raglan that he applauded him warmly. He had no idea then that one day he would be a fellow radio actor with Raglan in Australia.

Street Singer

MANY a street singer has become a successful crooner, but it is not every successful crooner who turns to street singing. However, Jack Davey tried it the other day. Seated a man in the street playing a mandolin without garnering many pennies from the passing crowd, Jack volunteered to do a song act. With mandolin accompaniment he sang "The Rose in Her Hair," and the results, financially at least, were most successful.

Golfing Hint

CHARLES COUSSENS, 2GB's popular announcer, was observed the other day walking down the corridor with a piece of paper in each hand. These he proceeded to crumple up and unravel, and again to crumple up and unravel. Inquiry soon solved the mystery.

Cousens has taken up golf again, and reading in the "Memoirs of Gene Tunney," the world's champion boxer, that this procedure considerably strengthens the wrists he decided to be the first person to apply it to golf.

Charles recommends it to any man or woman golfer who wishes to achieve crispness of wrist action and absolute firmness of touch.

Boop-Boop-a-Doop Girl

RADIO is the creator of the perfect illusion. Anyone hearing Muriel Flood, who stars in "Radio Pie" as the baby-talk girl, might imagine her as a tiny blonde with fluffy hair, cupid-bow lips, and big blue eyes. But this Australian Helen Kane is nothing like that. In fact she is an accomplished young woman who is not only one of the finest tap-dancers in Australia, but a clever pianist as well, and her voice in real life is deep and rich.

"Radio Pie," which many people who know radio in other countries declare to be equal to the best, is written and produced by Jack Lumsdaine, and only he knows the hard work that goes into the making of this bright half-hour of fun each Saturday night.

DON'T FORGET

Exhibition of water colours by the late Blanche Young, Grosvenor Galleries, George Street, May 14, 3 p.m.

Second Annual Exhibition, Women's Industrial Arts Society, Education Department Gallery, Loftus Street, official opening, MAY 18, 3 p.m.

Meeting of Maroubra Auxiliary for Royal Hospital for Women, home of Mrs. J. Howe, 307 Maroubra Bay Road, Maroubra, May 19, 3 p.m.

Meeting of Strathfield Auxiliary for Renwick Hospital for Infants, home of Mrs. H. Costello, Redmayne Road, Strathfield, May 18, 2.30 p.m.

Lecture recital on Francis Thompson in French and English by Mr. T. Inglis Moore and in Camille de Montbenoit, St. James' Hall, May 18, 8 p.m.

Cat afternoon, Assembly Hall, May 20, 2 p.m., arranged by North Sydney Girls' High School Parents and Citizens' Association.

Meeting of Ladies' Luncheon Committee, Royal Hospital for Women, at hospital, May 20, 11 a.m.

Annual meeting of Cricketers' Ladies' Committee for Royal Hospital for Women and cheque presentation at hospital, May 21, 10.30 a.m.

Annual Ball, Promenade Surf Life-Saving Club, Farmer's Blackland Galleries, June 8, 8.30 p.m. Reservations by ringing M2406.

Home Ball, David Jones, June 2. Proceeds in aid of Sir James Macdonald Jewish Home. For information ring FU777.

Party, David's staff dance, May 16, State Ballroom. For information ring Mascot 800.

Staff dance arranged by Amalgamated Cash Order Ltd. in aid of Seaside Welfare Home for Children, May 22, 9 p.m.

Authors and Artists' Ball, Farmer's Blackland Galleries, June 8. Applications for tickets to Box 34408, G.P.O.



MRS. ERIC DARE, who is arranging a "Swizzle Stick Competition" at the Australian Flying Corps Association's Annual Ball, taking place at the Trocadero on May 28 at 9 p.m.

Cat party, June 18, Chelsea Book Club, 8 p.m., arranged by Model Business College to defray expenses of annual ball, Trocadero, June 18.

Acacia Ladies' Tennis Club dance for Seaside Welfare Home for Children at Belvoir Hotel, Thorman Street, May 22, 8 p.m.

Cat party, Chelsea Book Club, arranged by Dalwood Younger Set, May 18, 8 p.m.

Grace Bros Special Purchase HAND-MADE NAPERERY!



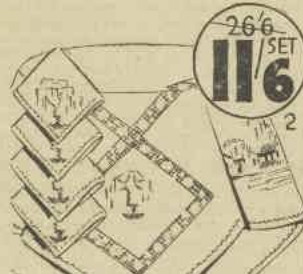
BOUGHT AT A BIG REDUCTION, and now offered at the following BARGAIN PRICES! We cannot replace our stocks of these Dainty HAND MADE LINENS to sell again at the following remarkable prices.

55/- EA
35/6

55/- FILET LACE BEDSPREAD for 35/6 each!

1.—Dainty Hand-made Filet Lace Bedspreads. Pretty all-over lace designs in ecru colourings. Double Bed size—90 x 108 inches.

Regular Value 55/-
SPECIAL PRICE, 35/6



26/6 FIVE PIECE SUPPER SETS for 11/6 set!
2.—Pure Cream Linen grounds; neat hand-embroidered and drawn-thread effects. Four Serviettes to match. 36 x 36 ins. Regular Value 26/6
SPECIAL PRICE, set 11/6



27/6 SEVEN PIECE LUNCHEON SETS, 18/6!
3.—Genuine Hand-made Russian Napery. Heavy Cream Linen with attractive hand-embroidered design in Autumn tonings. Six pretty Serviettes to match. Size: 54 x 54 inches. Regular Value 27/6
SPECIAL PRICE, set 18/6



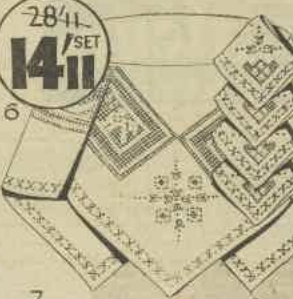
110/- Dainty HAND MADE LUNCHEON CLOTH 87/11
4.—Beautiful Hand-made Filet and Venetian Cut work, with Hand-made Filet Lace edging. Size: 54 x 54 inches. Regular Value 110/-
SPECIAL PRICE, each 87/11



21/6 SEVEN PIECE LUNCHEON SETS, 15/6!
5.—Real Russian Hand-embroidered and Drawn Thread designs on heavy Cream Linen, which will give serviceable wear. Six Serviettes to match. 54 x 54 ins. Regular Value 21/6
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BUT for BILLY

Continued from Page 26

"WELL, I'm dashed if I know what to do, Mary," he said. "Here we are, without a penny to our name, and Providence comes along and thrusts twenty-five pounds into our hands. That's plain enough, isn't it? And yet it really belongs to old Fielding."

For a long time nobody said anything. Daddy and Mummy sat at the table quietly, as they did when they were tired, and Billy decided at last that all the bother must be over. He was glad, too, because now they could talk about something that to him was more important.

"I fought with Tommy!" he announced suddenly.

Daddy looked at him blankly, as if he had just awakened.

"Had a fight with Tommy, did you, son?" he said. "And what was it about this time?"

"About the money, Daddy," said Billy.

"About the money?" echoed Daddy in some surprise.

"Yes," replied Billy. "An' after we fought we played shops."

"How did you happen to fight over it?" Daddy interrupted.

"Tommy wanted to buy a toy train, Daddy, an' I wouldn't let him, 'cause the money really belonged to somebody else," Billy explained, "an' we just pretended it was ours, an' after we fought—"

Billy stopped. He was startled by the expression on Daddy's face. Slowly Daddy sat up in his chair and leaned forward, looking sharply at his little son.

"Billy," he said slowly, "I want to get this straight. You wouldn't let Tommy spend this money, because it belonged to somebody else. Is that right?"

"Yes, Daddy," Billy nodded.

"You wanted that train pretty badly, I suppose?"

"Yes, Daddy," the child admitted. "But, even so, you thought it wouldn't be right to spend any of the money?"

"Not to really-truly spend it, Daddy," said Billy. And Daddy looked away, his jaw set suddenly, his face flaming with shame.

"That settles it, Mary," he said, rising.

BILLY went through Mr. Fielding's big gate, trudging bravely up to the house, between Daddy and Mummy, a hand held on either side.

A chair scraped on the floor. There was a sound of footsteps, and Mr. Fielding came into the hall.

Billy liked him on the spot. He was short and chubby and very jolly. A clear glow from his fat fingers, and his broad face was one big smile.

"Did you say I lost a purse?" he asked, motioning to the maid to leave them. "Yes," he went on, when she was gone, "I lost one to-day. I went out—"

"Is this it?" said Daddy, holding out the purse.

"By gad!" exclaimed Mr. Fielding. "That's the one—the very one—sure enough!"

He pushed the cigar into his mouth, opened the purse, and ran through the notes.

"How much is there here?" he demanded.

"Twenty-five pounds," said Daddy.

"And how much when you found it?"

"Why, twenty-five pounds," Daddy replied.

"Eh?" Mr. Fielding was startled. "Didn't you take any? Not any?" He held his head on one side and glanced at Mummy as if for confirmation.

"Well, here," he said at last, jerking two notes from the bundle; he began to hand them over, stopped, met Daddy's expression, and pushed them into his pocket.

"Well—ah—thanks," he said. "Much obliged. Ah—er—thanks. Any time I can do anything for you, just give me a call. Any time at all." He beamed jovially upon them, putting Daddy's shoulder, and showed them through the door. "I'm sorry I can't invite you to stay," he said, "but I have guests already, you know—a business conference. Er—some other time perhaps? I say!" he added. "Just a minute. I never thought to ask where you found the purse."

"MY son found it down by your gate," said Daddy.

"I knew it," exclaimed Mr. Fielding, with satisfaction. "I knew it! I drove myself to-day—got out to open the gate. Confounded nuisance, that gate! This is the lad who found it, eh? Well, well, well!" he observed. "You're a regular young rascal, aren't you?" He gave Billy a dig in the ribs. Then, turning to Mummy, he said: "And this is the proud mother, is it? Well, you certainly have got a jolly little boy, ma'am, and a good, honest husband, too. Now, what more could any woman want, eh?" He chuckled heavily. "Well, thank you once more," he said. "I hope I shall see you all again soon."

Mr. Fielding turned again to rejoin his neglected guests, only to remember something else; and he wheeled round.



THIS LUXURIOUS beige woollen coat is designed for gala occasions. The dyed fox collar is shaped to the waistline, while armlets of fox are worn above the elbow.

—Air Mail photo.

"What line of work are you in?" he demanded.

"Garage mechanic," Daddy replied. "Now, if that isn't a coincidence!" exclaimed Mr. Fielding. "I suppose you're not wanting a job?"

"I am!" said Daddy quickly.

"Good! Then come round to the factory at seven on Monday morning," answered Mr. Fielding. "I'm starting again. You didn't know that, did you? Well, it's a fact. The men here are talking about it now. You'll get four pounds a week to start. That's right—seven on Monday morning, and tell them I sent you. See? By the way, what's your name?"

"Burgess," said Daddy. "Will Burgess."

"Burgess," repeated Mr. Fielding. "Good. Well, here you are, Burgess. Maybe you can use this." He pushed some money into Daddy's hands. "Week's pay," he said, "and if I forget to dock you for it, let me know, will you? Ho, ho, ho!"

When they reached the street Daddy stopped.

"You and Billy walk on slowly, will you, darling?" he said to Mummy. "I'm going down to the shop at the corner for a minute. I'll be back soon."

So, when Daddy came striding up the street, there were two big bogymen behind Mr. Fielding's gate-post; and he kissed them there and then in the street.

After that he gave Mummy a parcel to carry, and Billy had a pickaback all the way home.

That night Billy had his peaches and cream.

(Copyright.)

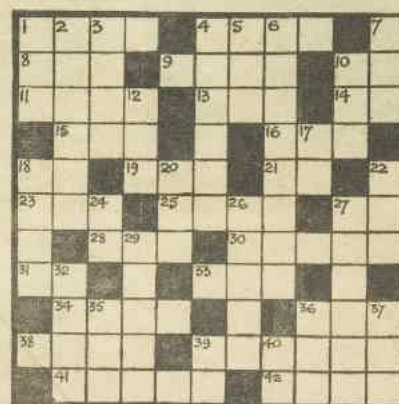
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Point.
4. Park.
6. To wander.
8. Contemptuous look.
10. Part of verb "to be."
11. Title.
12. "Til for—"
14. Preposition.
16. S.S.R. (actual).
18. Historic Institute of America.
19. Pronoun.
20. Short for April.
21. Preposition.
23. Skill.
25. Stick of plum-bage.
27. West. Hiding (Eng.).
28. Utter.
30. Wearisome persons.
32. D.I. (actual).
33. Container.
34. Child.
36. Consumption.
38. Rodents.
40. Expressed.
41. Long piece of leather.
42. Field.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Bird.
2. Used for rubbing out.
3. Weapon.
4. Long bench with back.
5. Receipt.
6. Current in doctrine.
7. Stave.
8. Blast of a sheep.
9. A guess.
10. Preposition.
11. Pointer.
12. To work at closely.
13. Fellow of the Royal Society.
14. Twin screw (abbr.).
15. Concerning.
16. Joined.
17. Transparent fossil resin.
18. Sacred bird of Egypt.
19. Part of a play.
20. Goddess of evil.
21. Poem.
22. Kind of book-maker.
23. Electrical unit. (abbr.).



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THEY Can HATE— As Well As LOVE

Taurus People Make Jealous
Husbands and Suspicious Wives

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

Jealousy and love are two of the predominating characteristics of Taurus people—those born between April 21 and May 22.

They love as wholeheartedly as they can hate . . . and they can charm as wholeheartedly as they can repulse.

WHEN a Taurus man sets his heart upon the young woman of his choice, she is, metaphorically speaking, lost. From that time onward his pursuit will be relentless and constant. She will be unable to resist him. He will develop a "he-man" attitude which takes the girl by storm, and before she knows what it is all about there will be wedding bells.

The female of the Taurus species presents an interesting contrast. When once she has set her heart upon a young man, those around her (who know her usual sturdy self-reliance) are amazed to find that Miss Taurus has suddenly developed all the symptoms of a womanly woman. She becomes gentle, coy, and amazingly helpless. The chosen one finds himself promoted to the role of knight-errant—and liking it.

The funny part of it all is that, despite all this seeming helplessness, Miss Taurus will be found to have won her own way—charmingly, optimistically, and inexorably.

Taurus people are some of the most fascinating and charming people of the Zodiac (when they wish), and will spare no effort to win the regard of those about them. They are both loving and lovable, so that it takes a heart of stone to withstand them.

The only trouble is that, in like proportion to their love, they develop jealousy. The object of their regard must be wholly theirs, or look for trouble. The Taurus man is proud of his wife, but resents admiration shown by others. The Taurus wife is rather suspicious, and not above doing a little play-acting, including sobbing and self-pity, in order to bring her husband to his knees.

Taurus people are a peculiar blend of the materialistic and idealistic. They like to place those they love upon pedestals, yet are unhappy unless those people give them continual and concrete evidence that the regard is reciprocated. For this reason they are delighted with gifts, especially if they be jewels, flowers, chocolates, and articles of clothing or adornment.

Most Taurian women are rather pretty. They usually have fair, golden, or reddish hair, clear skins, mobile lips, bluish or hazel eyes, round faces and heads, and short, thick-set necks. Their expression when happy is usually one of surprise, delight, or anticipation, so that they

Are You Magnetic?

EVERY individual possesses his own particular type of magnetic charm, and should use it rather than ape that of others.

Cancer people (those born between June 22 and July 23) act as magnets to all those needing sympathy, understanding, and peace. Cancer men attract through actions which are kindly, sympathetic, and tolerant. Cancer women love to "mother" their menfolk, and usually keep their husbands by reason of their home-making proclivities.

make good company. When upset, however, they are the world's best "pouters" and "sulkers."

The Taurian gems are turquoise and emeralds; their metal is copper. Their day is Friday, and their number 5. The ruling planet of these people is Venus, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, and their colors are yellow, soft blue, and pastel shades.

The Daily Diary

THE following daily guide should prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Nothing spectacular this week, though the 17th and 18th should be fair. May 12, poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Make the most of the last days of your month. The 12th and 19th should be good; the 15th and 16th fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The 12th and 14th should be fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): The 15th and 16th favor you, but exercise caution on May 12, 17, and 18.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Continue to live quietly this week, especially on the 13th and 14th. Matters improve on the 19th.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Make the most of any opportunities which occur this week. The 12th and 18th should be good.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to October 24): The week will probably be a routine one. The 13th and 14th should be fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Things may go against you, so try to be cautious, especially against loss and opposition. The 13th and 14th may produce delays and worries.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): The 15th and 16th poor; the 17th and 18th mildly favorable.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Work hard this week, beginning new enterprises, making changes, or asking favors, and concreting matters already started. The 12th and 19th should prove good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Attempt nothing of importance, for delays and obstructions are possible, especially on May 19.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Quilt fair this week on May 15 and 16.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment without endorsing it in any way.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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A.Q.16



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Continuing DEAD or ALIVE?

from Page 5

Meg was ready at a quarter to seven. She wore the black georgette, and she had fastened one at the long scarf ends on the left shoulder with the woech Pill had given her for her twenty-first birthday—two diamond daisies and a leaf. She had been in two minds whether to wear it or not but in the end she put it on. Other people faded, but Meg didn't—Robin, Uncle Henry—but never Bill. She didn't look pale any longer. She had tinted her cheeks and brightened her lips, and to Bill she was the old pretty Margaret of two years ago, only she was too thin. It went to his heart to see her so thin.

They lined at the Luxe and then went on to the theatre. The two years might never have been at all. It was just like one of their old times together. Meg was young. She had been unhappy for a long time, and now quite suddenly the burden of that unhappiness seemed to have lifted.

They talked about the old times down at Way's End.

"Meg, why did the Professor leave Way's End? I thought he was dug in there for life."

Meg nodded. "So did I. I was most awfully surprised. I—I hadn't been seeing him much, and then in September—last September—I wrote and asked if I could go down for a bit. I felt as if I must get away, but he wrote back to say he was going to move. Of course, I wanted to know why, and all about it. This time Miss Cannock wrote, and she said the village was getting to noisy with motor horns and dogs, and Uncle Henry felt he must have perfect quiet because he was going to start the book he'd been collecting notes for ever since I was born. She said he had bought an island, and was going there so he could write without being disturbed. Well, I was feeling awfully desperate, so I went down to Way's End without saying I was coming."

"Good for you!" said Bill. "Did you see the professor?"

"Why did you say that?" asked Meg. And then, "Yes, I did. But it didn't look as if I was going to—not at first. I saw Miss Cannock, and she was in the most awful fuss about the move, and Uncle Henry not being disturbed, and the precious book, and everything. I don't know how he stands her. She gives me the pip."

"But you did see him?"

"Only because I sat there, and every time she stopped to take breath I just said, 'I'm afraid I can't go away without seeing my uncle.' After about the hundred-and-first time she got all pink about the eyes and the tip of the nose—she really is exactly like a white mouse—and she flapped her hands and said, 'Oh dear, oh dear!' and went away, and after about ten minutes Uncle Henry came drifting in, awfully vague, but quite pleased to see me, so I was glad I had stuck it out."

Bill was frowning. What the professor needed was a good sharp jolt, and it wasn't going to be Bill's fault if he didn't get one.

"Where's this island of his?" he said shortly.

"Well, it's not a proper island—not a sea one, you know. He told me all about it. It's just an island in a lake."

"Where's the lake?"

"Seven miles from Loddington—a place called Leddow. There's a lake, and a house, and an island. The house is on the bank, but there's a sort of covered bridge that goes over to the island. It was built by an eccentric old lady who thought people were trying to murder her, so she had her own rooms on the island. The idea pleased Uncle Henry frightfully. The bridge had a door at each end, and once he'd locked those doors behind him it was going to be as good as being on a desert island. He was so full of it that after all I didn't tell him the things I'd gone down there to tell him I came away, and after that he just faded out."

"Well, he's got to fade in again," said Bill grimly. "One can't stand in the place of a girl's parents for years and then go off casually to an island and leave her with a disappearing husband and no money." Bill restrained the feelings with which he was seething and said, "I'm going down to see him probably to-morrow."

"Oh, you mustn't!" said Meg quickly. "I'm going to."

Meg sighed. Bill was dreadfully obstinate. If he had made up his mind to go to Uncle Henry's island, he would go. And quite suddenly she didn't want to go on talking about Uncle Henry.

"Oh, Bill," she said, "don't let's talk about it any more. I—I, oh, Bill, please."

She didn't finish her sentence. She didn't need to finish it. Her sudden flush and the distressed look in her eyes spoke for her. She wanted to leave all those things which had hurt her. She wanted to forget for an hour, to stop thinking, to take this evening as a respite, to give herself up to all the gay and pleasant surface impressions with which she was surrounded—lights, flowers, music; the sort of food she hadn't tasted for months; Bill looking at her as if he found her good to look at. She had been unhappy for two whole years. She wanted her hour.

They had their coffee and rose to go. It was just then that an odd thing happened. A couple who were sitting at the table behind them got up, a flushed, heavy man with a hanging jaw and bright greedy eyes, the woman a platinum blonde in a backless dress of silver gauze, hair-dress, and skin all pale, all shimmering under the many lights. Bill, at a cursory glance, took her for the next thing to an albino and felt vaguely repelled. Meg, a pace in front of him, stopped suddenly. She turned and as she turned he saw her hand go up to the neck of her dress and come down again with a little crumpled handkerchief just showing between her fingers. The handkerchief fell to the floor. As Bill picked it up, the platinum blonde woman, a lightning cigarette. Her eyes were a pale, hard grey. She used an odd shade of lipstick—now what was that color?

Meg went past without a glance, and Bill followed her. Then, when they had almost reached the door, he looked around again.

The woman was holding her cigarette between the first and second fingers of her left hand. The very pointed nails exactly matched the lipstick. She was looking at Meg, her lips wide in a smile, and all at once Bill knew what her lipstick reminded him of. He knew that, and he knew something else. The two things collided violently in his mind. The lipstick was exactly the color of a pink sinia, and it was those very glaucous-colored lips he had seen in a taxi beyond Robin O'Hara on that October midnight more than a year ago.

Bill did not speak until they were clear of the dining-room. They came to an archway lined with mirrors, and as he drew abreast of her, each threw a quick involuntary glance at the other. Their eyes met. Bill's sense of shock was intensified. They came out into the wide corridor, and he said quickly: "Do you know who she is?"

Meg drew a little away from him. She said in a small, cool voice, "Who?"

What was the sense of pretending like that? She knew something. There wasn't a shadow of doubt about that.

"Meg, I'm sorry, but it's important. That woman at the table behind ours—I've seen her before, and so have you. Tell me. Do you know who she is?"

"It's quite obvious, I should think."

"Meg?" Bill could have shaken her. "I'm asking if you know her name."

"I believe she calls herself Della De Lorne."

Please turn to Page 46

MARVELLOUS RECOVERIES FROM LUNG TROUBLE

We receive many letters containing simple, heartiest stories of thanks from those with Lung Trouble, for the wonderful relief from suffering obtained by the inhaling of Membrose Dry Inhalation Treatment.

Letter after letter tells of progressive recovery. The rough weather was distressing, they are able to sleep at night; their appetite improved; they gain weight and strength; the system gradually lessens; haemorrhages and slight coughs cease; their friends commence to visit them again; and there is a new feeling of buoyancy and hope of complete recovery being made.

Later on, no many are able to report that this goal has been reached.

Here is a typical letter:

"Until a few weeks back my laughter never had a good night's sleep. She is now brighter and has lost her hitherto despondent outlook. She used to sit at home waiting for death, now she is quite different. Thank God she sleeps the right (though and is able to do so her back or side and rest beautifully. She dreaded the thought of not now gone to bed early. Her cough is not at all distressing now, and she gets rid of an awful lot of stuff without trouble. She also coughs every day."

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WITHOUT OPERATION

Membrose has given marvellous relief and dispensed for ALL THESE dreadful symptoms which it has hitherto been believed impossible to get rid of—that is the consensus of reports from sufferers.

Membrose is successful because—

The fumes enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble. Head noises disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored, the constant sneezing and running nose, and the disgusting hacking and spitting are soon things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment. Membrose—the wonderful inhalation treatment—will do this for you.

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For particulars, call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS, C/- (City Office) TRIVERS' PHARMACY (Ld.), 25 Regent, Downing's Building, Room 41, 43 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Tel. M4234.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To keep
the teeth and mouth
clean and healthy

-he says KOLYNOS



Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Use only half-an-inch of KOLYNOS, the proved antiseptic and germicidal tooth paste, on a dry brush—and for two minutes! Your mouth will immediately feel cleaner and fresher and your teeth will glisten and sparkle. Discover for yourself the joy of a clean mouth and sound, attractive white teeth. Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST

Back from the cleaners

and the stitching hasn't faded—not even by the merest shade. That's the advantage of sewing with Dewhurst's "Sylko," the super quality mercerised sewing thread—now supplied in

FAST COLORS

OVER 300 SHADES

100 YARDS REELS
Size No. 40

Dewhurst's "Sylko"
SILK SUBSTITUTE MACHINE TWIST

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES

FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST

THERE was a most curious sense of strain between them—anger, resentment, pride. Meg's voice was low and hard. Her hour's respite was over. Did Bill admire Della Delorne so much that he had to know her name—now, all in a hurry, in the middle of this one hour?

Bill, on his part, was astonished and a little angry. Meg had known him for ten years, and she could use that tone to him! Meg of all women in the world to think that he would be caught at a glance by a simpering platinum blonde with a gold-digging eye! He said stiffly, "Do you happen to know where she lives?"

Meg said "Yes" in a stiffer tone than his own. She turned from him and moved quickly in the direction of the cloak-room to get her coat. The evening was spoiled.

When they were in the taxi, Bill put his hand on hers. "Meg . . . don't be angry."

Meg looked away from him. "I'm not in the least angry."

Bill's hand pressed hers. He said: "Fibber!" And then, "Why does Della Delorne make you angry?"

"I'm not angry . . . I told you I wasn't."

BILL pulled her around to face him.

"Look here, Meg, come off it! I want the woman's name and address for Garratt, not for myself. If you hadn't known who she was, I should have had to find out some other way."

"Let me go!" said Meg. And then all of a sudden she melted. "Bill, you don't know . . ."

"No, but you can tell me, my dear."

It was she who was holding him now, one hand on his arm, the other on his wrist.

"Bill, I'm sorry . . . I was a beast . . . but it came over me. That woman . . . I saw her . . . with Robin . . . twice. He wouldn't tell me who she was, but other people did. She calls herself an actress. I told you I was going to divorce Robin. That was what I wanted to see Uncle Henry about. Why do you want to know about her?"

He hesitated. The hand on his wrist tightened.

"Was it because you'd seen her with Robin, too?" Her eyes implored him.

DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 45

"Did you see her with Robin, Bill—did you?"

Bill nodded, and at once her grasp relaxed. There was a feeling of relief from strain. It was only the old trouble, not a new one. She leaned back in her corner with a sigh, and said, "When did you see them?"

"Please, Meg."

"I want to know."

Well, it was better to tell her. No good letting her imagine things. He said, "Well, that's the whole point, my dear—I saw Robin in a taxi with a woman at midnight on the fourth of October last year."

"The fourth," said Meg in a startled

Query?

Does your wealth afford you greater virtue.

That you can be so weak, so wildly wrong.

So careless of the suffering of others.

No ear attuned to catch the common song?

Does your independence grant you favors

Or grace that you may plunder as you go.

And crush the dreams and visions of your brothers.

Whose ardent splendor you will never know?

—Yvonne Webb.

voice. And then, "But, Bill—that was after—he disappeared—"

"Yes, I know."

"He was with Della Delorne?"

"Well, that's what I don't know, but I think so. When I told Garratt—"

"You told Colonel Garratt?"

"Yes, of course. Well, when I told him, I said I wouldn't know her again, but just now, as soon as I saw that woman, something went click in my brain. I couldn't have sworn to her features, or her face, or anything. I only just had an impression of her beyond Robin in the taxi, but there was something that made me put her

down for—well, for the sort of woman she is. I couldn't get hold of it when I was talking to Garratt, and I told him I wouldn't know her again, but when I saw her at the Luxe it came back and I remembered what it was."

They were held up at a crossing. The traffic streamed by in a blur of sound. Against this blur Meg said clearly, "What was it?"

"Her lipstick. Did you notice it? A beastly sort of unnatural pink."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" Her voice was warm and eager.

"Well, that was what did the trick."

The taxi moved again. "You saw her with Robin four days after he disappeared?" There was a note of horror in Meg's voice. "Bill—where—is Robin?"

The taxi drew up smoothly at the theatre. Bill put his hand on her shoulder for a moment.

"Robin's dead," he said. "Garratt is quite sure he's dead."

THE play flowed by very much as the traffic had flowed by, in a blur of sound. Meg made a great effort in the first interval, and Bill helped her. They talked about safe, comfortable things like the weather, and Chile. Meg found Chile a most reassuring place to talk about. It was so remote from the closing circle of her fears.

After that she was able to follow the play—a little vaguely, a little hardly. When it was over, Bill took her home.

They had been rather silent in the taxi. When Meg took out her key and the door opened upon the small dark hall, she felt a momentary chill. She had been coming back to this empty flat for a year, but to-night it seemed emptier than usual. Her thoughts surprised her: if Bill and she were coming home together, the flat would not be cold and empty, but welcoming and warm.

Please turn to Page 47

"THAT DAILY LAXATIVE SAPS YOUR STRENGTH"

I SHOULDNT FEEL SO SICK AND TIRED I TOOK MEDICINE AGAIN TO-DAY!

THAT'S WHY YOU ARE TIRED. LAXATIVES WEAKEN YOU—DOCTOR TOLD ME TO-DAY THEY INCREASE CONSTIPATION!

ORDINARY FOOD CAUSES CONSTIPATION BECAUSE IT LACKS "BULK". HARSH PURGATIVES DON'T REMOVE THE CAUSE—YOU SHOULD EAT ALL-BRAN AND GET THE "BULK" YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS!

TWO DAYS LATER...

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN IS DELICIOUS

EAT IT EVERY DAY THIS WEEK—IT'S GOING TO MAKE YOU STRONG AND WELL AGAIN—"BULK" WILL PUT YOU RIGHT IN NO TIME!

TWO WEEKS LATER

I'M IN TOP FORM TO-DAY DEAR—THANKS TO ALL-BRAN. I'VE NEVER FELT SO WELL BEFORE!

AND I'VE JUST THROWN YOUR PILL-BOX OUT OF THE WINDOW YOU'LL NEVER NEED THAT AGAIN!

Harsh laxatives weaken you—often lead to serious illness.

You can't feel well when the effects of harsh, weakening laxatives are added to those of constipation! And, you'll never get well—for constant dosing increases constipation, robs your system of its strength! Delicate intestinal muscles and membranes are injured and weakened by repeated artificial stimulation. Soon, they become tired, cannot function normally. You need ever-increasing doses of purgatives—a habit, doctors say, that causes 75% of intestinal troubles in later life!

Constipation is caused by lack of "bulk" in modern, over-refined foods. It can be relieved naturally, by adding "bulk" to your diet. Kellogg's All-Bran—100% bran—is rich in "bulk." It gives your intestines and bowels gentle, natural stimulus, exercises them back to health. Rich in Vitamin B and iron, it nourishes you as well. Strength returns. You function normally again—and forget laxatives ever existed.

There are two kinds of constipation—tonic and spastic. Tonic constipation is the more

common, and can be relieved with All-Bran. If All-Bran is not effective, you should see your doctor immediately.

Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, served daily, covered with milk or cream, will relieve constipation. After that, three servings weekly will ensure normal, regular elimination. Buy this delicious, health-giving food at your grocers to-day! Eat it for breakfast with fresh or tinned fruits.





American Beauty tells secret of ENTICING LIPS

"My lips have taken on new life and beauty since I found Michel. Its colors are gloriously flattering. It lasts all day! Michel's creamy base keeps my lips soft—smooth—truly young! No other lipstick has brought so many compliments... none other is so completely perfect." Get genuine Michel and see the beauty it gives your mouth. Beware of imitations.

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nishing complexion. And
Michel cosmétique for
eyelashes. It's water-
proof, non-irritating.



Obtainable from all
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Michel



BURNS

Don't lose a minute! Ease that burning pain at once with Rexona Ointment. It eases the inflamed skin and prevents painful blistering. Where there is a break in the skin, the Ointment forms a cool, protective film, guarding against germ infection. Within a few days, a new healthy skin is formed. Remember! Early treatment is half the battle. No matter how small the burn, it can cause endless irritation if neglected. Keep Rexona ready for immediate application.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the burn. Spread Rexona Ointment well over the injured part, or spread it on a piece of lint or clean, old linen and apply gently. The above and below the injury to exclude the air. Replace the dressing every few hours.

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Velvet-Skin Face Powder alone won't make a bad skin good. That requires special Treatment Creams. But if you want honest beauty that remains flattering for hours, if you like shades that are warm and human and don't turn you into a wax doll or a plaster cast, if you want the utmost that a plaster can be got out of a face, however—then Velvet-Skin Powder is at the top. It comes in the small size, 2/- the large, the latter having with it a little tube of that lovely skin cream—Pearly Youth. That's America's value. No higher price can do more than

kathleen court's
Velvet-Skin Powder



Frock That Flares

THIS Lilian Lawler model in heavy black tulle has a long bodice which is swathed around the hips and finished at the back with a huge bow-like bustle. The skirt has a fascinating flare, and is slightly trained. The short sleeves and square neck are interesting points.

—Air Mail photo.

DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 46

SHE stepped over the threshold and switched on the light—a bright light in the little closed-in space which was the hall. To her surprise and consternation she felt the color come burning to her face. She said good night quickly and shut the door.

Bill had seen that sudden, startled color, and it sent his spirits soaring. He hadn't the slightest idea why she should have blushed, but he did know that she had never blushed for him before. It wasn't as if she could possibly have known what he was thinking, or how hard it was to leave her and come away. Well, perhaps some day they would come home together and he wouldn't have to leave her. That was what he had been thinking, but of course she couldn't have known.

He came out on to the pavement and turned to the right. It was a warm, dark night, with a feel of rain in the air. He meant to walk to the hotel, and presently he crossed over and took a short-cut down a narrow side-street. It was when he was about half-way down this street that it occurred to him there had been some one behind him ever since he had left the flat. It would be a good deal of a coincidence if some one else should at this hour be taking just his way through these unfrequented streets.

He turned at right angles into a paved alley with a row of posts across the mouth of it. When he came out at the other end he knew beyond a doubt that someone was following him.

Did he look sufficiently opulent to tempt a thief to follow him? But why should a thief have picked him up at Meg's flat. It didn't seem very likely. O'Hara's name flared through his mind. O'Hara tormenting Meg, spying on her... No, it wasn't reasonable. There wasn't any motive. O'Hara was either dead or alive. Garratt said he was dead. But, for the sake of argument, if O'Hara was alive he had pestered his wife. And then why should he spy on her? All this supposing him to be alive. But he wasn't alive... he couldn't be. Garratt said that he was dead.

BILL COVERDALE turned out of the alley and made two quick strides of it to the nearest doorway, where he stood pressed up against the door to see who would come out after him.

There were posts at this end of the alley, too. It was very dark. He could only just see them, but he thought if O'Hara came out he would recognise him. There was a way O'Hara had of walking, an impudent confidence, a turn of the head.

The street was narrow, and there were no lights in any of the half dozen houses that were nearest. There was nobody afoot the whole length of the street. Bill began to wonder whether he had been mistaken. And then he heard the footstep again, quite near. Another moment and someone came cautiously out into the street.

Bill had said that he would know O'Hara, but here there wasn't anything to know... a shadow standing motionless just clear of the black alleyway, with the darkness consuming it right,

shape and outline. Bill made one step of it to the street level.

"Who are you... and what do you want?" he said.

The shadow recoiled a little. There was no answer.

Bill came on. Just as he stumbled on the uneven pavement, there was a flash in the dark, and a report that was deafeningly loud in the narrow place. The wind of the explosion came against his face, acrid with the smell of burnt powder. The top of his left ear stung, and as he clapped his hand to it the blood ran hot between his fingers. The shadow was gone, and Bill went peeling down the alley after it, forgetting that he had the blanketing dark and a sideways stumble to thank for his life. The pistol had been fired from not more than a yard away.

He came to the posts at the far end, and saw by the light of a distant lamp that the street was empty. He flattened himself against the wall of the right-hand house and looked back, listening. There was nothing either to see or hear. Nobody moved, threw up a window, or concerned himself with the shot.

Bill began to wonder whether the shadow would try a second shot. He didn't think the fellow had got away in front of him. No—most likely he had stood against the wall, let Bill charge past him, and then made his getaway up at the other end.

He waited five minutes, heard nothing, saw nothing, slipped out of the alley, and walked home to his hotel.

WHEN Meg had shut the door on Bill Coverdale she went into the sitting-room and put on the light there. That is to say, she pulled down the switch, and the light should have come on, but it didn't. She pushed the switch up, then down again. There were two little clicks, but nothing happened.

She went back into the hall, opened her bedroom door, and tried the switch there. Again nothing happened except the click. It seemed odd that both these lights should go wrong together, when the hall light was all right. She tried the bathroom and the kitchen and found both lights were gone. Well, she didn't have a spare bulb, and she had no candles, so she would just have to make the best of it and feel her way to bed in the dark. Of course she might take the hall bulb and see if it would work in her room, but if she did that she would have to make the change in the dark. A little cold shiver ran over her. If there was anything wrong the new bulb might burn out and leave her without any light at all.

She left her door open, and found that she could see well enough. Besides, she didn't want to see. She wanted to sleep—it would be nice to stop thinking and go down into forgetfulness.

But she tossed in dream-troubled sleep until a little click awoke her, in the dark. Her heart was racing, her mouth was dry. She pushed the bedclothes away from her shoulders and got up on her elbow to listen. She stared into the darkness...

Please turn to Page 48



Keep that Holiday Health

LONG days of summer sunshine have given you a priceless store of health and vitality. Maintain that holiday health throughout the autumn and winter by making 'Ovaltine' your daily beverage.

Remember that 'Ovaltine' definitely stands in a class by itself as the complete and perfect tonic food beverage. It contains all the nutritive elements required to ensure physical fitness and to build up the natural powers of resistance—the best safeguards against coughs, colds and other ailments.

But it must be 'Ovaltine'—there is nothing 'just as good.' Because of its outstanding merit 'Ovaltine' is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors everywhere and is regularly used in countless thousands of homes.

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You could take these tablets every day in the year without ill effects. Nothing else will give you the same quick, complete relief.

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"Seventeen" Rouge—available in dry and moist types—gives a thrilling, virginal color note of varying tones to suit all complexions, without the least hint of that "cheap" hard look that gives the critic food for argument. The user of "Seventeen" Rouge can never look anything but a lady. "Seventeen" Dry Rouge, in Light, Medium, Dark and Deep-Medium, in 1/8, 1/4, 1/2, 3/4, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

SEVENTEEN ROUGE
by Kathleen Court

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Do you know that the ill-fated Czarina of Russia in order to get the best food for her Royal babies sent special couriers thousands of miles to England to bring back Neave's Food. With all the world to choose from, and with famous doctors to advise her, the Queen mother insisted on NEAVE'S. Yet the same food is available for your baby to-day.

Neave's Food
On sale everywhere



Outer skin—the horny dead cells on its surface dry up, causing roughness.

"You can melt that dead surface which makes skin Rough... Dry"

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He answered: "Harshness is caused by dead, horny cells on surface skin. When a keratolytic cream—Vanishing Cream—is applied, these dead cells are dissolved. Then the skin appears soft and clean."

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your skin by using Pond's Vanishing Cream after your night's cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Let it soften your skin while you sleep. In the morning your skin will feel smooth, soft and fine. Pond's Vanishing Cream is the most perfect powder foundation. Apply a bit before making up in the daytime. It leaves your skin pearly—receptive to powder, and keeps make-up fresh through busy hours.

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2/6

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

DEAD or ALIVE?

Continued from Page 47

told her what that light was. Only an electric torch casts a narrow ray like that.

The spurt of bravery that had forced her out of bed flared up again, but it didn't last. If she had been sure it was a burglar in there pulling out the drawers of her writing-table, nothing would have been easier than to run out on to the stair and scream for help. And if she had any luck, the burglar might be caught before he could reach the street.

But she wasn't sure it was a burglar. Suppose it was Robin!

Robin was dead. She stared into the darkness. A faintness that was not physical came over her. If it was Robin—if Robin was alive—what was he doing? What darkness and cruelty was this in which he hid himself? What darkness of suspicion was there in her that she should think him capable of such a thing? She felt an agony of self-abasement. How vile to accuse a dead man in her thought—to bring him back from the grave in order to accuse him.

SHE straightened herself suddenly and stood clear of the door. It was no good. If it was vile to think Robin capable of this, then she was vile. But it was he who had taught her to believe the unbelievable. There was no cruelty and no betrayal which she could not believe of Robin O'Hara.

A calmness came over her. She would rather know whatever there was to be known. She caught the edge of the door and pulled it wide. The two open doorways faced each other now with the hall between. She had only to cross the hall and she would know

whether it was Robin who was there in the sitting-room. She took a step forward, and all at once a bright ray leaped out of the darkness and struck her in the face. It dazzled and went out. She shut her eyes involuntarily, and she made some sound that was not quite a scream. Then, before she could move or open her eyes, someone went past within a yard of her and the outer door swung in without a sound and closed again with no more than the click of the latch.

Meg went and stood against it. It was shut. No one could come in without a key. Her own key was in her bag. She had used it to let herself in when she came home with Bill. It seemed as if it was hours, and hours, and hours ago.

She left the door and went to the sitting-room. She wasn't afraid any longer. There ought to be matches on the mantelpiece. She found them and struck one.

The first thing she saw, quite close to her beside the match-box, was an electric bulb. She wondered if it was the one from the hall. She wondered if the bulb in her bedroom had been taken out too. If it had, then he must have been in the flat before she came home. The match burned her fingers and she dropped it into the

Our Radio Sessions from 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier.)

WEDNESDAY, May 13.—11.45 a.m.: The World To-day. 3.30 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, May 14.—11.45 a.m.: Featured Talk. 3.30 p.m.: Rhythm Review.

FRIDAY, May 15.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 3.30 p.m.: Modern Composers.

SATURDAY, May 16.—6 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Exclusive Recordings.

SUNDAY, May 17.—Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the next Women's Weekly novel.

MONDAY, May 18.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 3.30 p.m.: Musical Memories.

TUESDAY, May 19.—11.45 a.m.: News and Reviews. 3.30 p.m.: Musical Moments.

fireplace. A second one showed her the drawer of her writing-table pulled out. She came nearer, but the match went out before she could see whether the papers had been disturbed or not.

She was just going to light a third match, when her mind suddenly woke up. There she was, striking matches like a dazed idiot with a perfectly good electric bulb only waiting to be put in.

She had to climb on a chair and feel for the socket inside the cloudy bowl which hung from the ceiling. When she moved the chair it knocked against something, and when she put out her hand she found that a small walnut table had been moved out of its place.

SHE went back to the door, but with her hand on the switch she felt an acute stab of fear. If it didn't work, if the light didn't come... she had the feeling that she wouldn't be able to bear it. Her fingers moved with a jerk and the light came on. With a most blessed sense of relief she looked about the familiar room. There was the writing table with the drawer pulled out, but she had seen that already and her glance went past it. The writing table chair had been moved to one side. She passed that, too.

It was the small walnut table that arrested her. As a rule it held books and papers, but they were all gone, cleared off it and thrown upon the couch. The light came from the bowl in the ceiling, and the table stood under the light. It had been moved so that it might stand there. Its surface was broken by a small rectangular card, white against the warm polished brown.

Meg came slowly to the table and looked down at it. The card lay there right in the middle, an ordinary calling card. It had neatly printed across it in the conventional manner:

Mr. Robin O'Hara.

(To be Continued)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

May 16, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

49

CROSS-STITCH is Quaintly LOVELY

IT is the swiftest and one of the most popular ways of beautifying linens

Every needle-worker, every homelover, will want Bertha Maxwell's three delightful cross-stitch transfers featured here!

MANY of our best embroidery stitches date from the distant past. They have survived because they are truly decorative and stand up to hard wear in the home. Cross-stitching is one of these, its quaint, stiff formality possessing a charm which makes it delightful to work and to see.

Cross-stitch is immensely popular again, but in a more attractive form than some of it used to be. We use prettier colors, fewer stitches, and achieve a gaiety which the old work never possessed.

AND here are three sets of transfers which will appeal to every needle-worker, every homelover who takes a pride in her home-making. These small, quick little bits of work brighten our linens and clothing in a wonderful manner, and are so easy to do that the children of the house will enjoy making something for mother or for their own rooms. Notwithstanding its strict limitations in form, cross-stitching is able to express the meanings of shapes of houses, trees, ships and flowers; and then when you choose suitable colors to assist your meaning, the work is picturesque and satisfying to the eye.

Here are the sizes of the three transfers, and their prices. Read on below for color suggestions, then stamp the little designs where you want them, and watch these pictures while working. In the transfers the stitches all look alike, in the illustrations there are light and dark crosses representing the changes in colors.

Cross-stitch transfer designs for towel ends, aprons, traycloths, children's frocks, cushions, curtains (note illustration of sailing ships, crinoline lady seaside cottage); measuring 10 x 15 inches. Price 1/-.

Cross-stitch transfer, measuring 8 x 20 inches, showing four rose corners arranged for square and oblong traycloths, serviettes, decoration, runners, centres, aprons, cushions, curtains, or frocks. Each motif measures 6 x 8 inches. Price 1/-.

Long cross-stitch transfer showing teapot and two cups for kitchen linens or traycloths for morning tea. Size 8 x 20 inches. Price 1/-.

For Canvas Work

IF you are used to working on canvas or tapestry materials, you will be able to copy the designs quite well from the transfers by counting the stitches in the usual manner.

If the canvas is small in its weaving, so that small crosses are made for the stitches, your work will probably be half the size of the design on the transfer. To bring it to the full size shown in this drawing, make four small crosses wherever one is shown in the design.

If you do not wish to put so much work into it, and still wish to bring the canvas work to the full size, make the stitches over two lots of needle holes by missing one hole and so make the crosses much larger.

Experiment with a few stitches first until you get the right effect. Cross-stitching was once done in single colors, or not more than two colors at a time: deep red and deep blue, red and black or green and black were considered correct.

These are still good rules for this work, for these strong colors in this formal type of embroidery are seemly and dignified. But we prefer more variety to-day in our work, so let us dip into shades which seem to suit the patterns as we work; which means,

please yourself and enjoy the exercise of your own color sense.

Threads: Embroidery cotton in one strand is excellent; it comes in good colors which are practically fadeless. Use a strong, coarse number to get body and color into the work; cross-stitching in thin threads looks very weak and ineffective. Linen threads are useful and lovely, while wool is delightful on light woollen materials.

The seaside cottage has a red or pink cottage behind a small hill, with the blue sea at the left and massed trees at the right. Use two greens for the trees, brown or grey for the hill and deep blue for the sea.

Single stitches are used a good deal in this design; they represent half a cross-stitch, and may be back stitches or light darning stitches, picking up a tiny piece of material as you go.

The crinoline lady has a black or red umbrella, and her tiny reticule in her other hand. Make her face of pink stitches also her arms. Then dress her in any colors you choose, probably a blue bodice and skirt. Better not blue

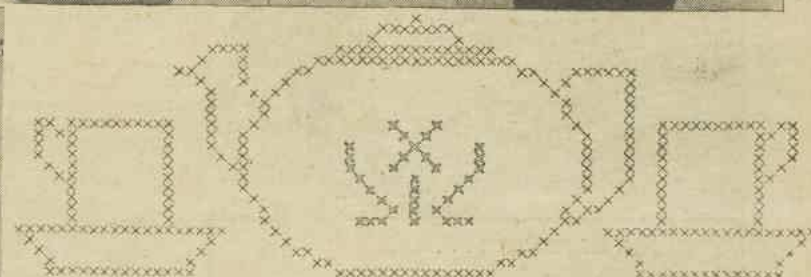
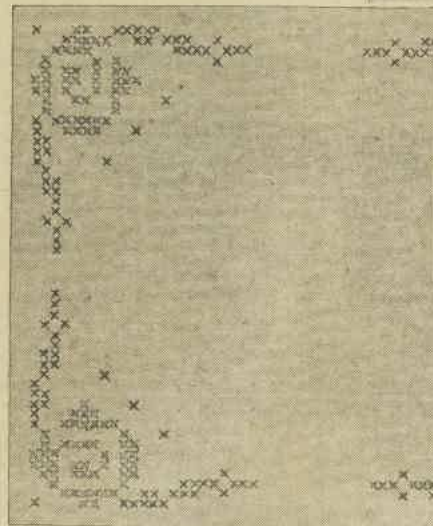
on her arms, for if there are any crinoline ladies about to-day they will tell you that they never had bare arms! The rose tree has red or pink flowers and green leaves and base.

The Sailing Ships: Use a blue linen or other blue material for the background, and work the sails in white, the hulls and mast tips in black, and the sea lines in deeper blue than the material; or work in all white on blue or green.

The Rose Corners: Use any red, pink or yellow rose tone for the flowers, and green or black for the surrounding stitches. Space the corners as you wish on traycloths or other things.

Square or oblong cloths may be used. One corner only is suitable for the front of a frock by being placed in a triangular position, with the rose at bottom corner.

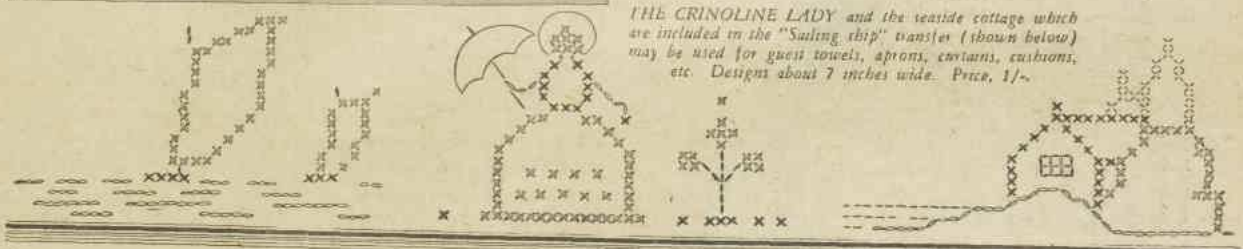
The Teapot and Cups: This is a splendid design for children to work, or busy housekeepers with only a moment to spare. Stamp it on tea or glass towels, morning tea-cloths etc. Work in all red blue or green.



HERE YOU SEE three of the quaintest of cross-stitch transfer designs, specially created by that needlecraft genius, Bertha Maxwell. They are shown here in miniature form, of course. Correct sizes are given in column 1.

NOTE THE SKETCH at the top of this page. The young homemaker has used the sailing ships to decorate the kitchen curtains, the rose corners for morning tea traycloth and serviettes, and the teapot and cups for the tea towel.

THE CRINOLINE LADY and the seaside cottage which are included in the "Sailing ship" transfer (shown below) may be used for guest towels, aprons, cushions, etc. Designs about 7 inches wide. Price, 1/-.



CLEVER IDEAS

SHARPER SCISSORS: Scissors that have become a little blunt may be made considerably sharper if you place the neck of a small glass bottle or a steel knitting-needle between the blades and work the scissors as though you were trying to cut the bottle neck or the knitting needle.

IRONING SILKS: Silk with a bright finish should be squeezed in a towel after washing in order to get rid of the surface moisture. It should then be hung out until it is only slightly damp before being ironed. Silk with a dull finish, such as crepe, suede, angelskin, etc., must not be ironed until practically dry—the material should look and feel dry, but should not be aired. Use a warm iron and iron on the wrong side.

ODORLESS FRY PANS: Pans which have been used for frying fish or onions frequently retain a slight odor. Swill them round with water and vinegar after scouring, and the odor will disappear.

ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS: Electric light bulbs should be washed at least once a month in warm, soapy water to remove the dirt. Dousing is not enough, as it does not remove the film of grease with which they get coated.

HEAVY, NEW TEACLOTHS: Heavy new tea-cloths should be soaked in water to which a generous handful of cooking salt has been added. This will do away with the considerable amount of lime in them, which makes them extremely difficult to wash.

She Was Amazed to Learn...

"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"

BUT JUST HOW CAN A PERSON'S TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH?

DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES OF THE TEETH AND MOUTH ARE THE MOST COMMON CAUSE, MRS. HENT.

(I'LL TAKE HIS ADVICE AND TRY COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. WE'LL SEE HOW ITS PENETRATING FOAM CLEANS BETWEEN THE TEETH!)

Dr. J. D. F. Dr. ROBE

OFFICE HOURS 1 TO 6

Keep your teeth brighter with Colgate's — and you keep breath sweet as well.

Yes — that's the latest word of authorities on the subject! Most bad breath comes from the same thing that causes dingy teeth and much tooth decay.

That is — "Half-cleaned" teeth! Decaying food deposits in crevices between and around the teeth.

The safe way to avoid bad breath is by regular, thorough cleaning with Colgate's Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam gets into all hidden crevices, emulsifying and washing away food deposits — between the teeth and elsewhere in the mouth. Cleans every surface of every tooth!

Why Dentists advise Colgate's

At the same time — a soft, gritty-free ingredient gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored, teeth gain new brilliance.



Thus the same care that keeps you free from bad breath gives you also a brighter, more sparkling, more attractive smile!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure, sweet breath.



VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

LARGE TUBE 1/3

IF YOU PREFER POWDER... TRY COLGATE'S NEW PROPHYLACTIC DENTAL POWDER

A special formula releasing oxygen that prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea. Sells at 1/6.

LONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'



Sing, to the tune of—
Good-by-ee!

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter)

Good-pie-ee, good-pie-ee
All your pies appetise
When you try-ee
Just a sprinkling of Bisto,
You'll be tickled to death we know
Don't cry-ee! Don't sigh-ee
Bisto's great for browning when you fry-ee
It's what we use for soups and stews
Makes the most of your roast—go buy-ee.

BISTO
means a chorus of approval

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney

MORE Prizewinners In Our Popular Best Recipe Competition

All recipes are welcome in our Best Recipe Competition, and if you have not yet entered for it do so now. Every woman who is proud of her cooking will find it an excellent test of her judgment and a whetstone on which to sharpen her cooking talents.

EVERY week we give £1 for the recipe judged best, 10/- for the second best recipe, and four consolation prizes at 2/6 each. Write out the recipe clearly, being careful to include every ingredient and every step in the method, mark entry and envelope "Best Recipes," and send to our offices. These are the only rules.

Mark the following recipes, prizewinners for this week:—

LIQUEUR CAKE.

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1lb. butter, pinch of salt, 4 dessertspoons of milk, cherries, walnuts, wine.
Cream butter with 1 cup of sugar. In another basin beat whites of 3 eggs with 1 cup sugar and add yolks one at a time, beating well. Add egg mixture



ALL YOU have to do to compete in our weekly recipe competition is to write out and send in to us your favorite and best-loved recipe. Cash prizes are awarded to the six best.

to creamed butter, mixing well. Add salt, milk and, lastly, the flour. Bake in one tin. When cold cut cake in half.

Make icing with a small piece of butter, hot water, icing sugar and vanilla essence. Color a small amount of icing with cochineal and spread over the bottom layer of cake. On the top layer spread a little of the white icing, thus making a pink-and-white filling in cake. On top of cake spread a thin layer of jam (preferably plum), and cover the whole of cake with walnuts and cherries—then pour 3 tablespoons of wine over the top. Lastly, pour thin white icing over the whole of the cake.
First Prize of £1 to Miss W. Parkinson, 18 Valetta Street, Malverna, Vic.

MERINGUE CAKE.

Six ounces crystallized sugar, whites of four eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar.
Beat whites until stiff. Add sugar, a teaspoonful at a time, beating thoroughly. Lastly, add vanilla and vinegar. Line a cake tray with grease-proof paper, place mixture in centre, and bake in a moderate oven (gradually decreasing) 2 to 2½ hours. Do not open oven door for 30 minutes. About an hour before using cover top with bananas.

HOT, APPETISING DISHES

Now you will need as many new recipes for good, hot dishes as you can get, for in winter the appetite is keen. Here are some for you to choose from—delicious when served piping hot!

POTATO DUMPLINGS

One cup mashed potatoes, half-cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, chopped parsley.

Mix the potatoes, flour, baking powder, salt, and cayenne. Mix in the beaten egg. Add parsley. Make into balls and place in a stew half an hour before it is cooked.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

Half a pound steak, 1 sheep's kidney, chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 1 gill water, salt and pepper to taste, 6oz. suet crust.

Place a large saucepan of water on to boil. Grease a small basin. Cut the steak and kidney into small pieces. Add the flour, salt, pepper, and parsley. Make the suet crust. Cut off one-third of the pastry. Roll out the larger piece large enough to fit the basin. Put in the meat mixture, add the water. Roll out the smaller piece of pastry and

passionfruit sprinkled with icing sugar, and whipped cream heaped round edges.
Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. C. F. Assheton, 66 Upper Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.

OX EYES.

Stale rounds of bread, eggs, milk, butter.
Cut required rounds of bread, about 1½-inch thickness, and toast them. Stamp out middle with 1½-inch diameter cutter, and place rings in a well-buttered dish. Pour over them gradually as much milk as they will absorb, without becoming sodden, and then break an egg into the centre of each. Just place in oven till egg is set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Clare, Pleydstone, Mackay, Qld.

TOMATO WINE.

Take fresh ripe tomatoes, mash them fine, strain through a sieve, sweeten with sugar to taste. Set away in a glass jar, putting a large piece of preserved ginger at bottom of jar. Cover tightly, with exception of small space for refuse to work through during fermentation. When this is done it will become clear and pure. Then bottle. A pinch of salt added improves flavor. Keeps long time.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Shepard, 2 Duke St., North Kensington, S.A.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS.

Six medium-sized mushrooms, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped cooked ham, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoonful of finely-chopped mushrooms, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated cheese, 1 small onion chopped fine, 1oz. butter, salt and pepper to taste, browned breadcrumbs, brown sauce.

Remove stalks and skins of mushrooms. Trim into uniform shape with round cutter, and use trimmings for mince. Melt butter in saucepan, add all the above ingredients except breadcrumbs and sauce, stir over fire until well mixed, adding by degrees as much brown sauce as is necessary to moisten the whole. Pile the mixture on the mushrooms, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, add small piece of butter, and bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss T. Monaghan, 47 Garfield St., Launceston, Tas.

HADDOCK SOUFFLE.

Two and a half ounces flour, 2oz. butter, 3 eggs, 1 pint of milk, 1 small smoked haddock, pepper to season.
Boil haddock, remove skin and bone, pound it small, and rub through a wire sieve. Melt butter in a saucepan, add all the flour, mix them together till quite smooth. Heat the milk to nearly boiling point, add gradually to the mixture, and stir it over the fire until it boils and thickens. Take saucepan off fire and allow mixture to cool. Beat well into it the yolks of the eggs, the pounded haddock and a little pepper. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and stir lightly in. Pour the souffle into a buttered souffle tin, and bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour. Serve very hot. This is very light and should be served quickly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Woodger, Canberra St., St. Marys, N.S.W.

HAD LUMBAGO FOR SIX YEARS

Spent a Small Fortune Seeking a Cure

For six years this man suffered with lumbago. After spending a small fortune on various treatments, he tried Kruschen Salts. Within three weeks he felt a new man. He expresses his gratitude in the following letter:—

"For six years I have been a martyr to lumbago and rheumatism. I have spent a small fortune on treatments and specifics, without avail. I was advised several times to try Kruschen Salts, but only recently did so. Now, after three weeks' treatment, I feel a new man, and walk with pleasure instead of pain. I sleep as I haven't slept for years, and am filled with a deep sense of gratitude to the chemists who have evolved such a boon to mankind."—R.T.

Lumbago, like gout and rheumatism, is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood. If you could see how Kruschen salts dissolve the sharp edges of those uric acid crystals, then you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from lumbago.

BILIOUSNESS Severe Headaches

A Woman's own Story

A Lady from Carlton, Victoria, writes as follows:—

"For many years my health was anything but satisfactory and I endured much pain and discomfort owing to derangements of the kidneys and liver. These were productive of severe headaches and distressing bilious attacks. At various times I took many pills, physics, etc., but they only afforded temporary relief. . . . I was induced to make a trial of Mother Seigel's Syrup. I soon found it to be the best medicine I had ever used and in a short time it effected a wonderful improvement in my health and the benefit I derived proved permanent." Mother Seigel's Syrup banishes biliousness, pains after eating, flatulence, headaches and dizziness. There is no better tonic for young or old. Try Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/6. Large size 2/6 (contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

SLIMS OFF UGLY FAT SO IT STAYS OFF!

No Thyroid, No Risk, No Trouble!

Enjola is the fastest safe way to reduce. If you want to take off INCHES from Bust, Hips, Limbs, Waist—losing it in a day without dieting—YOU MUST take ENJOLA. It has no equal. Doctors recommend Enjola. There are no dangers in it. It cannot fail to act! NOW, aim to charm and loveliness this easy way—get a 6/6 bottle of Enjola from the chemist, and accept no substitute. It is very attractively sent 6/6 and 1/- extra postage to the Owl Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney, and secure by post under plain wrapper.

ENJOLA

Takes the scare out of the scales

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can usually be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this paragraph and hand it to them, and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer, perhaps from total deafness. The medicine can be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist a 1oz. bottle of Parmitin (Double Strength). Take this home, and add to it 1pt. of hot water and 1lb. crystal sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parmitin is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tube, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretion in the middle ear, and the results it gives are nearly always quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in ear form should give this preparation a trial. Copyright.

Abyssinia's Fragrant, Stimulating Gift to the World

COFFEE

SUCH A LOVELY cake to make for tea. This is coffee sandwich cake. Although it has such a professional look, you will find it easy to make.

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian
Women's Weekly.

THE coffee-tree is a native of Abyssinia, where coffee has been used as a beverage since time immemorial. It found its way to Arabia round about the 15th century, and within the next hundred years had permeated practically the whole of the East. In the 17th century it sold at 4 guineas per lb.—that was in England!

To-day, grown extensively in many tropical climes, it has become an almost universal beverage, and is used to delicious advantage in cakes, desserts, etc.

TO have coffee in perfection it should be roasted and ground just before it is used. If it is necessary to grind more than is required, it should be kept in an airtight jar (not tin) as it readily absorbs odors from other substances, which spoil the flavor.

Coffee is often adulterated with chicory, which imparts a slightly bitter flavor of the volatile oil it contains. The addition of chicory may be detected by adding cold water to the supposed coffee. If present, the liquid will darken quickly, and the chicory sinks, while the coffee floats.

Three-parts Java to one-part Mocha is a popular coffee blend.

For filtered coffee have it medium ground. For boiled, medium or coarse

COFFEE SANDWICH CAKE

Half a cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup strong coffee, 2½ cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking

COFFEE JUNKET
Set in individual
glass dishes, and
below, you see
iced coffee topped
with whipped
cream.



powder, 1 tablespoon treacle, coffee, butter-icing, chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add yolks, then treacle, coffee, flour, and baking powder, well sifted, lastly the well-whisked whites of eggs. Bake in two greased sandwich tins 30 minutes. When cold, join together with butter-icing to which chopped walnuts have been added, and pipe the top in with roses.

COFFEE

One dessertspoon coffee, 1 cup water, pinch salt and mustard, 1 cup milk.

Boil water, salt, and mustard, add the coffee, remove from heat, and allow to stand till cold. Strain through fine strainer or muslin. Boil coffee and milk together and serve. The quantity of coffee used is according to the strength required.

BLACK COFFEE

Two cups water, 1 good dessertspoon coffee, salt, mustard. Boil the water, salt, and mustard. Remove from flame. Add the coffee and allow to stand till cold. Strain through muslin. Reheat and serve in coffee-pot.

COFFEE MALTED MILK

Half a cup strong coffee, sugar to taste, nutmeg or cinnamon, 1½ cups cold malted milk.

Put coffee, sugar, malted milk into a bottle or shaker. Shake till thoroughly mixed and frothy. Pour into two tall glasses. Sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg. Serve at once with straws.

COFFEE BLANCMANGE

Three-quarters pint milk, 4 tablespoons strong coffee, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour.

Blend cornflour with a little milk, add coffee to milk with sugar and bring to the boil, then pour on to cornflour. Mix well, return to saucepan, and stir till it boils and thickens. Cook for 2 minutes. Pour into wetted mould. When cold and set, turn out and serve with custard or cream.

COFFEE CREAM PIE

Short-crust, 2 cups milk, coffee essence or strong coffee, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 yolks eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, whites eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Make short-crust. Line deep plate. Prick the centre. Bake in hot oven till pale brown. Boil milk and coffee. Pour on to blended cornflour and sugar. Return to saucepan and stir till it boils. Cook for 1 minute. Add yolks and cook

without boiling. Cool. Pour into cooked pastry case. Cover with meringue made from whites. Return to oven till meringue is set and browned.

COFFEE MOULD

Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, stewed fruit, 2 dessertspoons strong coffee, 2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine, whipped cream.

Soak gelatine in a little water for one hour. Mix milk and strong coffee or coffee essence well together and bring to the boil. When almost cold stir in the dissolved gelatine. Mix well. Pour into wetted border mould. Place on ice to set. Turn out in the usual way and fill the centre with stewed fruit (cherries or pomegranates) and garnish with whipped cream.

COFFEE CUSTARD

Half pint milk, 1 cup hot, strong coffee, pinch salt, 2 eggs, sugar to taste.

Boil the milk then pour it over the well-beaten eggs, add hot, strong coffee, a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake in a moderate oven till set. Cool, chill and serve with cream.

COFFEE JUNKET

One pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Dissolve junket tablet in 1 dessertspoon water. Warm the milk to blood heat. Add the sugar and essence. Stir in the dissolved tablet. Pour into a glass dish and stand in a warm place to set, being careful not to move till set.

When quite cold serve with whipped cream.

COFFEE BISCUITS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, coffee mock cream, coffee warm icing.

Sift the flour. Rub in the butter, add sugar. Mix into dry dough with beaten egg and essence. Turn on to floured board. Roll into a thin sheet. Stamp into rounds with plain cutter. Place on greased tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Leave on tin till cold, then join two together, with mock cream and cover with coffee icing.

COFFEE WARM ICING

Eight ounces sifted icing sugar, 2 dessertspoons water, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, chopped walnuts.

Sift icing sugar, add coffee essence, then the water gradually, making it not quite thin enough to pour. Then stir over the gas for a couple of seconds until it is thin enough to pour. Pour over cake and sprinkle with chopped nuts.



COFFEE is a stimulant to the heart and nerves, takes away the sense of fatigue, and with milk and sugar it is nutritive.

COFFEE SPICE CAKE

Four ounces brown sugar, 6oz. butter, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 1 tablespoon milk, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon spice, 6oz. mixed fruit. Top Mixture: 2oz. plain flour, 1oz. brown sugar, 1½oz. butter (mix well and press through a colander).

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, then milk and coffee essence gradually, then flour, cream of tartar, soda, spice, and mixed fruit. Place in two chess-board tins spread evenly, then sprinkle top mixture over it. Bake about 30 minutes in oven.

COFFEE CUSTARD FILLING

Six tablespoons milk, 1oz. loaf sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, little butter, yolks 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, vanilla.

Warm milk and sugar. Pour on to beaten yolks and blended cornflour. Cook over boiling water till it coats the spoon. Add butter, coffee essence and vanilla. When cold, use as filling for eclairs, tarts, cakes.

COFFEE BLANCMANGE

Two large tablespoons butter, 1lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1lb. saltanas, 1lb. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter.

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs well-beaten, then milk, then flour and fruit. Bake in flat baking-dish about 45 minutes. When cooked and while hot, brush over the top with melted butter and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, which have been well mixed together. Cut into squares when cold.

COFFEE CREAM CAKE

Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 1lb. self-raising flour, coffee mock cream, chopped walnuts, coffee icing, whole walnuts.

Cream the butter and sugar. Add egg, mix coffee essence and milk gradually, lastly sifted flour, mix in well. Pour mixture into a straight-sided baking dish. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, cut in half. Join the two portions together with coffee mock cream to which chopped walnuts have been added. Completely cover with coffee walnut icing and decorate with whole walnuts.

COFFEE ROLLS

One pound self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 2oz. butter, 1½oz. sugar, 1 cup milk.

Melt butter, add sugar, beaten egg, then milk, lastly, sifted flour. Turn on to floured board. Roll out about 1-inch thick. Cut into pieces 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide. Fold ends to the centre. Glaze with beaten egg. Bake in hot oven. When cooked, split and butter. Serve on a d'oyley.

I made the GRAVY

Any child can make RICH BROWN GRAVY with 'GRAVOX'—Blend a spoonful in a cup of water and BOIL... That's all there is to it... It SALT, SEASONS, BROWNS & THICKENS

GravoX
The Ideal GRAVY MAKER

Send Id. Stamp for

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RICHMOND, VICTORIA

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£1 CASH PRIZE FOR YOUR IDEA!

The makers of SNIETS want to find new and original ways of using this delicious food product (concentrated soups). Study the recipes on the package and see if you can suggest still another way to use SNIETS. Each week the person submitting the best idea or recipe will be mailed £1. Winners will later be announced in the Women's Weekly.

You can get SNIETS at your grocers—a 1lb. package for 1/6d. SNIETS adds nourishment, flavour and bulk to such every day dishes as stews, fish, meats, puddings, etc. Just mail your idea or recipe, accompanied by a 1p from a SNIETS package, to Mr. Stein, 14 St. Mary St., Camperdown.

SNIETS The Continental FOOD SENSATION



ONE CUBE MAKES A CUP OF DELICIOUS CHICKEN BROTH

Made by the makers of ANCHOVETTE

Harry Peck & Co. Ltd., London

KEEP HEALTHY

keep young

CONSTIPATION

is often the cause of

PREMATURE OLD AGE

Constipation is a POISONER. It clogs the body with impurities, weakens stomach, liver and kidneys and makes you look old before your time. But there's one remedy that will make you feel, look and ACTUALLY BE BETTER—Beecham's Pills. They purify, regulate and cleanse the system, tone up the internal organs and free the digestion from the noxious products due to a sluggish system. Try this simple way to health TO-DAY.



Beecham's Pills
The World's Medicine.

Youthful lines for the heavier figure



Gossard's new brassiere with the "Built-up" shoulder which smooths the line over bust and shoulder. For the mature figure with heavy bust.

This Gossard foundation combines the advantages of the front-lacing corset with those of a one-piece foundation. It firmly controls the mature figure, smoothing it into youthful lines. The hip garment portion is fully adjustable through front lacing, while the perfectly fitting brassiere is separate across the front, fastening at the side. This model is of brocade and lace with a semi-low back.

GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

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Savage loveliness for your lips

... a new, more exotic lipstick!

Warm, enthralling, exciting SAVAGE colour... tempered to the subtlety of sophistication for fascinating lips. SAVAGE... actually indelible... the clear, transparent colour clings, pastefully smooth and tempting. As smart as the lipstick itself is the clever Savage case with its whirling, dancing figures. Know the thrill of savage loveliness on your lips! One of the five stirring shades of SAVAGE Lipstick is *your* shade. See them all at your favorite store. TANGIERINE... FLAME... NATURAL... BLUSH... JUNGLE.



The highly indelible
SAVAGE LIPSTICK
Savagely clings to lovely lips

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS Destroy that Dummy!

By MARY TRUBY KING

In a recent article we dealt with a few of the little difficulties which are sometimes met with in feeding baby naturally.

One would not suppose that the use of a dummy would interfere with natural feeding, yet this is another factor which militates against the fulfilment of the laws of Nature.

WHEN a baby is used to having a dummy popped into its mouth frequently throughout the day, a wrong rhythm of sucking is set up, and he no longer sucks as well as he should at feeding-times. The continual sucking of a dummy tires his jaws, lips, and tongue so that he becomes lazy at the breast, and the result of this laziness is that the mother's milk tends to decrease.

Giving a baby a dummy is a slovenly over him, hugs the cat, and then puts the dummy in his mouth! Baby (very wisely) throws his dummy as far as he can out of the pram on his afternoon outing. Mother picks it up from the pavement and as often as not gives it back to him.

The dummy habit should never be started. Like all bad habits, it is hard to break. It leads to thumb and finger sucking, among other things, which, if practised to excess, causes further de-



A CHARMING study of Mrs. Lem Callaway, only daughter of Melbourne's Lord Mayor and Lady Mayores, and her baby son, Lemuel John.

—Ronald Ruler.



habit resorted to by those who are too careless to find out the reason why baby is crying, and remove the cause.

Do not give baby a dummy with the idea that it will develop his jaws and mouth. Normal feeding supplies the ideal form of exercise for developing the teeth, nose, mouth, jaws, and adjacent parts.

Mr. T. A. Hunter, of the N.Z. Dental Association writes: "During early childhood the bones are soft and easily moulded, so that the use of any such appliance as the dummy is highly injurious."

"By its use the bones of both mouth and nose are involved. It is the cause, in

formities of the mouth and often injures the hands.

Undermines Digestion

LITTLE ones who are overtired or bored will "take to their thumbs," but the baby who is used to a dummy is by far the worst offender in this way. He feels he simply must have something to suck, and this causes a shocking waste of saliva which is normally meant to aid in the digestion of food.

The consequence is that the mother tries bitter aloes (which seldom effect a cure) or little gloves and finger-stalls in a vain effort to counteract the wrong which has been done.

More often than not these restrictions merely increase the nervous irritation of the child and do more harm than good. He will then suck the bedclothes, his frock, his toys, or anything within reach.

Check Habit

NEVER allow the dummy habit to be formed. Make up your mind right from the beginning. "My baby is NOT to have a dummy," and inform the nurses at the maternity home that you do not wish one to be used for your baby.

It is possible that weaning baby too early sets up a desire for the comfort which has been denied it, so that great consolation is found in a dummy; but this is no excuse for giving one.

Feed baby naturally till he is nine months old—this completes the natural cycle.

Of course a baby, toddler, or child should not be allowed to become overtired, but there will be occasions when this seems unavoidable, and the little thumb finds its way to the mouth in the child's going-to-sleep moments.

It would be unwise under these circumstances to further fray his nerves by forcibly withdrawing the thumb while he is still awake.

As soon as he is asleep, gently take his thumb out of his mouth and close his mouth so that he will not be sleeping with it open.

There are few children who do not at some period of their childhood suck their fingers or thumbs; but with the well-cared-for child this soon passes, and little harm is done so long as the habit is not practised to excess. When it arises from boredom, the obvious treatment is to supply suitable handwork.

THE DANGEROUS DUMMY

THE use of the dummy is often the cause of misplaced and irregular teeth.

This induces baby to breathe through the mouth and makes him susceptible to diseases of every kind.

Don't introduce baby to the dummy habit and then he won't look for it.

most cases, of what is called the V-shaped arch, interfering with proper dentition by causing the teeth to erupt irregularly and to be misplaced.

"Protrusion of teeth, in its turn, induces mouth breathing, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, etc., thereby lowering the vitality of the child and rendering it more susceptible to diseases of every kind."

Germ Carrier

THE dummy is a carrier of germs. Think how it is often left on a ribbon round baby's neck, or pinned to his frock where any exploring fly may alight on it!

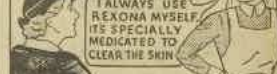
The toddler, with dummy attached, rolls on the floor, lets the dog walk all

NURSE SHOULD KNOW

MY SKIN'S SO DULL THESE DAYS I'M ASHAMED OF IT. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE TREATING IT PROPERLY, THAT'S THE TROUBLE.



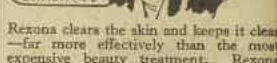
FRANKLY NURSE, WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND? YOUR OWN SKIN'S LOVELY.



I ALWAYS USE REXONA MYSELF. IT'S SPECIALLY MEDICATED TO CLEAR THE SKIN.



YOU'VE HEARD OF REXONA SOAP? THAT'S ALL I'VE USED.



I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR COMPLEXION SO CLEAR BEFORE. WHAT'S YOUR SECRET, DARLING?

Rexona clears the skin and keeps it clear—far more effectively than the most expensive beauty treatment. Rexona medicaments cleanse the surface skin and the pores as well... because it's down in the depths of the pores that skin disorders start. Use Rexona to get rid of present skin faults... and go on using it to keep them from coming back.



SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin (City or Suburb) 8/10 1/2

PRIZE BABIES

Mother tells how

Mrs. M. E. White writes:—"Having found your Infants' Powders so good for my little girl, especially during teething, I did not hesitate to give them to the two boys when they arrived, and I have not had one bad night with any of the children."

We were often told what fine babies we had, and the little girl took a prize at a baby show at the age of 23 months. Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders ensure painless and trouble-free teething. Regular and normal bowel motions are induced and good digestion is assured. They are safe and reliable and have proved their worth to thousands of babies. Always ask for



Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

Are you 'Always Tired'?

That "always tired" feeling means that your body has lost its energy and vitality. Take Wincarnis, the tonic wine, regularly and keep your blood rich and pure. Wincarnis feeds starved tissues and brings calm to jangled nerves. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist—*to-day*. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

WINCARNIS

Puts Young Blood in your veins

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT



Drink habit Remedy - 40 Years' Success

Forty years is a long time—long enough to prove beyond all doubt the power of EUCRASY to overcome the drink habit. Many unhappy homes have been transformed. May be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Harmless. Not costly. Call or write for FREE SAMPLE. Request Testimonial under plain cover.

Dept. B. The Eucrasia Co. 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

SMILING

USE your gayest china and sunny cloths for breakfast; prettiest and most colorful mats with pottery bowls, flower-filled, for luncheon; linen or lace with scintillating crystal or colored glass, gleaming silver, and flowers on the dinner table.

Tables for Wintertime Meals

By Our Home Decorator



WE lovers of sunshine dread winter. We hate those cold, bleak, rainy days and chilly, wind-swept nights which are part and parcel of the season, even in this, so-called by English people, "land of sunshine."

But even if it is dull and drear outside we can make the home within cheery.

There are many ways, of course, to accomplish this, and many of them simple and inexpensive. We can contribute to a cheery atmosphere, for instance, by giving special attention to table arrangements.

Hot, steaming, savory food is a welcome sight to the weary and cold worker at night, but why not a feast for the eyes as well? Say what you will, food tastes nicer served on an attractively set table. Appetite and digestion are stimulated.

Charm Costs Little

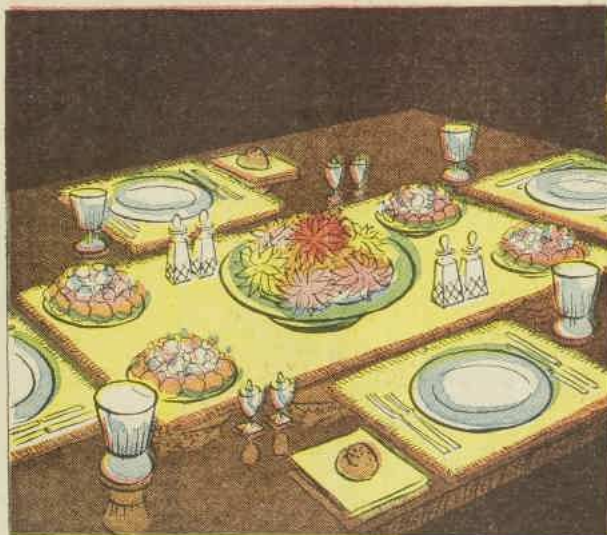
AND tables may smile so easily. Lovely china, colorful glass, clear crystal, gleaming silver and cutlery, fascinating pottery to hold flowers, mats, and all kinds of tablecloths fill the stores. They are priced to suit all purses, and just beg to be used.

Countless homemakers have availed themselves of our needlework department services and have acquired individually designed linens for the table—all in readiness for swift stitching. As a result, hundreds upon hundreds of tables are, and will be, more enchanting.

On this page I have shown you three charming tables. The large picture will appeal to every girl and woman who aims for dignity and beauty in dinner-table arrangement. It is simple, but it looks luxurious.

You see ivory lace runners

TO GREET YOU at breakfast—sunny cheer in joyously colored china and linen. No matter how drear the weather, good, sustaining food, served at a bright table, will send you off happier to face the wear and tear of the day.



A DELIGHTFULLY happy but informal luncheon table arranged for four people. Note the decoration: four small, flat bowls of flowers set at each corner of the centerpiece.

and centre-piece on honey-colored wood, azure-blue glasses and matching candlesticks, powder-blue candles; blue-and-pink banded bread-and-butter plates, fine linen serviettes. The low bowl of flowers (a happy idea on a table, for one can see other members of the family, or guests, opposite without dislocating the neck!) matches the central pink motif of the dinner plates. Note the absence of salt shakers. It is indeed a lovely table arrangement.

The small sketch of breakfast



HERE YOU SEE the effectiveness of lace used as long runners on an oblong dinner table. Colorful glass, gleaming silver, flowers matching the lovely pink motif decorating the dinner plates, lend beauty to the scene. Note also the candlesticks which match the rich blue of the glass and the candles, charming in powder-blue.

material and make up your own cloths. Or it can be cut and made into oblong or square mats, with serviettes to match.

Luncheon Table Charm

THE sketch at left is given as a suggestion for a luncheon table. In winter, when flowers are scarce, this novel arrangement allows for the charming use of short-stemmed flowers, such as nasturtiums, marigolds,

calendulas, pansies, geraniums, etc.

Because it is an oblong type of table, I have used oblong mats, for I think that the form of the table should determine the shape of mats to be used in order to gain the most artistic effect.

In the case of a round or oval table I would suggest you use round mats; on the other hand, round or square mats look equally well on an oblong table. —E.E.G.

The "Home" Train

Work over for the day, man and maid, young and old, are intent upon "getting home." All day they have been concerned with business, mostly someone else's business, for the majority of the homeward-bound travellers are salary or wage earners.

Have they—have you—found time for personal business?

The Commonwealth Savings Bank is open all day in City, Town, Village, and Country Post Office, and its convenient services are therefore easily available to all.

Opening a Savings Bank account—and using it—costs little time and no money, and it will pay you well in the long run.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

If you find the selecting of your winter's wardrobe a problem, seek your styles on this page.

They are all simple and up-to-the-minute in fashion, and the patterns are easy and reliable.

THIS week we present some very charming fashions. There is a particularly attractive quilted dressing-gown, and a very, very chic evening mode—with scarf and tipped with fur! And there are lots of street styles from which to make your choice! Patterns are inexpensive.

SMART EVENING GOWN

WW1185.—This graceful evening mode is cut on slenderising lines, as you can see, with an uplift bust effect. Fur trimming on the tie is a new note. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TRIM BUSINESS STYLE

WW1186.—Not only for business, but for smart street wear, this little winter ensemble. Note the sweet glimpses of light contrast at neck, collar, and front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

LITTLE GIRL'S STYLE

WW1187.—This dear little style is for little girls aged from 3 to 8 years, and is really chic and becoming. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FOR WOMEN OF TASTE.

WW1188.—Here's an attractive design for your winter's dress with cute neck trimming matched at the pockets. Style suitable for young and old. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, 11 yards trimming. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEW BUTTON TREATMENT

WW1189.—Buttons arranged in the effective way shown here are the very newest fashion note from Paris. They show up most effectively against the background of this sweet, simple mode with high cowl neck. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR THE FULL FIGURE

WW1190.—If you want a slimming dress and a smart style, choose this little frock, a charming winter "special," cut for the "above-slender" figure. Sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PRETTY PETTICOAT

WW1191.—If you want a slip to last and to fit, make one yourself on this pattern, which fits snugly and will not show creases. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

QUILTED DRESSING-GOWN

WW1192.—What could be smarter, cozier, for the cool mornings than this beautiful quilted dressing-gown, trimmed with frogs. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated far right, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses: A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388, G.P.O., Adelaide.
 BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1097, G.P.O., Brisbane.
 MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 125, G.P.O., Melbourne.
 NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
 SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3077, G.P.O., Sydney.
 TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathew and Co., Pty. Ltd., 100-112 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the patterns, please see addresses at our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 16/5/36.

PLEASE TO ENSURE prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child.

NOTE!



Our Three-in-One Free Pattern

Two dresses and a smart jumper blouse, cut to fit 34-inch bust.

PATTERNS for these three attractive styles, forming this week's three-in-one pattern, are now obtainable, and are free to readers.

Patterns are for a 34-inch bust, but may be adjusted to a 32-inch bust by the simple expedient of taking one inch off all round seams and hem, and for a 36-inch bust by adding one inch.

Material required for blouse: 2 yards, 36 inches wide.

No. 2, frock, requires 4 1-8th yards.

No. 3, frock with pretty tie, requires 4 1/2 yards, 36-inch wide material.

To obtain pattern, fill in coupon at far left, enclose 1d. stamp, and address to our offices—or you may obtain it by calling in with coupon.



THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BEAUTY GOES to the BALL

To the Party...
or Smart Dance

Fragrant, Dainty,
Perfectly Groomed,
and Looking Her
Loveliest!

HAVE you heard a girl or woman say, when giving her face a dash of powder, her lips a smear of scarlet in cloakroom or bedroom—“Great Scott, I look like nothing on earth to-night?” You inwardly agree, but outwardly contradict.

NOT over-interested (for this is a selfish world), you look round and note other frocks other faces, give your own well-groomed hair a pat, and thank your lucky stars you had the sense to get things ready a day or two beforehand, and so allow yourself extra time for dressing. To look radiant and lovely at a ball, dance, or party, you must begin early enough. A shampoo and set and an extra special manicure must be had the day before. Both are longish jobs requiring time and care.

There must be no defects, so make sure your clothes are in order. See that there are no creases, untidy shoulder straps, clips that only half-fasten, shoes minus button or buckle, ladders in your stockings. See that you have dainty undies in the size and shape that will not bulk or show under your evening frock, and which also are not too transparent if the material of your frock is diaphanous.

Actual preparations for a very special occasion can—and should—border on the luxurious.

If you're a business woman or have had a tiring day, a ten-minute rest before dressing makes such a difference to the whole evening.



If A GIRL at party or dance looks fresh, sweet, and radiantly lovely, it can only be because she is well-groomed right down to the last finishing touch—like charming Anne Shirley, the R.K.O. star pictured above.

Then a bath, not too hot, even if you love them that way, with a generous handful of perfumed crystals, tablets, essence, or eau-de-cologne. While the bath is filling, dust some talc (matching the perfume of bath salts, etc., soap, and face powder) into your stockings. Dust a little, also, into the folds of your undies. The work of a second, but a help to daintiness.

Now cover the face and throat with skin food—and into the bath. Relax for a little while. Forget you have had a tiring day, forget you are going out.

After five minutes or so, scrub yourself vigorously. Stand under the cold shower (if you can) and then dry yourself thoroughly. Dust with talc, apply a deodorant to the armpits and slip into your dressing-gown.

Dressing Up

RINSE the cream off your face and apply an astringent, and give your eyes a bath—it only takes a few moments.

By
Evelyn

jacket so that powder or cream will not go where they don't belong.

Use your nourishing cream (or whatever kind of powder base you use) lightly. Apply rouge.

Remember, rouge must be carefully applied. It must be carefully worked in and blended with the rest of the face so that it vanishes imperceptibly into the skin on all sides.

The oval face may be flattered through placing the rouge in a triangle—the wide side coming on a line under the eyes and tapering down evenly to an indefinite point. Rouge should be worked out towards the ear and then down.

The round face requires an illusion of length which may be obtained by placing the rouge high up on the cheekbones underneath the eyes, working it in towards the nose, and then downwards but not below the centre of the face.

The long face requires rouge spread over a large surface and placed away from the cheekbones and low on the face.

Powder Skilfully

PAT on, don't rub in. Powder neck and back with the same powder as that used for the face. Remove surplus powder with a silk handkerchief or special soft brush.

Touch up your eyes if you like it. The tiniest drop of oil on your eyelids is recommended. A tracing of cream should be applied to your lips before the lipstick. A drop of oil or a little vaseline can be applied after the lipstick.

And, after arranging your hair, spray it lightly with perfume, also the lobes of ears and the hands.

And so beauty goes to the party cool and dainty, her make-up entrancingly natural and the details of her appearance just right in everything.

Now you are ready to get into your slim-fitting undies, your stockings, shoes, and dress. Put on your frock before you make up—lots of frocks have been spoiled with lipstick because the face was “fixed” first. You can slip on a light dressing-

THERE IS NOTHING “JUST AS GOOD”!

Do not be misled into thinking you can buy something “just as good” as Eno's “Fruit Salt.” World reputation shows definitely that Eno is unique as civilisation's most efficient and pleasant aid to good health. At the prices shown below the buying of questionable imitations is obviously absurd.

Eno's “Fruit Salt” taken regularly is the natural way to ensure internal cleanliness. It is gentle in action and pleasant to take, and contains nothing injurious, such as harsh mineral salts and so can be safely taken by young and old. Get a bottle to-day and prove for yourself that the world-wide reputation of Eno's “Fruit Salt” is well founded. In Winter, if preferred, Eno can be taken in water with the chill off.



REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE
costs only

and double
quantity
2'3 3'9

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and “Fruit Salt” are registered trade marks.
Sales Agents: The British Harbottle & Buxton Co. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: My rapidly greying hair is giving me a great deal of worry as I am still quite young. What is the common reason of this development?

AS we grow older, our hair tends to turn grey. This, however, does not usually occur until we are past middle life. Few reach fifty, whether men or women, who do not have at least a few grey or white hairs.

The greying of the hair is not a disease.

In itself. Certain diseases, however, may produce grey hair. Gout is one of these. Neuritis and rheumatism are others. Nervous disorders may grey the hair.

Emotional shocks or a severe order may turn the hair grey rather quickly, although it is doubtful whether, as is reported, Marie Antoinette's hair turned grey overnight when she was made prisoner at the outbreak of the French Revolution.



BY A DOCTOR

One should not look upon greyness as an indication that senility is rapidly approaching.

This seems to be rather a common notion and undoubtedly has a lot to do with the anxiety with which people hide any evidence of greyness by means of hair dyes.

Certain individuals undoubtedly inherit a disposition to greyness, especially premature greyness. Sometimes certain members of a family will turn grey not only at a certain age, but even in the same places.

Health Big Factor

THE color of the hair depends upon certain pigment granules which are to be found in the middle layer of the skin. These pigment granules float in an oily fluid in the cells of the skin.

Air is also found in some of these cells. When the hair turns grey, there is more air in the cells and less oil than before.

The original natural color of the hair depends upon the combination of the pigment granules and the amount of oily fluid.

Scientists claim that only two main colors of these pigment granules exist—reddish-yellow and brown. All shades of hair are based on these color combinations.

The best and only way to put off greying of the hair is to lead a healthy and well-regulated life. It is really surprising that so many people fear grey hair or are ashamed of it. Often it is most common. Never is it a disgrace.

A cup of **BOVRIL**
gives immediate
invigoration and
lasting strength

—Take it DAILY



BOVRIL is the power
of prime lean beef

Says the OLD GARDENER

Good drainage is a most essential factor. In heavy soils if you build up the beds the excessive water must naturally drain away, while air and light pass through the soil and so

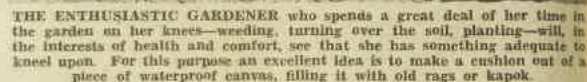
Another thing to remember is that the darker the soil the less its attraction to the sun's rays. White or light sandy soil will attract the sun and become much hotter than dark, heavy soil, so that you can see the advantage of putting on a thick mulch of old straw, leaves, decayed grass, or manure.

Have you ever studied the capillary action of the soil? Experiment for yourself. Place a flower not filled with

In drills, sow seeds of carrot, onion, parsnip, peas, parsley, spinach, white turnip. For salads, sow lettuce, radish, onion, cress, mustard. Plant asparagus roots, hardy herbs, rhubarb, celery in trenches, eschalots, garlic, horse-radish.

fairly dry soil into a shallow vessel of water. You will notice the water rises to the surface of the soil. The soil is made up of tubes, and through these tubes the moisture finds its way to the surface. So, during the hot days, or even at any time, to retain the moisture in the soil you must either mulch or keep the surface few inches well worked. The mulching covers the holes or tubes and prevents evaporation, and the working of the surface breaks up the capillary action. This is also why, on many occasions, I have constantly advised, when watering, to give a light, thorough soaking about twice a week. This method is much more successful than the daily light watering, which primes those capillary-like tubes ready for the sun to pump out all the moisture from them.

FOR instance, a pump will not draw water from the well until it is primed, but the moment this is done you can go and pump the well dry. The same thing applies to the watering of the garden.



or grains. When a really thorough watering is given the water forms a film round the soil grains, the excess water then drains to the bottom (that is, if the ground is deeply dug and properly prepared), hence the necessity for good drainage.

An interesting result of draining is that, while it removes water from the soil, it renders the garden less subject to drought in dry weather. Drainage removes water from the soil, and by doing so permits of easier tillage, and also raises the temperature and naturally gives earlier crops.

The chief advantages of good drainage

1. Larger root development with a larger feeding surface.

2. The crops can absorb and send up water to the leaves with greater vigor.
3. A better and quicker decay of humus is encouraged, and the noxious humic acids formed are destroyed.
4. Nitrification is encouraged.

6. The soil temperature is improved. These, then, are essential operations that are necessary to ensure complete success—soil preparation, trenching, manuring, the sowing of seed, pruning, watering, cultivation, transplanting, etc., all of which represent the principal considerations.

Next week I will take you through the methods of rose pruning and general attention to the rose bed during the winter months.

If you are troubled by any of these symptoms, be on your guard against Constipation.

Dizziness
 Lassitude
 Headaches
 Biliousness
 Irritability
 Nervousness
 Thinness or Obesity
 Lack of Concentration
 Itchy or Pimpley Skin

Take Nyal FIGSEN, the natural, pleasant laxative which relieves Constipation *without purging, griping, or forming a habit.* Nyal FIGSEN is sold by all chemists, 1/3 for 24 Tablets.

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of
Nylol Figure to The Nylol Company,
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ADDRESS _____

The Cammermeiser is a "money-spinner" for cut-flower growers and gardeners. It is also a wonderful asset for home gardeners. It is also Africa exports millions of glooms a year to England and Europe. The buds open and flower perfectly in Australia. The glooms are like creamy-white stiletto tuberoses—burst in large flower heads on long strong stems. Ideal for garden decoration and for cutting. The flowers last perfectly fresh for months. Plant buds now for early flowering. PRICE, \$2 each, 5-2 dozen. SPECIAL OFFER, 10-2 dozen.

Be fast to yourself. Read "Gardening Simplified" and learn to garden easily and successfully. 163 pages of practical information for 25¢ Post Free.

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298-299 George St., and 100 Pitt St., Sydney.
Buy 168828 C.P.O. Phone: BW-1023, 2-6002

Over the rim of the horizon, the moon, like
silver disc, gave forth its shining beams to
thrust the darkness of the night.

REYNOLDS, of King's Cross (N.S.W.), writes a very delightful letter. F.V. BALDWIN, of Dunedun (N.S.W.), is fond of painting. CYNTHIA CROCKFORD, 728, Col-

road, Nth. Toowong IN A JAPANESE GAI
Street, Ginn

EDEN. Petre of A/- to JOHN FINCH, Beulah
dah, N.S.W., for this original sketch.

UNE ANDERSON, of Roma (Qld.), is busy sketching; JOHN FENGELLEY, of Traarua (S.A.), written an interesting letter; JEAN TCHILL, of Vasco (N.S.W.), does clay

Change in Address," said the booking-clerk. "Oh, no. You can't rewrite me like that!" said the careful lad. "I'll take my change here."

Price Card to ANITA THOMPSON, 4101 E. 1st Ave., Wash. D. C.

Page 46124

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

LOOK SUMPTUOUS in an Appliqued Evening Wrap

Armed with our expertly-cut pattern, applique transfer, and materials, you can acquire luxurious smartness and look as enchanting as the model sketched here.

CLINGING black velvet and lustrous white moire are the materials suggested for this distinctive wrap. Note the applique spray of white on black at the back and at shoulder. The stand-up collar, too, is lined with the moire—this is both youthful and alluring.

We suggest that you send at once for pattern and transfer. The pattern costs 1/-; the large transfer for the applique work and specially designed for the wrap also costs 1/-.

By the way, cloaks hail from the Grecian era under the name of "Chlamys," but not till the third century were they highly patterned in appliques of gold and rich coloring.

Here we keep to a more abstract and simple form of decorative value, working in white moire silk for the applique and black velvet for the cape itself. Please, in the interests of chic, choose white moire for the lining.

Materials and Making

THREE and a quarter yards of 36-inch velvet (if a longer cape is necessary, an extra 12 yards will be required; cut this length down the centre between the two selvages. Join the two narrow edges together, finally stitching this strip to the selvage of the main piece).

Three and a quarter yards of white moire silk, 1 yard of black moire. Each 36 inches wide; 3 yard of canvas; 3 skeins of white embroidery silk and two of black.

Fold material and cut edge to width required for pattern; place pattern to fold, chalk, and cut material 1/2 inch outside chalk line. Make a repeat cutting in lining.

Fold remaining piece of velvet, selvage to selvage, with collar pattern to fold as indicated; chalk and cut in usual manner.

Now make a repeat cutting in black moire silk for front collar facing. Again use the collar pattern when cutting the canvas interlining, placing pattern to bias of material, this time allowing a centre-back seam and only a 1/2-inch inlay.

Press transfer on the right side of moire (white), tack into position on cape, watching sketch closely (if seaming the back drape and shoulder dart will help you in this do so).

To prevent the applique from slipping, tack it down very firmly and cut round edge of section to be worked immediately. Cutting the whole of the applique out before work destroys the line.

Buttonhole or satin-stitch the leaves and stem in white embroidery silk, and the veining in black. When complete, press carefully by standing the iron on end and pulling the wrong side of velvet over the flat of the iron.

Collar and Lining

STITCH the centre-back seam of canvas lining, press open seam, place the right sides of moire and velvet together. Now place the two collars to the canvas, one with the wrong side of velvet to canvas; tack and stitch outside edge, leaving neckline free. Turn out, tack and press.

Place centre-back of velvet and canvas collar to that of cloak, with right sides together, tack from centre to collar ends; stitch. Now tack moire facing to neckline.

Stitch the back drape and shoulder dart of lining. Pin the right side of moire to right side of velvet with centre-backs matching both at top and bottom of cape, tack round the bottom and up the fronts to meet the collar, stitch; relieve tacking.

Taped weights should be used at this bottom inside-edge if a graceful hang of the drape is desired. They can be purchased by the yard and stitched to the velvet side of the seam. The pull is then on the velvet.

Turn lining to inside, pull well up to neckline and catch the lining and the velvet together on the inside at the drape and shoulder seams. This prevents the lining from working out of position. Now turn in neckline and hem neatly to collar. Press carefully.

A modest clip or buckle may be used to fasten at the front where the collar terminates, but please don't allow it to detract from the applique.

THIS LUXURIOUS velvet cloak, made more distinctive and "different" with moire applique and lining, may be yours at little cost. Hand-cut pattern costs 1/-, transfer for the applique, 1/-.

Silk Purse in Moss Stitch

Gold-colored, tissue-ribbon lined, it is a dainty accessory for the young party girl.

"**M**ISS TWELVE-TO-FOURTEEN" seems to think that big sister has all the most ravishing things to herself . . . quite forgets that young girls love pretty things, and, too, yearns to own a bevy of smart accessories.

BUT here's something that you can make yourself, little girl (that is, if you can knit—and if you can't, get mother or grandmother to do it), the daintiest of little evening bags. It is so pretty that even big sister will be "on the borrow."

You need little of materials, and the cost is small. Here are the necessities, listed, and directions for making:

Materials: 1 reel of Leader silk (gold shade), a pair of No. 16 steel needles, a big mount 3 inches wide, 1 of a yard of gold tissue ribbon, 3 1/2 inches wide.

Making: Cast on 50 sts. Knit into the back of the cast on sts. and work in moss-stitch, which is worked in this way:

Row 1: Knit 1, purl 1, to end of row.
Row 2: Knit the knitted sta. and purl the purl sts. of the previous row.

Work for 8 1/2 inches and cast off.
Line with the ribbon, fold in half, and sew up each side for 2 1/2 inches, then sew to mount with gold thread.



THIS, THE sweetest of knitted moss-stitch evening bags for the young party girl, can be made swiftly and with ease.

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

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Here they are! The latest and brightest ideas in embroidery. On sale at every needlework shop (or use the coupon below). Each design easily adaptable to a hundred-and-one applications. See the full range of leaflets today—and embroider your chosen design in the threads that really do it justice.

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Anchor Stranded Cotton.
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To P.O. Box 10047, Melbourne, or P.O. Box 2278E, Sydney, or P.O. Box 1000N, Perth.
I enclose . . . in stamps for "Happiness is Catching", "Margaret Tea Caddy", "Summer in the Snow Gutter", "Modern Embroidery", "Kappa Stripes" (leaflets not required).

Launceston Set. (Price 2d. each — post free.)

Backache

NATURE'S WARNING OF KIDNEY TROUBLE



Weak, inflamed or over-worked kidneys cause those down-dragging pains

BACKACHE A SYMPTOM

Backache, while in itself painful, is but a sign of some deep-seated trouble threatening your health. Because your kidneys are inflamed, clogged with impurities, or sluggish, they start aching.

THE REAL DANGER

In this state your kidneys cannot do the work Nature has planned for them. They are allowing impurities to remain, spreading poisons to your whole system. Do not run the risk of a health breakdown. Start a course of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day. Your back will stop aching. Your joint or muscular pains will go. You will feel brighter, happier and healthy, because your kidneys are once again doing their work.

GET TO THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE
Before you can hope to find relief from crippling pain your kidneys must be made to work perfectly, and they must be cleared of all impurities that impede their work

DeWITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

BRING RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

Suspect Kidneys if you have
BACKACHE
RHEUMATISM
JOINT PAINS
or any Urinary Irregularities

De WITT'S PILLS are made for the special purpose of ending rheumatism, backache and the pain and weakness caused by kidney or bladder trouble. They will rid you of your pain and their splendid tonic action will bring back renewed vigour and vitality.

3/6
or the larger, more economical size, containing 2 1/2 times the quantity—
6/6

ANOTHER Smart KNITTED JUMPER!

One of the very latest designs to reach us from overseas, it is destined to bring cosy chic to your midwinter wardrobe...

THIS is the first knitted jumper we have presented this season fashioned from the popular and hard-wearing homespun wool. The chosen wool is in fawn with nigger-and-orange colored fleck. The effect, as you can see, is delightful.

A happy contrast is afforded by the use of nigger Kanastra wool, which makes the deep, shaped cuffs and trims the neckline and front. Orange buttons, matching exactly the orange color of the fleck, add to its chic. A brown suede belt finishes the waistline.

THE jumper itself is worked in a simple rib-stitch which the amateur will find easy to manipulate.

Order your wool; better still, buy it next time you go shopping, follow these directions, and you'll have a delightful garment in readiness for the bleaker days and nights to come.

Materials Required: 10 skeins of homespun wool flecked with brown and orange; 2 skeins of brown Kanastra wool; 9 buttons, 1 brown suede belt; Nos. 10, 12 and 8 bone needles.

Measurements: Width all round underarm, 34 inches; sleeve seam, 20 inches; length from shoulder to hip-line, 23 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stocking-stitch; st., stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; rep., repeat; tog., together; beg., beginning; knit into backs of all cast-on sts. to form a firm edge.

The Back

USING No. 10 needles and homespun wool cast on 100 sts., beginning first row, p. 1, k. 1 to end of row. 2nd row: K. 1, p. 1; repeat these two rows five times; on last row inc. sts. to 102. With right side of work towards you k. 6, p. 2 ending k. 6. Next row: Purl.

Work in pattern for 6 rows; on next row dec. 1 st. each end of needle every 6 rows until there are 92 sts. on needle, work on straight for 41 inches. Next row: Inc. 1 st. each end of needle every 6th row until there are 102 sts. on needle again; continue in pattern for 14 more rows.

How to Work Armhole

CAST off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of needle for next five rows, work in pattern without dec. for next 17 rows. On next row, pattern 37, cast off two sts. Pattern 37 sts. Next row: Purl back to cast-off sts., join on another ball of wool for other

Latest Time-saver For Knitters

A **SPLendid** little invention that dispenses with tedious wool-winding is now on the market. It is a triangular metal gadget that may be clamped to anything—chair-back, door, or shelf. Round its three arms you put your skein of wool, adjusting it to the size you want, then you sit down in front of it and knit, pulling the wool from the holder as you would from the ball. It is portable, too, folding up into a handy size.

side, purl to end of row, work in pattern until armhole measures 23in.

Right Shoulder: With right side of work towards you pattern nineteen sts., cast off 18 sts.

Left Shoulder: Cast off 18 sts., pattern 19 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Turn. Pattern to last 5 sts., turn and purl back.

Next Row: Pattern to last 10 sts.

Turn and purl back.

Next Row: Pattern to last 15 sts.

Turn and purl back.

Cast off. Work left shoulder the same.

Front and Neck

WORK the front exactly as for back, casting off for armholes exactly the same, then work in pattern for 28 rows.

DIRECTIONS FOR NECK:

Pattern for 35 sts., cast off 6 sts., pattern to last 35 sts., turn and purl back to last 2 sts. on needle, k. 2 tog. at neck end for every row until there are 19 sts.

on needle, now work 12 rows in pattern. Cast off. Work other shoulder to correspond.

The Sleeves

(Both Alike)

CAST on 50 sts.

on No. 12 needles and work

in a rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 41 inches.

Change to No. 10 needles and start pattern.

1st Row: P. 2, k. 6 to last 2 sts. P.

2nd Row: Purl.

Increase 1 st. each end of needle every

7th row until work measures 30 inches

from edge of cuff to underarm, now dec.

1 st. each end of needle every row until

8 sts. remain. Cast off.

The Cuffs

ON No. 8 needles and with Kanastra

wool cast on 35 sts., work in st.-st.

and increase 1 st. each end of needle on

every knit row until work measures 4

inches.

For Buttonhole: P. 9, cast off 2 sts.,

work to last 11 sts., cast off 2 sts., p. 9.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st., k. 9, cast on 2 sts.

above the 2 cast-on sts., work to last 9

sts. Cast on 2 sts., k. to end of row,

increasing 1 st. Inc. 1 st. each end every

k. row for another inch. Cast off.

Do the other cuff exactly the same.

Neckband and Tie

JOIN shoulder seams and pick up 106

sts. with No. 10 needles and Kanastra

wool. Knit 1 row.

2nd Row: P. 2, cast off 4 sts., p. to last

6 sts. Cast off 4 sts., p. 2.

3rd Row: K. 2, cast on 4 sts., k. to last

2 sts. Cast on 4 sts., k. 2.

4th Row: Cast off 48 sts., p. 10 sts.

with a No. 8 needle, then cast off last 48

sts.

Join ball of wool on to sts. on spare

needle and work on No. 8 needles in *

st.-st. for 3 inches. Next Row: K. 4

sts. Cast off 2 sts., k. last 4 sts.

Next Row: P. 4 sts., cast on 2 sts., p. 4.

Rep. from * twice.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. each end of every

row until there are 2 sts. left on needle.

K. 2 tog.

To Make Up

PRESS all knitting very lightly with a

damp cloth, sew up side seams and

sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, sew cuffs on,

and buttons to correspond with button-

holes.

Make flogger buttons for cuffs and back

of neck by sewing 2 buttons close to-

gether with brown wool.



THIS DELIGHTFUL JUMPER, fashioned from fawn homespun wool, flecked with nigger and orange, is worked in a simple rib-stitch. Kanastra wool in a nigger shade makes the deep, shaped cuffs, the neckband and the front, which buttons on to the jumper. These buttons repeat the orange note. They also trim the cuffs and fasten the neck at the back. A brown suede belt finishes the waistline.

A NOURISHING BEDTIME DRINK

—AND QUICKLY MADE

Take a cup of Robinson's "Patent" Groats before settling down and you'll enjoy a good night's sleep. When you are worried or overtired Robinson's "Patent" Groats makes the most soothing night-cap.



"GOODNIGHT" MEANS GOOD NIGHT AFTER

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GROATS

Our recipe book tells you how Robinson's "Patent" Groats can be used in all sorts of fascinating ways. Free of charge to all who send 10/- to Robinson's "Patent" Groats, Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2533, M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.

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Here's a
COSY
WAISTCOAT
to knit in
VIYELLA



Give HIM a surprise—and for the free instructions and knit him this waistcoat in Viyella. He'll appreciate the fact that—because it is made in Viyella—it never shrinks or fades, and you know, of course, that even if you do not buy enough yarn in the first place you can always match Viyella exactly any time afterwards—that's guaranteed.

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UNSHRINKABLE
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Write to: Viyella & Co. Ltd., Box

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Please send me free instructions

for garment illustrated. I en-

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So that's what causes CONSTIPATION"

There is nothing mysterious about the reason why some people suffer from constipation and others don't. It all depends upon the proper working of the muscles of the intestines—and that depends upon their supply of Vitamin B.

So deficient is modern diet in Vitamin B that doctors will tell you that, to remain fit, you need an additional 300 units of Vitamin B, every day. A tablespoonful of BEMAX supplies you with this.

Do not be lulled into a false sense of security by statements that this or that food contains an "adequate" supply of Vitamin B; the actual quantities vary enormously. For example, Wholemeal Bread and "Malt" Foods contain only 10 units of Vitamin B, per ounce, Bran and Milk only 12 units, whereas BEMAX contains no less than 400 units.

Be on the safe side, then, and take BEMAX regularly. It is definitely the safest and most agreeable way of obtaining the extra Vitamin your system needs.

you're bound to benefit from

BEMAX

8 International Units of Vitamin B, in every tablespoonful.

From Chemists and Stores.
A 6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult.

WHITENS SKIN ENDS FRECKLES.

The most sallow, leathery skin clear, smooth and whiter—when Kathleen Court's Lemon Bleaching Cream is used. Freckles GO—grey, dull back of neck freckles, "muddy" arms and legs become attractively creamy-white when this real-lemmon beauty-cream is used. 2/6 of better Chemists and Stores. Get KATHLEEN COURT'S Lemon Bleaching Cream if you want real results.



Are you 'reducing'?
Radox will help!

BEAUTY experts recognise Radox as an indispensable factor in any method of weight reduction, for whether you rely on diet or exercise, those Radox baths (extra strong for reducing) are a decided help towards the attainment of slimmer lines. And the Radox way is so very simple. Twice a week add the necessary quantity of Radox to your hot bath (complete instructions are included in every packet). Once you have reduced your weight to normal, a Radox reducing bath now and then will help to keep your figure slim.

At all chemists: 3oz. Packet 2/6
DOUBLE SIZE PACKET 3/9

RADOX

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SORE, ACHING MUSCLES

Get Ease and Comfort
with SLOAN'S . . .

Your muscles are likely to be stiff and sore if you work hard for long hours. When your muscles ache, pat SLOAN'S Liniment on the affected area.

SLOAN'S sends fresh blood straight to the spot. Right away you will feel the warmth and beneficial effects of SLOAN'S through its counter-irritant action.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

"WOMEN GOLF 'PROS.' will Make Men PLAY BETTER!"

Lou Kelly on Visit of Enid Wilson and Helen Hicks

By RUTH PREDDY

The proposed visit of Miss Enid Wilson, the famous British golfer, to Australia next year has already caused a stir in golfing circles.

Associates will be particularly well catered for within the next twelve months, and these visits of famous overseas players, coupled with the already increasing popularity of golf, will eventually provide golf clubs with a problem as to how to cater for the increases in membership.

IN July Miss Helen Hicks, the American woman golf professional, will tour Australia with Gene Sarazen.

She will be the first woman golf professional to visit Australia, and already she has caused a stir in the ranks of the associates, as well as those of the professionals. At first it was thought

Mr. Lou Kelly, the golf professional who recently returned from America, was greatly in favor of the women professionals being allowed to play in the open championships.

"I would be quite pleased to play with either Helen Hicks or Enid Wilson," he said. "Some men think playing with women would not be proper, but I am of the opinion that it would improve the

game. A man would concentrate more determinedly, for he would hate to be beaten by a woman, no matter how good she was."

"I saw Bebe Diederickson when I was in California, and she is a most spectacular player. She drives from the men's tees, and can send the ball nearly as far as many of the men champions."

The visit of these women champions will greatly benefit the Australian associates and should improve the standard of play of our women.

Miss Enid Wilson, who is expected out here next year, has won the British women's open championship three years in succession, and has represented Britain in many of the international matches played against other countries. This was prior to her turning professional.

Sandwiched in between the visit of Helen Hicks and Enid Wilson, is the proposed visit of Mrs. Walker, the present holder of the Australian championship. Mrs. Walker stated some time ago that she proposed defending her title when the championships are played in Adelaide in August.

Meantime Australian associates will have a special interest in the British women's golf championship, which commences in England on May 15, and for which a record entry has been received, including Miss Peggy Nankivill, of the Royal Melbourne Club.



MISS ENID WILSON, the English woman golfer, who will visit Australia next year.

that she would not be able to compete in the open championships; then the associates were in a quandary as to whether they would be able to play with her in non-competitive games.

Our Olympic Women Bid Farewell to Australia

This week the Olympic Games competitors start on their journey to Berlin, where they will uphold the honor of Australia and probably bring back with them fame and the world's championship titles.

THE retirement of Miss Clare Dennis, the holder of the Olympic and Empire Games championships for breast-stroke swimming, was a severe loss, but, despite this, the other women competitors are all

keen, and determined, if possible, to produce their best form abroad.

In a farewell message given to The Australian Women's Weekly they all expressed thanks for the way in which the public had supported their claims, and had shown their confidence in their ability to win.

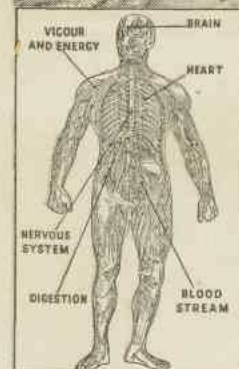
Miss Pat Norton, the baby of the team, said she felt her most serious rivals for the backstroke title would be Rie Mastenbroek, of Holland, and Eleanor Holm, of America. Miss Holm is the Olympic title-holder for the 100 metres backstroke.

Miss Kitty Mackay said: "I will be flat out all the way in my race, which I hope to win. I think my most serious rivals will be the two Dutch swimmers, one of whom is Willy den Ouden."

Miss Doris Carter will be the only woman from Australia to compete in the high jump. She is on the staff of the Preston South State School, but has made arrangements to visit England after the Empire Games, and will most likely stay there and study.

Mrs. G. Ferguson, the chaplain, is sure the girls will prove a great advertisement for Australia. "I have yet to meet Miss Carter and Miss de Lacy," she said, "but I am assured that they are just as nice as the other members of the team. You can assure everyone that we will uphold the honor of the country."

BUILD YOURSELF UP FOR WINTER



Every ingredient in Clements Tonic is the finest and purest available. It is included for a specific purpose—to act beneficially upon the nerve, bone and muscle structures, in correct balance in the blood and weakness in the various organs, to build up and strengthen bodily tissues. It is a complete tonic, from which nothing is omitted in order to produce the perfect.

Prices in capital cities, 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

There is no Substitute



Summer's toll on the system leaves it severely devitalized and in urgent need of building up before Winter finds out the weak spots. A course of Clements Tonic now will help Nature to restore the blood stream to normal, to correct digestive disorders and soothe nerves tattered by the strains of overwork and worry during the most trying period of the year. Thousands of sufferers throughout Australia have testified to the genuine and lasting benefits they have received from Clements Tonic. Let their experience be your guide.

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Quality with Service and Style, 10/6 to 12/-.
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LATEST OPERA AND TOP HATS.
51 PHILLIP ST., B1107, Opp. Dotan's Garage.
Shaw's New Dress Suit Hiring Co.

FARMER'S



15/9

Sterling Silver Kid.



Reno evening shoes

follow the latest oversea fashion advice which says

show your toes

Over came the news straight from Paris that it's fashionable to show your toes. So Farmer's sent out to secure the largest selection of toeless Sandals in Australia. And we've done it. Here are four very lovely examples from the "Reno" range.

Here's Norlanta—just a dainty flash of gold or silver to sparkle beneath your swirling skirt. Such a popular sandal, it has become a standard whereby evening shoes are judged. 22 carat gold. German Kid, 21/-. Sterling Silver Kid, 15/9.

At left. Charming toeless sandal in German Silver Kid, scarf front, dainty Louis heel.



23/9

Third Floor.



18/9

Above. German Silver Kid toeless sandal, enhan heels. 27/9. Also in black or white anti 18/9.

At right. Plated gold, and real gold, top. An aristocrat of authentic styling. Gold 39/9, or silver 35/9.



35/-

Plenty for Mail Orders. Write to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney.

NEVA WET! AMAZING NEW PROCESS that makes your clothes shed water like a duck's back, is being demonstrated by Farmer's. You can either buy garments ready **NEVA-WETTED**—have Farmer's **NEVA WET** your clothes—or buy **NEVA WET** (2/- bottle) and process your own garments. See demonstration on ground floor.

GIRL'S COAT with new tricks in back and revers

65/-

Smart Miss 12 to 16 has been demanding just such a coat as this—very chic and gallant, but with the young sort of neckline, collar, etc., to keep it from being too sophisticated. Boucle tweed in brown/fawn, fawn/brown, blue/grey. Sizes, 36 to 45. 65/- to 72/6. Second Floor.



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9/11 value

Wanted Colours, in plain or marle effects.

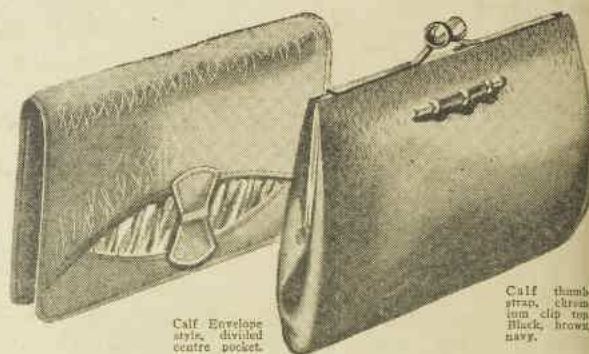
New "Neva Wetted" Sports

Neva-Wetted! That means it sheds water like a duck's back! And we're quite sure that nothing else but rain could hamper the jaunty good looks of this very adaptable little felt in every new shape and colour. Price, only 6/11. On the Third Floor.



FLOWER SHOP

Now it's situated just inside the George Street doorway. And busy celebrating its new location with a magnificent display of seasonable blooms. Bouquets, posies, etc., to order.



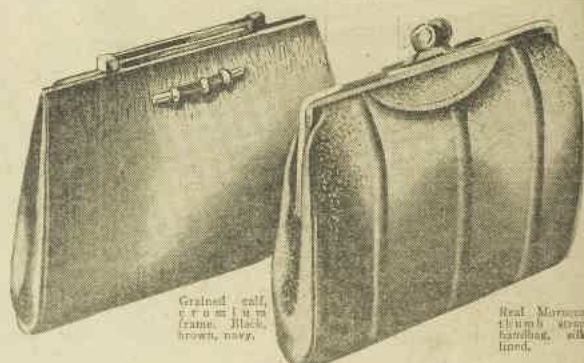
Calf Envelope style, divided centre pocket.

Calf thumb strap, chromium clip top. Black, brown, navy.

15/6 BAGS 10/6

This season's moroccos and calfs amazingly reduced

Absolutely the kind of bags for which you'd willingly pay 15/6 and even more. In smooth calf, plain and grain leathers, and attractive moroccos. Mostly with luxurious chromium fittings—all with centre pockets and mirrors. Phone or Mail orders if you wish.



Grained calf, chromium frame. Black, brown, navy.

Real Morocco thumb strap, chromium hardware, silk lined.

you're warm

in pure

WOOL

11/9

Flannelette Pyjama

Warm flannelette—a quality that won't flinch at wear or winter. Soft finish; pink or daffodil yellow. S.W., W., O.S.

9/11

Cosy Nightgown

A nightgown in high grade British flannelette with silk worked designs and scallops. Pink, daffodil, white. S.W., W., O.S.

Mail Orders to P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney.

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Cami - Knicker

Shetland Wool! It never shrinks. Ideal for evenings, as it has a low back that the slightest gown won't reveal. Pink or cream. S.W., W., O.S.



13 MAY 1936

The ISLE of ATONEMENT

By . . .
Michael Raymond

Complete Book-Length Novel

FREE SUPPLEMENT
TO THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
ISSUE of MAY 16, 1936



This Supple-
ment Must
Not Be Sold
Separately.

THE ISLE OF ATONEMENT

By MICHAEL RAYMOND

CHAPTER 1



THE sun blazed down from a blue sky, and the slow white rollers of the tropic sea climbed up the broad coral beach. It was the hour of noon, and a great stillness lay over the island. Even the gaudy birds which nested in the dense and impenetrable vegetation beyond the blindingly sunlit beach seemed to be asleep.

A few palm trees were scattered along the semi-circular strand, leaning at all angles, like sentinels keeping watch over the primal fastnesses. Under the largest of these a group of men and women lay in attitudes of miserable lassitude. There were five men and two women in all. Two of the men were obviously sailors—rather sullen creatures, whose jaws moved as they chewed wads of tobacco and gazed fixedly at the placid sea. The remaining three males were vastly different. The eldest one, attired in a suit of white duck, now much creased, and covered with sand and small pieces of seaweed, was Nicholas Beresford, a wealthy business man from Brisbane. His near neighbor—Priestly—a solemn-looking, spectacled man of about the same age—bore the mark of his calling in his clerical collar. The third man was twenty-five years younger, and was named Gerald Lancaster.

Lancaster did not display so much evidence of recent shipwreck, for he was a bit of a dandy, and hated to be unfidy. He was good-looking—handsome, even, and his dark hair was parted exactly in the centre, and flattened out over his temples. His attitude was that of solemn boredom, and he occasionally glanced at the two seamen with an air of contempt, glances that were returned with interest when either of them caught his eye.

THE two women were as different from one another as was Lancaster from Priestly. The younger was the daughter of Beresford—named Lola. She was twenty, and as fair as Lancaster was dark. Her hair blew wildly untamable about her, and was encrusted with salt from the sea. She had discarded her shoes and stockings, and sat with her arms round her knees, in a state of deep reflection. Unlike the others, her face bore no signs of gloom, for she had long since accepted the situation, and was now endeavoring to prove the future.

As she gazed for a moment at the sleeping woman beside her, her lips parted in a smile. Polly Turner was a plump, grey-haired woman, with a kindly, apple-cheeked face, and felt the noontide heat more intensely than any other member of the party. She had been nurse to Lola in the old days, but since then she had fulfilled the functions of housekeeper to the Beresfords' ménage, and regarded Lola more in the nature of a daughter than

anything else. She ruled the household, including its master, but she had never quite succeeded in ruling Lola. Polly suddenly opened her eyes and rubbed them.

"Oh!" she gasped.
"What is the matter, Polly?"
"We're still—here! I dreamed we were at home."
"You've been asleep for over an hour," said Lola.
"It only seemed a minute. I—I suppose there's been no sign of a ship?"

LOLA shook her head and Beresford sighed. The Rev. Priestly adjusted his spectacles and took a little volume from his pocket. Lancaster pursed his lips as his eyes fell on the Bible.

"Doubtless we shall find some comfort here," said Priestly, pointing to the book.
"It isn't only comfort we need," said Lola. "It's food and water."
"Spiritual food is the more necessary," retorted Priestly.

Bellamy, the bigger of the two seamen, guffawed loudly and Beresford glared at him.

"Stop that noise!" he commanded haughtily.

Bellamy's face tightened and a vicious look entered his narrow eyes.

"You can stop that gab, old-timer," he growled. "Things have changed since the yacht foundered. Ferguson and me won't be bossed any longer. We're all equal on this island, and maybe we'll all die the same death. How much water is there in that barrel?"

Lola, who was near the water-barrel, put her arm round it as though she feared a raid on this precious preserve. Bellamy laughed cynically.

"All right, you can keep it, missy. What difference does a day or two make. We're right out of the track of ships and not likely to sight a sail in twelve months."

Polly shivered slightly as she heard this. "I'm terribly thirsty," she said. "Do you think, dear—"

Lola shook her head determinedly.

"No. There's but one drink apiece—a very small one—and that is for to-morrow."

Lancaster turned his head and gazed longingly at the water-barrel that, with a few other things, had been rescued on the raft.

"That man is right," he said. "What good can be done by enduring all this agony? Let us have the water now."

Beresford, whose tongue was almost hanging from his mouth, agreed.

"I can't bear it any longer," he groaned. "Father!" said Lola. "We've got to go on hoping."

"Hoping! For five long days we've hoped and hoped, and nothing has happened. Give me the jar, Lola—I will apportion the water."

Lola's eyes flashed wildly. Bellamy laughed and Ferguson stared at her. They seemed to be taking a fiendish delight in the situation. It puzzled her that in the

circumstances they could laugh. Perhaps it was because they had not suffered as the rest of the party had. She wondered how it was that their faces did not exhibit any sign of privation.

"You shall not have the water," she said tensely. "We agreed on a pint a day and we've had it. There are less than three quarts left now."

Lancaster's lips trembled. It seemed that he was on the point of forcibly taking the barrel from her when Priestly said calmly:

"Lola is right. A pact is a pact. We must abide by our oaths. And who knows what the morrow will bring. See what St. Paul says—"

"St. Paul!" snapped Lancaster. "Was he ever on a desert island with his tongue swollen and aching. This is no time for smooth words. But if we can't drink we can eat."

He stood up and secured a tin box from the raft which lay behind him. He opened it and took out some ship's biscuits. He apportioned them among the company—a bare handful to each. Lola looked inside the box and uttered a cry of alarm.

"They're all gone," she exclaimed. "These are all that lie between us and starvation. Don't eat them now—"

BUT the mere sight of food was sufficient to sweep away all considerations concerning the future. Even Priestly fell. Lola was the only one who set her teeth against her hunger. She could understand Polly, and, to a certain extent, her father and Priestly, but that Lancaster should not be able to exercise self-control disappointed her.

A little later nearly all the party were asleep or in that state of somnolence engendered by tropic heat on white men. Lola surveyed them with a winful expression. How helpless they all were! From the time that the yacht ran into the cyclone they were like children hoping for sudden deliverance from heaven. The boat containing the captain and the rest of the crew had mysteriously disappeared. The second boat had capsized, and but for the raft which had floated off the sinking yacht she and the others would be oblivious to all the torture they were now suffering. She recalled the incident in all its stark horror . . . the infernal howl of the wind, the storm-tossed sea, the struggling figures. Then the almost miraculous appearance of the raft and later the salvaging of the water-barrels . . . and biscuits that had floated away from the sunken boat. Luck had served them well and before the break of a beautiful dawn the island had loomed up. What a change from the comfortable saloon of the yacht with the lounges and cushions! What a change too, in the survivors! All their spirit had left them. Even Lancaster . . . the man to whom she was engaged . . . seemed like an empty husk.

Events were lifting back the curtain, affording her a glimpse behind the scene. It ridded her of some fond delusions. Lancaster could never be quite the same again.

The love she had for him . . . and she doubted now whether it was love . . . had suffered a cruel blow.

By the irony of fate the two surviving members of the crew were the worse elements of it. They were the two men who had been engaged at the last minute. It seemed useless to look to them for help. Priestly implored aid from heaven and the rest did nothing.

She left the circle under the palm and made for the edge of the jungle. It ran down to the beach as far as the eye could reach . . . a green interwoven mass of foliage, limbs and viney that was like unto a solid wall. She strove to push her way through at a dozen points but failed. Then she remembered the oar used on the raft and ran back to the camp.

The two sailors had left, and she could see them further down the beach hunting for edible shell-fish. Polly was still asleep but the rest were awake, and very much awake, too. For the water-barrel lay on its side, and in a giant shell which served as a dish was about a pint of water. Lancaster looked a trifle embarrassed and Priestly coughed.

"You . . . you've drunk the water," she gasped.

Beresford nodded.
"I don't see that it makes any difference, Lola," he argued. "We shared it out very carefully. Yours and Polly's is in the shell."

SHE hit her lips to prevent herself from uttering some bitter remark. After all, it was theirs to use as they wished. But her disappointment was none the less acute.

"Then everything has gone," she said. "To-morrow we awake to find nothing."
"We are in God's hands," quoth Priestly.
"We are," replied Lola. "And a pretty helpless lot we seem to be."

"Lola!"
She smiled a little bitterly.
"Well, aren't we? Do we deserve any pity, any sympathy, any help. What have we done in five days . . . nothing. We don't even know whether this is really an island . . ."

"Don't be absurd," said Lancaster. "Of course it is."

"We don't even know what lies in the interior. There may be food, water . . . anything. All we have done is to sit here, sleep, drink and hope. What a pity there isn't a real man among us."

Lancaster shrugged his shoulders and flushed. Beresford also looked a little conscience-stricken. He rose to his feet and then staggered. Lola ran to him.

"Strange," he muttered. "I feel dazed . . . weak."

His resolution had come too late. Tears came to the girl's eyes as she realised to what straits the scanty rations had brought him. It was clear that Priestly was in no better condition.

"I'm sorry I'm a drag upon you, Lola," he said. "If I could . . ."
"It's all right. I'm sorry I said what I did. But we had our chance and we missed it. To-morrow . . ."

She stopped as she thought of to-morrow with all its suffering. And thirst did not stop at one day's torture. It would go on and on, day after day, until the end. She took the oar and began to walk across the beach. A few seconds later Lancaster caught up with her.

"Where are you going, Lola?"
"Exploring," she replied shortly.
"I'll come."
"All right."

He took the oar from her and they made for a spot to the north of the camp, where the jungle appeared to be thinner. They hesitated on the edge of it and peered through the gloomy avenues.

"It looks awful," said Lancaster. "I can't see what purpose it will serve to tear ourselves to pieces in a vain search."

"You can't see anything these days, Gerald," she replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that . . . shall we start here?"

He gulped and nodded. They plunged through the thick undergrowth but were soon brought to a halt by impenetrable viney that hung like a thick veil before them. Lancaster slashed at it with the oar and succeeded in making a passage through. Beyond was a wild scene. Great plants with leaves a yard long confronted them. Huge tree-boles obstructed their feet and thorns pierced their limbs as they strove to make progress. The heat was terrific . . . stifling.

Great beads of perspiration came to their foreheads and breathing became an effort. Lancaster suddenly stopped.

"It's no use, Lola," he panted. "I'm torn to pieces."

"So am I," she retorted. "But we've got to persevere. Try that way."

They plunged through a green corridor and into blinding sunshine. It was a small clearing, radiant with huge purple and yellow blossoms that grew on low scattered bushes. But before them and on all sides the vegetation thickened again. Lancaster slashed again with the oar, but progress was impossible. It required an axe to make any kind of impression.

He stopped and uttered a cry of alarm as something rushed through the bushes near him.

"What was that?" he gasped.

"I don't know. Let's try again."

He shuddered and made a few futile efforts with the oar. Then he sat down on a fallen branch.

"It's no use. Let's go back," he panted.

"I'm sick and faint. We're in the hands of fate. What more can we do?"

She said nothing. What could be said in the face of this confessed impotence? Surely great things were not done in that spirit. Was it possible that the stories of men who had fought and won through every adversity were mere fables, or at the best grossly exaggerated versions? She felt alone . . . as much alone as if no other soul breathed in this tropic island. Where was the will to live . . . the spirit that had made the human animal survive through all the ages? Where . . . where?

She got back to find that Polly had drunk all the water through a misunderstanding, but she said nothing out of pity for the poor distracted creature.

Slow night came out of the east.

The party lay under the moon, each reflecting in his own fashion. Priestly prayed for rain, Beresford for youth and strength, Lancaster for cool shaded streets and the luxurious lounge of his club, and Lola . . . Lola fiercely rebuked the fates for denying them the presence, strength and resourcefulness of a real man.

CHAPTER 2

THE S.S. Port Nelson was eight days out from Brisbane and making good time. Day after day her powerful engines drove her steadily through the opalescent seas. She was a fine vessel of 12,000 tons and was packed with passengers. It was evening and dinner was over. The promenade deck, but recently deso-

late, slowly began to fill up. Bright dresses glimmered in the red rays of the setting sun and fans moved incessantly, for the wind had dropped, and even the slight breeze created by the Port Nelson's twenty knots was insufficient to cool the heated atmosphere.

From the saloon, broad beams of amber light shone on to the placid sea and the strains of music floated on the air. Dancing had commenced. Near the rails of the vessel two women lay back in deck chairs, their eyes turned to the western sky.

"Five weeks and I shall be in London," said one. "I wonder what it looks like after nine years."

"Just the same," replied her companion. "Big cities never alter. They merely expand. It will be pleasant to get out of the sun for a few months. Isn't the heat awful?"

"Stifling. I am racked with an eternal thirst. I shall have to have some tea."

"So soon after dinner?"

"Why not?"

She looked round lazily and her gaze fell on the tall white figure of a waiter.

"There's Apollo," she said. "Just as Apollo-ish as ever. Waiters are queer fish, aren't they?"

"Apollo-ish. I found out to-day that his name is Charters. He is much too attractive for a waiter, don't you think?"

The second woman laughed musically and at last caught the waiter's eye and beckoned him. He came forward and stood very erect waiting for her order. There was something at once arrestive and dominating in his deportment. He was tall, broad of shoulder and dark of complexion. His face was clean cut and a little pugnacious in its rigidity.

"Can we get tea?"

"Certainly, madam."

IN a second he had disappeared and less than ten minutes later he came back with a small teapot and cups on a tray.

The younger of the two women watched him as he spread out the cups and saucers and then wrote out the bill. He pocketed the cash plus the tip with a brisk "thank you," and was about to depart when the younger woman remarked lazily:

"Weren't you on the Port Arthur two years back, waiter?"

"No, madam."

"Perhaps it was another ship. I'm sure your face is familiar to me."

A rather strange look came into his eyes.

"I have never been on a ship before—as a waiter, madam," he said.

"Then I've seen you in Sydney. That would account for it."

"Possibly that is the case."

He bowed and left them. The elder woman poured out the beverage and laughed.

"You didn't get much out of him, dear," she said.

"I didn't expect to. But he's frightfully good-looking, isn't he? Moreover he speaks well. Ship life is very interesting. One meets such queer people."

In the meantime the waiter—Charters—was making his way to the cook's galley. He was passing the wireless operator's cabin when the latter appeared with a written message in his hand. He looked past Charters, and seeing the captain approaching the cabin, ran forward and handed him the message. The captain scanned it, pursed his lips and called the first mate. Charters, from behind the

THE ISLE OF ATONEMENT

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

cabin heard part of the conversation that passed.

"Where did we ship him?" inquired the captain.

"Brabant. I had my suspicions and yet—"

"Well, we can do no more than act on this. It's from the Chief of Police. Keep your eye on him and put him under arrest when necessary."

Charters heard no more. He did not need to hear any more. The significance of the wireless message and the conversation was clear enough. With a set face he went to his cabin and sat down on a cabin trunk. Certain incidents of the past were revived with painful clarity. For him the game was up. He saw himself in custody and later tried and convicted. Then the cold grey walls of a prison and the passing years!

He clenched his teeth and muttered: "Never!" Anything was better than that. Death was preferable—far, far preferable. For an hour he sat attempting to seek a solution, and always the sure and certain course eluded him.

He arose from the trunk and opened the lid. His hand slid down the inside of it and came into contact with the thing he sought. It was hard and cold and repellent, but he clung to it and brought it out. It was already loaded. From outside came the sound of music—a dreary waltz—that in itself was a torture. Out there they were dancing, laughing, and talking of the Old Country that would eventually be reached. And here was drama enough to drown all, could they but know. Amid all this happiness and joy of life a man was coolly, deliberately contemplating a swift and violent exit from the world.

HE laughed bitterly as he realised how he was going to cheat them. They didn't know all the circumstances. If they did it would make little difference. No court of law could understand what lay in a man's heart. Only God could know that—and perhaps forgive. He was right in cheating them. It resolved itself into a fair fight. They would wish to dispose of him in their way—he wished to dispose of himself otherwise.

He summoned all his resolution and raised the revolver slowly to his head. His finger contracted on the trigger and he closed his eyes. The music still penetrated into the cabin. It seemed to paralyse him. It was no longer merely a pleasant sound but the epitome of all the things in life that were dear to man—Love, Laughter, Sunshine. The finger on the trigger never moved. It seemed to be numbed, powerless to exert an ounce of pressure. Great beads of perspiration came to his brow. Still he held on vainly endeavoring to summon the will power that would release the deadly bullet.

Was it cowardice? Why did he lack this power? The revolver came down as the truth came upon him with crushing weight. He couldn't do this. Free-will stopped at self-slaughter. Suicides were destined and not willed.

His recent resolution took flight. Play the game! The game was not this. No, the game was to live—to fight with adversity and live. He thought he saw it all, plainly inscribed on the wall. God had given life to be treasured and held sacred. In the end He Himself should judge. It brought him to the only alternative—escape.

He must escape at once. Though Colombo lay a long way off the idea of instant release from this potential prison

was obsessive. A boat was out of the question and swimming would prove futile. On the wall was a life-belt, but how long could he exist in the sea?

At length he came to a decision. It was to take to the sea on the dark hours before the dawn and risk being picked up later in the day by a passing ship. If the passing ship did not materialise then he was little worse off than before. Here at least was a chance to live a little longer as a free man.

A few hours later, when everyone slept but the nightwatch, Charters climbed through the porthole of his cabin. Far below him the sea seemed to open her arms welcomingly. Clinging with one hand to the edge of the aperture he placed his bare feet against the side of the vessel and "pushed off" with all his strength.

His body curved and he struck the water head first. Down, down he went into misty depths until his lungs seemed bursting. At last he emerged not far from the stern of the vessel. He took a gulp of air, dived again quickly and struck out vigorously under water. When he came to the surface again the Port Nelson was a grey mass in the distance and over the eastern horizon came the first red bars of sunrise.

CHAPTER 3

A PERFECT dawn broke over the island. A slight wind had arisen overnight, and the sea was breaking on the yellow sand in long, regular rollers. From the jungle came the scream of birds.

Lancaster was the first to open his eyes. They fell on the empty water-barrel. He groaned as he realised that only now was the real purgatory to begin. His throat was parched, and a splitting headache was added to his other torments. His groan awakened Priestly who blinked like an owl in the bright sunshine and then glanced up at the cloudless sky.

"If it would only rain," he mused in a cracked voice.

"It's no good wishing," said Lancaster. "Why did we ever come on this rotten trip?"

"Ah, why, indeed?"

He glanced towards a tree further up the beach where Lola and Polly were still sleeping.

"I fear for those two poor women," he said sorrowfully. "We should have rationed the water more carefully."

"Why didn't you then?"

Lancaster stood up and tottered alarmingly. It surprised him to find how much of his strength had been sapped by days of insufficient food. He managed to struggle to the beach and began to lave himself with salt water. Priestly made no attempt to follow him. It seemed futile to him to trouble about washing when the end was so near. Beresford suddenly sat up, and his lip quivered as he realised with a start that all his dreams were lies.

"Priestly," he muttered, "I suppose there is no help for us . . . now?"

"A ship may see us."

"The sailors think otherwise . . . they ought to know . . . Where are they?"

Priestly pointed along the beach where the figure of Bellamy and Ferguson could be seen walking moodily about.

"It's the survival of the fittest," he muttered. "Those two tough men will live long after we are dead. Civilisation, refinement, have given us something, Beresford, but robbed us with the other hand. We are the unfit."

Beresford stroked his beard with a sun-scorched, trembling hand. It annoyed him, even in his misery, to realise that few hundred miles away he was a power to be respected . . . even feared. And now two common sailors were proving themselves to be the stronger animals.

The two feminine figures under the palm moved restlessly. The day was wreaking its revenge on them, too. Poor, plump Polly Turner, whose chief characteristic was an enormous appetite, dissolved into tears as soon as her brain began to function. Lola took the situation differently. It engendered in her a kind of fierceness. She wanted to fight . . . but unfortunately there was nothing to fight against except depression.

"Polly," she cried, "For heaven's sake don't cry. Something will happen before long."

"My dear . . . I wasn't crying on my own account. I was thinking of you."

"Well, don't. I can do my own crying when it is necessary."

Polly dried her tears with a diminutive and dirty handkerchief. Lola looked along the beach and saw Bellamy stoop down and pick up something, but he threw it away almost immediately.

"They're hunting for shell-fish," she said. "You stay here and I'll see if I can find anything."

She tossed back her long hair and made for the lower beach with unsteady steps. The tide was receding, leaving a line of seaweed, molluscs, and what-not in its train. She searched among this odorous miscellany for anything that seemed edible, and eventually found some shell-fish that looked like mussels. Lancaster came along the sand and joined her.

"What have you got?" he asked wearily. She showed him the result of her labors.

"Ugh!" he muttered. "You aren't going to eat them?"

"Why not?"

"They may be poisonous."

"They may be," she said phlegmatically. "We'll soon find out."

A pocket-knife was requisitioned and she succeeded in opening one of the shells. Beresford, despite his hunger, looked disgusted.

"Lola," he begged, "Don't eat that awful thing—it's alive."

Polly, who had managed to join the main party, averred that she would rather die than eat such a monster. Priestly was of the opinion that it was deadly poisonous. With a sigh Lola flung them all on to the beach.

"We must do something," she argued hoarsely. "Each day we shall grow weaker until—now is the time to save ourselves. Gerald, let us try again in the jungle?"

LANCASTER made no movement. It seemed to him madness to get up and go out into the burning sun on a quest that had already proved fruitless. Lola shot him an angry glance and strode away across the open space to where the green jungle was glimmering in the rapidly increasing heat. She had read of the tortures of thirst and starvation, but never until now had she realised the full extent of these awful calamities. By an effort of will she strove to forget that her throat was burning hot and that a great faintness occasionally overtook her and threatened to lay her prostrate in the sand.

She tore madly at the vegetation in a vain endeavor to penetrate into the jungle. Two hours later she emerged in a sorry condition. Her short sports-skirt was torn to ribbons, and very little remained of her

thin blouse. Her arms and legs were scarred by long scratches and her feet ached painfully. She shook her fist almost childishly at the triumphant barricade and limped back to the beach.

She was making for the palm tree when her glance was arrested by the sight of something white floating on the sea a mile or two from the shore. The long rollers occasionally swept over it, but it came to view again. It bore all the semblance of the top half of a human figure, and it was drifting along the coast with the outgoing tide. She forgot most of her physical tortures and ran towards the party.

"Look! Look! It's a human body!" They stared at the object almost indifferently.

"He's luckier than us," muttered Beresford.

"Father!" she remonstrated. "We must get him ashore. He may be alive."
"Suppose he is," snapped Lancaster. "It wouldn't be a kindness to rescue him only to reserve him for a worse fate."

SHE regarded him frigidly. Though the logic was sound enough the idea of leaving a man to die was repugnant to her. Priestly took a more humane point of view.

"We ought to save him—if we can. But what can we do?"

"There is the raft," said Lola.

"The rollers would dash it to pieces on the coral rocks."

"They wouldn't. The tide is yet fairly high." She turned to the only one of the party who had any strength left—Lancaster. "Gerald, help me down with the raft—quick or we shall be too late."

"My dear Lola. Don't you see—"

She turned from him with a strained gasp and ran wildly towards the two sailors.

"Mr. Bellamy!"

"Hello!" growled that worthy.

"There's a man out yonder."

"I know. We saw him some time back. I expect he's dead by now."

"We assume that. Will you help me down with the raft?"

"What for? If he's not dead he ought to be, and I reckon he'd rather be drowned than starved any day—I would."

"Then why don't you jump in the sea?"

she retorted. "There's nothing to stop you. You cowards! You're the only ones that are fit and well and you talk of starving. I wish you had been drowned before you ever touched this island."

"They merely laughed and watched her running back to her party."

"We don't want that fellow here," growled Bellamy with a significant glance at Ferguson.

"Not likely. There'll be enough dead men before another week. What's she going to do now?"

Lola was dragging the raft over the beach. She had donned one of the life-preservers and evidently meant to make an attempt to get to the drifting figure. Priestly had risen to assist her, but his help was negligible. Lancaster, somewhat ashamed by the parson's brave efforts, lent a hand, grumbling all the time, and attempting to dissuade Lola from so foolish a venture.

"You'll be dashed to pieces," he said.

"Lola, be reasonable—you can do no good."

"I'm going to try."

"Wait a minute—I'll come."

She pushed off with the oar in the shallows before he could step aboard and the next roller broke over the raft, the backwash taking it far from the land.

She used the heavy oar in the improvised rowlock and succeeded in getting a forward movement on the craft. The out-

going tide was taking the floating body away to the east, but it took the raft in the same direction, and the additional help of the oar soon began to lessen the distance between them.

Outside the zone of the breakers it was smoother.

She looked back and saw that the tide had taken her a considerable distance from the castaways. She was almost off the eastern point of the wide bay. At this point the sea ran inland, forming a beautiful lagoon overhung with trees and flowers that glistened in the sunshine.

She turned her eyes from the wonderful scene and found that she was almost on top of the floating man. She ceased rowing and gasped as she realised that he was no longer floating, but was conscious, and clinging to a projecting rock. His black eyes regarded her steadily.

She was moving past the rock unable to stop the impetus on the raft when he made a frantic effort and succeeded in grasping the edge of it. She pulled the oar on board and stepped forward.

"Give me your hand?" she said hoarsely.

He shook his head and waved her back, and she realised that he needed his hands to assist him in getting aboard. Twice he tried and failed. The third time he managed to get on his elbows. Then with her eyes regarding him in admiration he made the final effort, turned over and lay on his back, his breast heaving and his teeth chattering.

There was no time to ask questions, for the raft was drifting at a good three knots. She seized the oar again and began working it desperately. She managed to turn the clumsy craft round and succeeded in staying its motion, but found it impossible to make any westerly progress work how she might.

She gazed wistfully at the linen-suited, drenched figure, and as she looked he sat up and smiled faintly. He removed the life-preserver from his shoulders, rubbed all his limbs violently, and got to his feet.

"Thanks," he said. "Miracles happen even in the twentieth century. Give me the oar."

She obeyed and collapsed in a heap. For the first time he realised the drama of the situation.

"You're . . . you're starving," he said.

"I see now . . . you are marooned on that island."

SHE nodded, and through misty eyes saw him working at the oar furiously. His recuperative powers seemed enormous. The raft moved forwards towards the beach under his muscular arms. He narrowly missed a coral reef and put the craft on her course again. They mounted a roller and moved with it at a reckless pace towards the dazzling sand. She heard the grind of the timber and felt the sea dashing over her head. Then it grew very dark and her senses left her.

She awoke by the side of the lagoon. There was no sign of the raft or the man and her clothes were quite dry. Was it then all a dream? If so how did she come to be sitting here far from the rest of the castaways, and why were her hands blistered and swollen? She groaned as the pangs of thirst came again. Her lips were dry and cracked, and her throat seemed ready to burst. Below her was the calm, transparent water of the lagoon. Deep down she could see the pink coral. The lap, lap on the shore was like a soothing music. The blue depths fascinated her. There at least was respite from pain.

She crawled closer to it on hands and knees.

"Hallo, there!"

The loud cry came from behind her. She turned weakly and saw the figure of the "dread man" bounding through the trees. His clothes were torn from his back and the bare shoulder of his right arm projected through a rent in his shirt. He was soon beside her, and in his hands were luscious red berries.

"Eat!" he commanded.

And eat she did, ravenously, until the last berry was devoured. They were full of sweet juice, and the result was magical. Her swimming brain grew clear and her parched throat and swollen tongue seemed to contract immediately.

"Where . . . where did you get them?" she gasped.

"In the jungle. Are you feeling better?"

"Yes. But who are you? How did you get into the sea?"

"My name is Charters," he replied brusquely. "I was a ship's waiter and I fell overboard."

She looked down at the blue water.

"I think you saved my life," she murmured.

"That's all right, now we're quits. From what ship were you wrecked?"

"My father's yacht." She gave a start as she suddenly remembered her father and his party. "They will think I am . . . We must go to them at once."

"So there are others?"

"Yes, my father and a clerical friend, also my R—and several others," she corrected. "We have been ashore five days, and they are all weak and starving. Let us go."

He nodded, and they commenced to walk along the shaded lagoon and out into the burning sunshine of the beach.

CHAPTER 4

BERESFORD raised himself on his elbow and gazed towards the west. The raft had long since disappeared and all that met his tired eyes was sand and sea. His dry lips moved in agony.

"She's lost!" he moaned, then savagely: "We ought to have stopped her."

Priestly shook his head.

"She did the right thing, Beresford. I would rather meet my death that way than—than this."

Lancaster, maddened with thirst, glared at the quiet, resolute figure of the clergyman.

"You're wrong," he muttered. "It was sheer madness to go to that man's rescue. Poor Lola—she was always so impetuous."

They were awakened from horrible reflections by a cry near at hand. Lancaster stared in amazement to see the figure of Lola approaching in company with a dishevelled stranger.

"Lola!" he ejaculated.

Beresford instantly found new life.

"Thank God! Then she did save him. Lola—Lola!"

She leaped across the sand and was soon beside him. Charters halted on the outside of the circle and surveyed them casually. Lancaster was quick to notice the remains of the white uniform and placed Charters instantly.

"You had a narrow escape, steward," he said.

Charters merely nodded and continued to take stock of the party. It was obvious to him that they were in dire straits. The empty water-barrel and the biscuit tin were

THE ISLE OF ATONEMENT

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

evidence enough without the proof that lay in their haggard faces.

"This is my father, Mr. Charters," said Lola. "And this is the Rev. Priestly—"

She stopped as she realised this was no time for formalities. Moreover, Lancaster evidently considered that introductions to a ship's waiter were not quite "the thing."

In the meantime Bellamy and Ferguson, noticing the arrival of a stranger, came forward. Charters withheld their long scrutiny without moving his eyes from their faces.

"You'd have been better off where you was," grunted Bellamy.

"That is largely a matter of opinion."

"Not much opinion about it. There's nothing here. Not a drop of fresh water or a bite of food."

He stopped as Charters' keen eyes continued to search his and Ferguson's countenances.

"What yer staring at?" he snarled.

"You."

"Well, stop it. I ain't no blooming hyena."

"Are you not?" said Charters. He took his eyes from the seamen and glanced pityingly at the suffering figure of Polly. Then he turned like lightning on Bellamy.

"I want to talk to you," he snapped. "Come over here—both of you!"

Bellamy stared and swore viciously.

"Who are you ordering about?" retorted Ferguson.

Charters vouchsafed no reply, but walked on to the next palm tree. Bellamy and Ferguson stood for a moment in an attitude of indecision.

"What's up with him?" queried Ferguson.

"Mad. Better see what he's got to say."

THEY moved forward and Lola's eyes followed them. She wondered what was the meaning of this fierce passage of words. What in the world could Charters possibly have to say to two seamen? A low murmur from Polly banished speculation. She stepped across to her and attempted to soothe her. Oh, for a handful of the life-giving berries that Charters had found. She felt annoyed with him for wasting time like this when he might be doing something useful.

In the meantime the two seamen had arrived behind the palm and were confronting the taut, grim figure of Charters. His lip curled scornfully as he pointed to the group along the beach.

"You know what's wrong with them?" he rapped out.

"Course we do—they're starving."

"And why?"

"People usually do starve when there's nought to eat. Likewise they gets thirsty when there's no water to drink," he replied carelessly.

He gave a gasp of indignant astonishment as Charters caught him by the shoulder and stared into his face.

"Then why aren't you starving, you dirty whelp? Do you live on fresh air and philosophy? I'll give you two minutes to produce your hoard of stolen food."

Bellamy wrenched himself away.

"Stolen food!"

"Teh! Don't waste words or attempt to bluff me. The pair of you have eaten and drunk within the last few hours. Where is it?"

Bellamy saw red. He was a well-built man, and tough in the bargain. Though past forty he reckoned he was a match for this youngster, Ferguson was different.

Though by no means physically weak, he was at heart a miserable coward.

"You're mad," replied Bellamy. "All the water is gone and as for food—"

Charters threw off his torn coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves. Bellamy had a vision of two straight, muscular arms. The play of the well-developed biceps fascinated him. Before he could recover from his surprise Charters had seized him by the collar and flung him violently across the sand.

He scrambled to his feet ready for battle, and he found it in less than ten seconds. The lithe figure of his antagonist seemed to be everywhere at once. Blows came like lightning and they hurt terribly. Ferguson, in a moment of indiscretion, got in the way. A straight left-hander lifted him off his feet and deposited him against the hard palm tree. He howled and looked round for a stone. In the absence of this he pounced on a long thick piece of wood, left by the tide. Charters' back was towards him and the black head offered a fine target. He crept forward.

At that moment Bellamy received his quietus, and lay on the sand blinking at the blue sky above him. Ferguson raised his cudgel and was about to bring it down when two hands gripped him round the neck. He turned to find Lola hanging to him.

"You coward!" she cried, hotly.

Ferguson snarled and flung her off. But the interruption had served its purpose. Charters wrenched the cudgel from its wielder and seized him by the scruff of his neck. Ferguson squirmed and twisted in the iron grip. Charters uttered a grunt and shook him until his eyes bulged from his head. Lola, unable to understand the business, turned her indignant eyes on Charters.

"Stop!" she cried. He still continued the punishment until Ferguson dropped limp and groaning on the sand.

"You—ou ruffian!" cried Lola.

Charters ignored her though his mouth twitched. He stooped and pulled the distorted face of Ferguson towards him.

"Where is it?" he demanded. "Tell me, quick, or I'll break every bone in your miserable body."

"It's up—behind the bushes—there."

Charters flung him aside and, without looking at the wondering girl, strode across the sand and disappeared into the scrub on the fringe of the jungle. Lola made her way back to her party.

"Those awful men!" moaned Beresford.

"Were they fighting?"

Lola nodded.

"It was Charters," she murmured. "He attacked them. I—I thought—"

Lancaster looked at her and smiled.

"You thought because he talked a little differently that he was different at heart. You see what comes of risking your life for a ship's waiter. The brute!"

Lola turned from him. For some reason the speech hurt her. Whatever Charters might be it was not for Lancaster to raise his voice. She felt she wanted to cry but no tears would come to her eyes.

IT was a quarter of an hour later that a soft pad, pad, on the sand caused her to start and turn her head. She beheld the tall figure of Charters with a barrel on his shoulder and a large biscuit tin under his arm. He laid them on the sand beside her.

"I believe those are your property," he said solemnly. "I should take more care

of them in future. Give those two scoundrels their fair ration and no more. I am sorry I had to use force, but that is all some people understand."

Before she could find words he had gone striding up the beach towards the jungle. With swimming brain and moist eyes she tried to lift the barrel, and found it so heavy that she concluded it must be three parts full. The tin, too, contained enough biscuits for several days' supply. The shells were brought into service, and the precious fluid and food began to produce miraculous results. Signs of tremendous relief were heard on all sides.

"But where did he find these?" queried Beresford.

"The sailors must have stolen them from the raft when we landed in the darkness."

"The villains!"

"Thank God that man turned up!" said Lola fervently.

"Yes," agreed Lancaster, rapidly regaining his spirits. "He may be useful to us."

Lola fixed him with her great eyes.

"Our first duty is to be useful to ourselves," she replied.

CHAPTER 5

ONE thing was perfectly clear to Charters—the party along the beach did not welcome his unexpected arrival. With the possible exception of the girl they looked upon him as a common intruder. He accepted the situation philosophically and decided to leave them to their own resources.

After the affray with the two seamen he made his way back to the lagoon and selected a suitable place for his camp. He found it not far from the spot where but recently Lola had reclined. It was high ground and backed on the south side by tall palms, thus affording him a certain amount of shade during the early part of the morning and in the afternoon. His view took in the higher reaches of the lagoon and also a portion of the beach to the west where the lagoon merged into the open sea.

The immediate necessities were food and water. Judging from the vegetation and the existence of swarms of birds, water should be near at hand. But nature had reared a defiant barrier around it. Behind the palms was the jungle—a primal growth that centuries of time had woven into an almost solid mass. Already he had penetrated far enough to appreciate its tenacity, but life had to be sustained at any cost.

His sole implement was a large clasp knife with a hooked blade—not to mention the loaded revolver which in the present circumstances availed him nothing. He took the knife and cut a stout stick from a tree. The derelict raft provided him with a length of rope which he unravelled into its component sections. With these the knife was securely lashed to the end of the pole. The result was a miniature bill-hook.

He left the side of the lagoon and made his way into the jungle. The bill-hook was brought into operation. It tore its way through twisting creepers and evoked a cry of satisfaction. Progress was slow, but certain. A veritable tunnel lay behind him.

An hour of prodigious toil brought him to a clearing. On some low bushes grew rich red berries. He dropped his primitive instrument and satisfied his hunger, and partly his thirst. But the hunt for water continued. Another hour passed and then his foot dropped into soft, damp earth. He dragged at the undergrowth

THE ISLE OF ATONEMENT

with the bill-hook and followed the almost dried-up water course. It led him through a valley and up a steep incline. Wonderful lichens and mosses abounded along the course. Higher and higher he climbed. The vegetation grew less and the rocks came to view. He heard the trickle of water beneath them but could see no sign of the precious fluid. It was exasperating, for the heat was terrific and his throat was parched.

He scrambled over the rocks with the sibilant murmur ringing in his ears. Now he could see the water between a narrow stream. He pushed the pole down and, withdrawing it, raised the wet, cool blade to his lips. For a quarter of an hour he lingered there licking the wet blade and almost crying out with joy. He tore himself away and proceeded up the tortuous path. At last he stood on a hill top. He dropped the bill-hook and waved his hands madly. Before him lay the spring, gushing up into a natural basin in the red rock. The basin was full to the brim and trickling over. He lay on his chest with his lips touching the water. It was like some potent wine. When his thirst was quenched he plunged in his head and held it there for a full ten seconds.

THE great problem was solved. He gazed at his reflection in the pool and laughed. His shirt had almost disappeared and his neck was torn and bleeding. He looked for all the world like a savage and felt like one. He tore the remnants of his shirt away, and dipping it in the flowing water below the pool bathed his face and neck. Then he discarded it forever. His trousers were in ribbons at the ends, so he brought the knife into use and severed the lower portions.

The next two days were spent on the site of the camp. He used four palm trees as the supports for his hut. They were arranged in rectangular form and gave him a floor space of about six yards square. Bamboos and branches served as a roof. The tough vines from the jungle were used as binding material and the result was eminently satisfactory. From his bed of dried ferns he could gaze upon a scene of unsurpassed beauty—the blue, tranquil lagoon, fringed on its opposite bank by nodding palms and flowering creepers.

Fruit he had found in abundance—four varieties of edible berries, a few bananas and a huge pumpkin-like thing that was delightfully sweet and full of luscious juice. Gliding down into the transparent waters of the lagoon he perceived several kinds of fish. They were in great numbers when the tide was running in. This furnished him with a new idea. He took the hooked blade from the pole and spent two solid hours in transforming it into a spear point, by means of a hard piece of rock. He refastened it to the pole and floated the raft on the lagoon. A whole morning was spent in trying to spear a fish, but at last he succeeded and brought his captive to land. It was useless since he had no means of cooking it, but it pleased him to realise that he had accomplished the deed.

He resolved to reserve the spear, and to fashion another implement for the purpose of clearing tracks. He reflected that in the stone-age before primitive man had discovered metals the flint served as battle-axe and what not. But flints were not in evidence and a substitute had to be found. He chose the hardest rock avail-

able and set about his task with all the patience and indomitable will characteristic of him. By the time he was half-through his task he had a tremendous admiration for the early men. He was pugnaciously engaged on this apparently endless job when a figure appeared in the distance. In the clear noonday light he recognised Lancaster. He went on with his chipping until Lancaster was almost upon him. "Good morning!" said Lancaster, a little stiffly.

"Good morning! What do you want?"

LANCASTER was gazing with amazement at the hut. His eyes wandered from the neat and comfortable construction to the large gourd full of water and the shining ripe fruit piled up in a flat clean shell.

"By Jove!" he muttered. "Where did you get that?"

Charters made no reply. He picked up his unfinished axehead and commenced to work on it.

Lancaster's keen eyes saw the newly-made path through the jungle.

"You've made a path—good!"

Charters still continued his monotonous chipping and rubbing, but his eyes were not on his work. He saw the face of Lancaster light up and his hands close and unclose. A few seconds passed in silence and then Lancaster moved towards the jungle path.

"Where are you going?" snapped Charters.

"In there—I'm hungry."

"So was I," replied Charters. "That is why I made that path. But it's private." Lancaster looked at him.

"Don't talk rot!"

"I'm talking sense. From here to the point yonder is my property. I've staked it."

"How can you stake anything without a law to protect you?"

"You'll find I have all the law I require," said Charters, grimly.

Lancaster shrugged his shoulders and hesitated. Then he looked again at the fruit and threw off his irresolution. He strode forward through the palms. A few seconds later he felt Charters' firm hand on his shoulder.

"Take your hands off!" he cried passionately.

Charters jerked him round, so that they stood face to face. He was quite calm.

"Listen!" he said. "There is enough room on this island for all of us. There is food and water handy and almost everything that a normal man can require. You can have the whole island west of that point, but this little piece is mine. You want nothing to do with me. Very well, I'm satisfied. All I ask is that you keep to your own patch and leave me alone. Is this clear?"

Lancaster shook off the restraining arm. His pride literally boiled within him, but he had sense enough to realise that this well-built, savage-looking man was well able to protect what he considered to be his property.

"Look here," he said. "I've got a proposal to make. Will you consider it?"

"If it won't take long, I'm busy."

"It won't take a minute."

"Very well—sit down."

Lancaster squatted on the mossy bank, his legs crossed and his elbows resting on them. He put forward his proposition without a moment's hesitation.

"Mr.—er—Charters, how much is your time worth?"

"I beg your pardon," said Charters softly.

"I mean how much will you take for your services—your whole-time services?"

Charters opened his eyes wide. "This is a business proposition," said Lancaster, rambling on. "You are no doubt aware that Mr. Beresford is a very wealthy man. I, too, am not without certain means."

Charters uttered an ejaculation of contempt. He rose to his feet and pointed down the lagoon towards the beach.

"Clear out!" he snapped. "And don't come this way again."

Lancaster sprang to his feet, his face flushed. His body quivered as he confronted Charters.

"I took you to be a useful kind of person," he sneered. "I see now you are only a sentimental fool."

"One is apt to make mistakes," retorted Charters, "but I made none concerning you. I took you for what you really are."

"And what is that?" stormed Lancaster. "I will be generous and leave it to your imagination. Good day!"

Lancaster clenched his fist and turned on his heel. He had not gone more than ten yards when the running figure of Lola appeared round the bend. He stopped as she rushed forward. Her face was crimson with excitement.

"Lola, what's the matter?"

She passed him and came to Charters. He nodded and smiled pleasantly.

"Where have you been these past four days?" she asked. "Why did you run away?"

"I didn't run away," he replied. "My ways are not your ways. I had to make my camp. And here I am. Did you wish to tell me something?"

"Yes. Those men, Bellamy and Ferguson, they've stolen the remaining food and water. We tried to prevent them but they knocked father down and Priestly was of no use."

Charters shrugged his shoulders. Lancaster came to Lola, his face livid with rage.

"The brutes!" he cried.

BUT Lola was not looking at him. Her eyes were fixed on the half-naked figure of Charters. She was waiting for him to speak, but he remained silent. Lancaster looked towards the hut.

"Mr. Charters has plenty of water," he said significantly.

"I have," muttered Charters. "Would you care for a drink, Miss Beresford?"

"Yes . . . no."

"Why not?"

Her mouth twitched and her fingers worked spasmodically.

"Because I see now . . ." she stopped and turned to Lancaster. "Gerald, you must help us get our food back . . . come."

Lancaster nodded a little glumly. The two commenced to go back when Charters called out. "Miss Beresford!" She turned and came towards him, while Lancaster scowled.

"You think he will succeed?" he queried. Her eyes flashed.

"Why not?"

"I merely wondered. If you are sure then . . ."

She dropped her eyes knowing that he knew their impotence. It was useless to conceal the fact that Lancaster could not deal with men like Bellamy.

"It's no use pretending," she said tensely. "We are useless creatures. We lack something. Left to ourselves we are lost. You've already done much for us . . . will you . . . can I . . . ?"

"You want my help?"

"Yes."

He nodded and went for his coat which was inside the hut. Two minutes later he was beside her.

"Please join your friend," he said quietly. "I will follow you."

Lancaster frowned as she joined him.

"Why did you ask favors of that fellow, Lola?" he growled.

She sighed and said nothing. What was there to say?

CHAPTER 6

CHARTERS found the party looking very dejected. They had managed to build several lean-tos in a rough fashion, but there was an air of general untidiness about everything. He saw no sign of food or water and concluded that the seamen had taken their all when they had stolen the biscuits and water. Priestly welcomed him with a mincing smile and Beresford with a gruff "How'd you do?" Polly displayed her extreme satisfaction by sighing loudly.

"So you found him, dear?" she whispered. "Thank heavens!"

Charters gazed along the beach, but saw no sign of the robbers. Lola pointed to a slight indentation in the distance.

"Their camp is yonder," she informed. "Come—I'll show you."

"There is no need, I shall find them." He started to go and Lola turned to Lancaster.

"You go, too, Gerald."

Charters waved him back. He believed he was capable of dealing with the two desperadoes with his two hands, but he had already decided on bringing another kind of persuasion into operation in order to save time and broken heads.

"I can manage quite well," he said, and walked rapidly along the beach.

He eventually arrived at a break in the jungle and saw the sailors' rough sleeping place under a high bank. Ferguson was cutting a stick from a tree and Bellamy was lying on his back. Behind Bellamy was the water-barrel almost hidden by a huge leaf. They both started as Charters entered the arena.

"You!" snarled Bellamy.

"What yer want here?" said Ferguson.

Charters stood a few feet from them, his hands in his pockets.

"One thing I do not want is a lot of unnecessary trouble. Why did you steal those people's food?"

"Mind yer own business," retorted Bellamy. "And clear out while yer safe!"

Ferguson, with a courage amazing in him, advanced with the knife held before him. He stopped three feet from Charters and leered at him.

"Haddn't you better sheer off," he hissed. "You got the better of us last time, but you won't do it agin."

Charters' arm suddenly shot out. His fingers fell on Ferguson's dirty wrist. There came a howl of pain and the knife dropped on the sand. Charters picked it up and put it in his pocket. At the same time Bellamy leapt to his feet.

"You've asked for it, and by God you'll git it this time," he muttered thickly. "Git round behind, George!"

Charters sighed and whipped the revolver from his pocket. They were almost

paralysed by the sight of it. Ferguson shrunk back from the steady muzzle and Bellamy swore.

"You refuse to listen to reason," said Charters calmly. "You will have to listen to force. Take that barrel and the biscuits to where they belong. You will get your fair ration. Get hold of them, quick!"

They stood still, glowering.

"I'll give you ten seconds to obey. If you don't I swear I will shoot. One—two—three—four—"

"They're there—take 'em!" screamed Bellamy.

"You are going to take them. Five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!"

Bellamy laughed hoarsely, but it was soon silenced. The revolver flashed and something numbed his arm. He looked at it to find it was covered with blood. Then the pain came and he writhed in agony. The face of Charters was like a mask. There was no sign of pity there. The weapon came up again. Ferguson babbled something and rushed for the biscuit tin. Bellamy snatched the tin from him and bade him carry the heavier burden.

"March!" commanded Charters, and march they did back to the camp. Polly gave a little cry of horror as she beheld Bellamy's blood-stained coat, and Lola grimaced.

"Put them down!" ordered Charters.

The tin and barrel were thrown on the sand. Bellamy stood nursing his arm with his eyes full of pain and hate. Charters pocketed his weapon and produced a large handkerchief. He flung it at Bellamy. The latter made no attempt to pick it up. He was speechless. Charters suddenly swung round on Lancaster.

"You made me a proposal a little while ago. Now I make you one, all of you. I'll employ you—the whole lot of you. In return for your labor and your obedience I offer you food and comfort."

"Go to—!" growled Bellamy.

"That's enough!" snapped Charters. "I take that as a refusal. Clear off!"

"Work!" snarled Ferguson. "I'd rather be cooked and eaten than work for the likes o' you."

CHARTERS drove him down the beach with a motion of his arm. The pair of them wandered out of earshot swearing revenge of the foulest sort. Charters turned to the remaining members.

"What is it to be?" he said briskly.

Beresford was evidently surprised at the proposal. He looked at Lancaster and found that worthy's face purple with indignation.

"Aren't your presuming a little, Mr. Charters?" he said. "Of course, we are grateful for your assistance but you can't expect us to enter your employ, like a crowd of workpeople."

"Why not?" asked Charters coolly.

Lancaster flared up like a penny squib. "You insulting adventurer. How dare you come here with such a suggestion?"

"How dare you come to me with a worse!" retorted Charters. "I offer you the chance of living, not gold. I offer you the opportunity to prove your manhood. If work is distasteful to you then be honest and say so. What you refuse to face is reality. Even now the water you have grows less. You will not realize that fact until it is gone. Then you will drop down and die because you lack the will to live."

To the surprise of everyone Polly came forward.

"It's true," she said. "And why shouldn't we work for this man or anyone who offers us honorable terms. I wish I could be of some use."

"You can," said Charters. "We shall want a cook."

"A cook?" ejaculated Beresford. "Polly, you could not—"

"Can't I? I'll show you. But how can one cook without fire, and things to cook?"

"There shall be fire and fish and perhaps meat," said Charters, with a smile. "Make up your minds."

Priestly took off his glasses and polished them. It was always the prelude to a little homily.

"Aren't we taking a rather despondent view of things?" he said placidly. "Something is bound to turn up. Everything is in God's hands and He will not desert us at the last."

CHARTERS shook his head.

"If that were so the world would be a paradise," he said. "The soul may be God's affair but the fight for existence is our fight. You will not find allies in the skies. No kindly Providence intervened to save your water from being stolen."

Beresford was on the point of giving way when Lancaster looked at him. Then his pride prevailed.

"I think we can manage quite well, thank you," he said.

"Father!" exclaimed Lola. "You know you can't. You've never been able to manage for yourself. And as for you, Gerald, you have never done a day's work in your life."

"And I'm not going to start by being a hired man to a ship's waiter," retorted Lancaster.

"Gerald!"

"Oh, I've had enough of this!" he snapped, and strode away. Beresford shrugged his shoulders and followed him. Lola bit her lips in vexation. She turned to Charters.

"Can I be of any use?"

"Assuredly, but I am afraid the offer is cancelled. I made it in good faith. I cannot very well accept your services in the face of your father's refusal. But if you two ladies would like to make a social call on me by the lagoon, you will be welcome to anything I have in the way of food. Good-bye!"

He walked away and Lola clenched her hands. Priestly coughed.

"I believe he is an agnostic—terrible?" he mused.

"What does it matter what he is," stormed Lola. "He acts like a thinking being."

"I like him," confessed Polly. "He gives me a sense of protection. I wish he had let me cook for him."

She made for the water-barrel, but gave a little scream of horror as she vainly tried to draw a little water. Lola came to her assistance, while Priestly waited impatiently. The truth was not long delayed. The barrel was empty.

"Oh, the gluttons!"

Priestly rubbed his hands across his brow.

"Now what are we going to do?" cried Polly.

Lola stared out at the blue sea whose crested rollers were breaking on to the white beach.

"What indeed!" she murmured. "Oh, I'm tired—tired of everything!"

CHAPTER 7

THE axe-head was at last finished. Charters gazed at it with not a little pride. Here was something really accomplished—something hewn out of rock by prodigious labor. He doubted its efficacy on hard material, but for the purpose of clearing paths it was all that could be desired. He fashioned a haft and bound the double-edged blade to it.

The water in the lagoon looked cool and inviting, so he stripped off the few clothes he wore and plunged down into it. For half an hour he fulfilled the role of fish-cum-porpoise, diving to the bottom for shells and rising to the surface to lie on his back and kick the crystalline water into fountains.

He eventually emerged and lay prone, with a palm leaf over his face, to dry. It was the first respite from work he had indulged in since he set foot on the island, and the sensation was pleasant. He lapsed into day-dreams and was on the verge of complete unconsciousness when someone coughed. Springing to his feet he beheld Priestly with his face diplomatically turned away. Running into the hut he reappeared a few minutes later as a civilised being.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I had no idea anyone was within a mile."

"It was fortunate it was only I, it might have been Miss Beresford," mused Priestly.

"It might," replied Charters casually. He saw his visitor's eyes fixed on the fruit inside the hut.

"You are hungry?" he asked.

"Famished!"

"Can I offer you something?"

Priestly gulped, and was on the point of accepting when his conscience smote him.

"Thank you, no. That is to say, not until I have said what I have to say. I have been thinking of what you said yesterday, Mr. Charters. Though I do not agree with your opinions in toto I must confess that in the main you are right. We are helpless creatures. Is . . . er . . . your offer still open?"

"Yes!"

"Then I should like to avail myself of it." He looked down at his slim, undeveloped form. "I am afraid I shall be rather a poor recruit. I was never very strong physically. But if you will make allowances, I will do my best."

Charters inclined his head.

"That's the spirit. I don't ask anyone to do more than their best. Now what would you like to do?"

Priestly reflected.

"I could fetch and carry things up to the limit of my strength. The water supply, for instance."

Charters shook his head as he thought of the tortuous path that led up to the spring.

"I have a better proposal," he said. "How would you like to be pastor to the community?"

Priestly stared at him.

"But you said you wanted workers . . .!"

"So I do. But every man to his job. You have a fine voice and the necessary faith. When the day's work is done it will be pleasant to hear you discourse. I don't pretend that I shall agree with a word of it, but that's no reason why you should not have your say."

"Am I then to preach to the wind?"

"There will be the others. For instance,

THE ISLE OF ATONEMENT

9

Lancaster could do with a few moral lessons."

"But Lancaster won't . . ."

"He will. So will Beresford when reality stares them in the face. The thing is inevitable. It will come to a choice between begging from Ferguson and Bellamy or doing honest work up here. Those two sailors will subsist. They are the crude animals. They'll live like dogs on raw fish, anything, but they'll survive. Our way of life must be different if we wish to remain men. That is why I put my suggestion to you."

Priestly was evidently impressed. His own faith, strong as it was, had received a blow. He had a suspicion that faith was not enough, that it needed to be blended with endeavor such as this man from nowhere possessed.

"You are generous," he said. "It would be foolish to pretend that your offer is not welcome. I will stay."

"Good. Now you want a square meal."

Priestly squatted under a tree while Charters produced an enormous pile of fruit and a quantity of water. He sat down opposite the clergyman and chatted about the future as he ate ravenously.

"Given a cook who can devote her whole time to it, I don't see why we should not live as comfortably as if we were in a modern city. Fruit we have, fish and poultry we can get."

"But how?"

"Fishing rods, and this spear. Bow and arrows are not difficult to make."

"But the fire . . . we haven't a match between us."

"There are other means. . . . Do have some more fruit!"

"Thank you. And do you think we shall ever get away from here?"

"Assuredly. But it will mean work, and plenty of it."

THE morning passed pleasantly enough for Priestly found the site of the camp entrancing. Charters had vanished into the jungle but returned later with a gourd full of water and a further supply of fruit. He found Priestly examining the spear.

"Can you really catch fish with this?" he asked.

"Yes. Come, I will show you."

Half an hour was spent in the attempt. At last the spear found a billet—a four-pounder. Charters flung it on to the bank, where it lay gasping. Priestly cleaned his spectacles and surveyed it. It was this operation which gave Charters an idea.

"May I borrow your glasses?" he asked.

"Certainly, but—"

Charters took them. He gathered together a pile of dry grass and twigs and held one of the lenses of the spectacles above it. The magnification was poor and the small ring of intensified light had no effect on the grass. He superimposed the second lens over the first, then separated them a little by little. His patience was unlimited, but at length he was rewarded. A thin spiral of smoke came from the small heap. He bent his head and blew the tinder. More smoke came and then a flame.

"More grass and twigs!" he cried.

Priestly surpassed himself in his wild rush to keep the fire alight. It grew to an imposing height as the pair of them brought new fuel. Charters handed back the spectacles.

"I had never thought of that way," he confessed. "It means a variation of diet. Let us start on the fish. It looks dead enough."

He found a fluke stone, cut off the fish's head, and laid the edible portion on the improvised frying-pan. It was placed in the centre of the fire which by this time was a veritable furnace. The stone grew hot, the fish sizzled. The air became charged with an odor which, if not pleasant, was agreeable. A little later they were sitting down to their meal.

"Mr. Charters, you are rather a wonderful person," said Priestly.

"Wonderful! Great heavens, what are you getting at? Surely there is nothing wonderful in the acquiring of one's food. Why, even a cat succeeds in that!"

THEY had scarcely commenced to eat when several figures came round the bend along the lagoon. Charters who was facing them had no difficulty in recognising the rest of the castaways with the exception of the two sailors. He put down the two short sticks with which he was eating and a smile crossed his face. Priestly turned his head.

"I—expect they are looking for me," he said.

"It is possible they are looking for—work."

The party came forward. Lola and Polly in advance of the two men. Charters saw their look of amazement as they beheld the fire and the chief item of the menu. He and Priestly rose to their feet, the latter not a little embarrassed.

"We—were wondering where you had gone," stammered Lola.

"Yes," said Polly. "We wondered—oh, that delicious smell!"

Lola looked at her hand, and then turned to Charters with a whimsical expression.

"We want work, please."

"All of you?"

"Yes, all of us." The smile on his lips was contagious. Her eyes lighted up. "Take us. We'll love, honor, and obey—anything you wish."

Charters turned to the rather glum figure of Beresford.

"You are quite agreeable?"

"Yes," mumbled Beresford.

"And you, Mr. Lancaster?"

"There seems no alternative," grumbled Lancaster.

"Very well. I'm glad that is settled. The first thing to do is to eat and get strong. Please sit down. There is enough fish for all. Priestly, will you please get some more shells and some fruit?"

Priestly beamed and obeyed with alacrity.

"To-morrow we start work as an organised community," said Charters. "In the meantime I give you a toast, or rather a motto—'God helps those that help themselves!'"

He raised the cup-like shell and quaffed the refreshing water. The others followed suit. Priestly beamed as he made an attack on the fish.

"That was a very apposite remark," he said. "The skipper is undoubtedly right!" The skipper! It had come to that already!

CHAPTER 8

THE party settled down to their new life with astonishing ease. For the first few days there was a certain amount of friction between Charters and Lancaster, the latter taking umbrage at the slightest provocation, and presenting a rebellious front. Charters was saved the

necessity of using force by the intervention of Priestly who read Lancaster a little homily on conduct, and Lola who made it quite clear that she regarded his behaviour as childish.

"He takes a delight in giving me all the dirty jobs," complained Lancaster.

"Nonsense! None of us works as hard as he."

"I knew you'd say that," he replied. "Does he ever do anything wrong in your eyes?"

Her eyes flashed angrily and she turned on her heel and left him. He regretted the remark later and came to her full of penitence and with her habitual generosity she forgave him. After that things settled down. Beresford and Lancaster were inclined to hold themselves a little aloof, but they carried out their tasks with a certain measure of satisfaction. All hands became busy in the erection of more huts. One of these was used as a rookhouse and boasted a fireplace and chimney. Polly was placed in charge of this department, and took enormous pride in it. Lola's talents lay in another direction. She grew to be expert at fish-spearing, and in making bows and arrows with the aid of which several wild creatures were killed in the jungle. Charters did most of the heavy work, assisted by Lancaster and Beresford. He was the brain that brought into use many things. His resourcefulness was unlimited and his optimism tremendous.

At times, however, he suffered short fits of depression, the cause of which no one could fathom. One day Lola found him wandering along the beach in the shades of evening. His brow was clouded and occasionally he stopped and gazed out to sea. When he became conscious of her presence he strove to smile but it was a failure.

"Aren't you well?" she queried.

"Yes—I'm all right."

"But you seem so strange—as if something was worrying you."

"If it were would it matter?"

"Yes. We owe so much to you. You have the right to be proud and happy."

He looked into her deep eyes, and for a second she thought he was going to unburden his soul, but he only smiled wanly and shrugged his shoulders. Behind them a cheerful camp-fire blazed, throwing into silhouette the figures of the rest of the party who were apparently engaged in a controversy before turning in for the night.

"Are you coming back?" she asked.

"Not just now. I want to walk — and think."

It was clear he did not wish her to stay, and the knowledge rankled slightly in her mind.

"Very well. Good-night!" she said.

"Good-night."

She joined the rest of the party. Lancaster made room for her beside him and caught her hand as she sat down. It was the hand on which her engagement ring was. Unseen by the others he raised it to his lips. Somehow the kiss seemed cold.

"Where is the skipper?" queried Priestly.

"Walking."

"Strange chap," growled Beresford.

"A good chap," said Priestly, quietly.

"One lives and learns."

Lancaster laughed a little cynically.

"What have you learnt now, Priestly?"

"That a man is to be judged absolutely

on his actions. That sacrifice, courage, endurance, and humility count for more than anything else on earth."

"I shouldn't call him humble," argued Beresford. "He's by far the proudest one of the whole lot of us."

"But in a different way, Beresford," replied Priestly. "You, for instance, are proud of your wealth. Lancaster is proud of his lineage. Charters is only proud of his manhood."

"Oh, dear me!" yawned Polly. "How you talk. I'm going to bed."

She got up and bade them good-night. A little later Beresford followed suit. Lancaster stayed but a few minutes longer in order to steal a kiss from Lola while Priestly was engrossed in his Bible. Lola sighed as he left. Priestly looked up and closed the book.

"This adventure has really been a blessing," he mused. "It will be the making of Lancaster—in fact of all of us. Polly is loving her—I should say. Polly is improving her figure. Your father has never been so healthy, and you—if I may say so—have never looked so beautiful."

Lola shook her finger at him.

"And you—?" she queried.

"I—well, to be honest I am not quite so narrow-minded as I was when I preached to large congregations in Brisbane. Going about half-naked has a great broadening effect. Our skipper, too, is an eternal problem. There is some mystery about his past. I wish I could help him."

So Priestly, too, had noticed the periodical lapses into moods of depression on the part of Charters. Hitherto she had imagined Priestly to be unobservant, wrapped up in himself and religion. It was somewhat of a surprise to discover that his observation was no less acute than her own. His remark aroused her interest.

"What can there be amiss with him?" she inquired.

"It might be a wife—"

"A wife?"

"Why not. He is always looking back, as it were. Why should he look back in that fashion? That is a probable solution. I can well imagine the anxiety, the pangs of separation—"

Lola shook her head.

"It isn't that," she said emphatically.

"How can you know?"

"Because . . . he doesn't look married."

Priestly chuckled, but desisted when he realised that she did not appreciate the humorous side.

"Anyhow, his affairs are his own. We ought not to discuss them at all."

"Of course not," she agreed. "But one always does, or wants to do, the things one oughtn't to do. I think I will retire now. Good-night."

He rose and shook her outstretched hand, not was he oblivious to the fact that she was disturbed in her mind. A few minutes later Charters entered the camp. His former "fit of the blues" had entirely vanished. He was his old self again, composed, assertive.

"All gone to roost?" he asked.

"Yes—tired out."

He went to the woodpile close by and placed a large armful of green wood on to the fire.

"That ought to keep it in until morning, unless it rains," he remarked.

"It does not look like rain."

"It must rain soon. The season is changing. I am glad we have finished the huts for I have no doubt that rain in these latitudes will be a serious affair. Now we are ready to commence on the boat."

"How can you make a boat with so few tools?"

"It is merely a matter of time. I hope to get it finished by the time the rains are over, and the settled weather comes in. Frankly, I know very little about boats."

It looked as though the cat was coming out of the bag. It was certainly a strange confession for a seafaring man to make.

"It is a pity these sailors are so recalcitrant," said Priestly. "They might be useful in that operation."

In the morning the

party arose to the usual perfect weather, but there was a queer heaviness in the air and the wind had changed a little. The dawn had broken blood-red, and from afar came intermittent rumbles. By mid-day the atmosphere was stifling and the shade of the trees offered scant relief. Everyone took off clothes to the limit permitted by modesty. Beresford even went the length of discarding his tattered shirt, a loss which was a decided improvement to his appearance. Polly giggled as she saw him.

"If only we had a camera, dear!" she said.

"Polly!" expostulated Lola. "You ought to see yourself!"

"I'll never wear a smart dress again," replied Polly. "I hate clothes. I've never felt so free and unencumbered in my life. Phew— isn't it hot?"

"I'm going to bathe," said Lola. "The men are just starting off for the jungle. The skipper is looking for a tree from which to make a boat."

"A boat . . . what for?"

"To escape in, of course."

"But I don't want to escape in a small boat. I thought we were going to pick up a liner. I'd rather stay here forever than venture on the sea in a cockleshell craft. I'd be dreadfully seasick. I'll talk to Charters and tell him not to waste time."

Lola laughed merrily. She knew Charters sufficiently to be certain that all the Pollys in the world would not succeed in deterring him from following the path he had mapped out. He came along at that moment—a lithe, tanned figure several inches taller than Lancaster who was just behind him, swinging the big axe as though it were a walking-stick.

"We'll be back at noon," he said. "Where's Beresford?"

Lola, not at all perturbed at this mode of address, pointed to the lagoon where a splashing figure could be seen.

"Send him on," said Charters. "We shall take the centre path."

Lancaster dallied a little to have a chat with Lola. Charters' stentorian voice came through the trees.

"Lancaster! Don't hang about. Hustle!"

"Damn!" muttered Lancaster. "He's a nigger-driver. I'd like to—"

"Do," said Lola. "I'd love to see you!" He turned on his heel and departed. Lola waved her hand as he disappeared through the trees. She turned to find Polly looking at her seriously.

"Aren't you rather hard on him, dear?" she remarked.

"Hard! Why?"

"Well, he's to be your husband one day, you know."

"Is he?" she mused; then, slowly, "Yes, I suppose he is. Oh, don't talk about that. Time enough when it happens."

Later in the day Lola walked up the lagoon and found a sheltered spot where she disrobed and dived into the cool, inviting sea. The tide was running in at a good rate, and she went with it, swimming easily on her breast. For miles she continued until she came to the limits of the inland waterway—a steep coral beach backed by the jungle. She sat there with the water up to her waist, admiring the scene. She looked a veritable mermaid, gleaming pure white against the blue.

She started to swim back but the tide had not yet ebbed and progress was difficult. So she sported about for half an hour until the water began to recede from the beach. Lazily she floated on it down to the sea. It needed but a small movement of her arms to keep her afloat. The banks drifted by. Through flowery vistas she could see brilliantly-marked birds flitting from side to side. All the while the water lapped in her ears. The return journey seemed interminable. She realised that she had been hours in the water, and yet she was warm and comfortable.

She turned over on her side and saw in the distance the camp and the raft. She put strength into her strokes and made tremendous headway. The raft came closer and closer. She was about to grasp its edge when something long and black slid across her breast. She looked at it with amazement and then with unspeakable terror. It was cold and clammy and alive! She caught it with her hands and strove to remove it, but the only result was the appearance of another tentacle. The hideous thing tightened about her. From her lips came a wild shriek of terror. Again and again she cried. With a frantic effort she managed to grip the edge of the raft. A dreadful weight was on her body. She looked down and saw, in the transparent water, the hideous black form of an octopus. The hand on the raft was slipping—slipping—

CHAPTER 2

CHARTERS and his companions stood in a clearing near the source of the rivulet, gazing up at a short, stout tree that grew in isolation. Lancaster and Beresford look at each other in amazement when they heard Charters' intentions.

"It can't be done!" said Lancaster.

"Sheer nonsense!" agreed Beresford.

"Hold your tongues," said Charters. "If that's the way you are accustomed to approach problems, heaven help you."

"But how can we fell a tree that size with these wretched implements?"

"By patience and hard work. The thing is roughly twenty-four inches in diameter. I calculate we can penetrate three inches per day. That means eight days to fell it—a week if we put our backs into it."

"Then there's the other end to be taken off," groaned Beresford.

"Precisely. That makes two weeks. Another month will be occupied in hollowing it and a further month in finishing it and equipping it with ears. Say three months in all. Isn't it worth it?"

Judging from their faces they thought not. To them the task seemed idiotic. They were not afraid of work in small doses, but to be confronted with a single job of three months' duration was a nightmare.

"It won't sail when it's finished," said Lancaster.

"Who says it won't?" retorted Charters.

Lancaster failed to meet the fierce eyes but contented himself with growling about a "sinful waste of labor." Work was commenced a few minutes later. The stone axes made but a poor impression upon the hard trunk, but the taskmaster had no mercy. He attacked the tree on the north side, leaving Lancaster and Beresford to attend to the opposite side. The jungle rang with the dull sounds, and chips came off reluctantly.

Time passed, and the workers were bathed in perspiration. Lancaster and Beresford rested from time to time, but Charters appeared to be indefatigable. His muscular arms brought the axe down with unfailing regularity and a considerable impression was made after two hours' work. Then the binding cord on the axe-head came adrift and he was compelled to rebind it. At noon he called a halt and examined the two axe-heads. They had stood up to their tasks very well, but both were slightly chipped. It left him fully conscious of the enormous job on hand. Each day the axe-head would have to be re-ground, and doubtless new heads would have to be fashioned periodically, but the job was started and he meant to see it through.

"Now for dinner," he announced. "We start again in two hours' time."

THEY left the axes near the trees and commenced to trudge back to the camp. Charters, full of agility, led the way through the hollow track. He emerged at length into the open and started as a terrible cry met his ears. He broke into a swift run through the scattered trees. Again the cry came, and he caught a glimpse of a figure running from the hut. It was Polly and her face was convulsed. She saw him and cried:

"Lola—she's drowning!"

He plunged forward and came upon a terrifying sight. Lola was clinging to the raft with two hideous black tentacles around her body. The water near her was churned up and something black and awful could be seen in the neighborhood of her kicking feet. She saw him as he reached the edge, and turned her terror-stricken eyes upon him. Then her fingers relaxed and lost their grip. There was a swirl in the water as she disappeared.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Polly.

Lancaster and Beresford, now aware of the catastrophe, ran madly down the bank. Charters leaped at Lancaster.

"The knife—have you got it?"

Lancaster remained paralysed and Beresford's mouth opened and closed spasmodically.

"The knife!"

Charters thrust his hand into Lancaster's pocket and produced the clasp-knife that had been taken from Ferguson. He opened it in a second and dived clean into the lagoon. They saw his black head outlined against the bottom. Then it disappeared

under the raft. Bubbles came to the surface, and, later, Charters. He opened his mouth, gulped, and sank again. The line of bubbles went farther down the lagoon. The party on the bank followed them in a state of absolute horror and bewilderment. A cry left Polly's palsied lips. She pointed with her finger.

"There! There!"

They looked and saw a mass of tentacles and two figures somewhere near the bottom. Then the pure water was dyed with a black fluid.

"They're gone!" moaned Beresford.

Priestly, who had been reading further up the bank, came breathlessly on the scene.

"What is it?"

"Octopus! Oh, God!"

THERE was a tremendous convulsion of the water. A long, thick tentacle came to view waving in eerie fashion. Slowly it was withdrawn. The convulsions ceased, and wonder of wonders, Charters' head came to the surface. In his arms was the inert white figure of Lola. He gasped for breath and flung the knife on the bank.

"Coat!" he yelled.

Polly ran to the hut and came back with his coat. By the time she arrived he was standing waist deep near the bank. He took the coat and fastened it round Lola's body. Then he lifted her in his arms and came out of the water. He laid her on the bank and pushed back the frantic figure of Beresford.

"Take her left arm, Lancaster. Use it so!"

He demonstrated on the other arm, moving it out and inward towards the breast. But artificial respiration was scarcely necessary. Lola soon opened her eyes and blinked at them. She shuddered. Charters made room for Beresford.

"Father!"

"Lola. Are—are you all right?"

"Yes," she replied faintly. "Oh, that horrid thing!"

"She's all right," said Charters to Polly.

"I'll take her to the hut. Better find her clothes."

Whilst Polly ran along the bank, Charters lifted Lola in his arms and conveyed her to the hut. She seemed oblivious to all that had taken place in the water and gazed at his drenched figure in astonishment.

"You've been in, too. Did you . . . why it must have been you who came . . ."

"Don't talk," he said. "Rest yourself."

"I don't want to rest. Put me down."

"No."

"Why not, I'm all right."

He smiled a little as he looked down at her.

"To tell the truth you are not fit to be seen in public," he said.

"Oh—my clothes!"

"Polly will bring them. Here we are!"

He deposited her on the ferns inside her hut and without a word turned on his heels and went out. Beresford ran up to him.

"By heavens . . . you're a brave man!" he said and held out his hand.

Charters took it coolly.

"I'll have to put a barrier across the lagoon," he mused. "We can't allow things like that to happen."

He walked away and Lancaster's eyes followed him. Beresford was in the throes of considerable emotion. The reaction

had set in and his knees quaked. He mopped his brows and sat down.

"But for the skipper we should have lost Lola," he said.

"I was so taken by surprise . . . I . . ."

exclaimed Lancaster.

"I know," Beresford pulled a long face.

"That's where we fall, my boy. We lose our heads at the critical moment."

CHAPTER 10

THE awaited thunder-storm arrived and proved to be the prelude to a break in the weather. For weeks the island was visited by heavy rains. It became necessary to reinforce the hutments and to add more thatch to the roofs. But despite these interruptions the work on the canoe went forward. The tree had been felled and partly hollowed. All hands had helped to convey it from the jungle to a spot near the huts where work was resumed.

Every day saw a slight change in its appearance. It ceased to be a trunk once the bows and stern were shaped. The monotonous part of the work over, Lancaster and Beresford gathered a little enthusiasm. Here was the link with civilisation. Their hearts beat on a fuller note.

Charters' energy was undiminished. He worked 12 hours to their eight, and was constantly inventing new tools. The steel hands from the water-barrels were heated and tempered and made into scraping tools and chisels. The constant rains were not allowed to hinder operations; wet or fine the work went forward.

"How much longer?" asked Lola.

"A month," Charters replied. "But we may have to wait a little longer. So much depends on the weather."

"And do you really think it will make the mainland?"

"With luck. But failing that, we may be able to pick up a ship."

Lola had become expert in the use of bow and arrow, and she was forever engaged on the task of replenishing the latter. She came to a small rivulet which had been swollen by the recent rains and its noise echoed through the glades. The cry of birds came from all round and the undergrowth was alive with animals. These sometimes scampered across her path and were easy prey, but she had set her heart upon a bird and her eyes were turned towards the tops of the trees where they were wont to perch.

She kept the bow in readiness, the arrow resting on the cord, but for some time no suitable target presented itself. Ten minutes later she heard the swish of wings and saw a big body hurtling overhead. It alighted on a tree directly in front of her and was clearly outlined against the blue sky. She crept nearer and nearer until she considered the range sufficiently shortened. She drew the cord back to her ear. The arrow shot forward and upward. It missed the bird by a bare foot and set it flying wildly away. She uttered a little cry of vexation and ran along the path that she might discover its next roosting place.

She suddenly emerged into the clearing where Charters was in the habit of cutting wood. She gave a cry as she saw him there now, but the cry froze on her lips for his hands were engaged in hugging an arrow which projected from his right shoulder—her arrow! Her face paled and her lips trembled as she darted forward. He extracted the arrow as she reached him and the blood flowed from the jagged wound.

"Oh! Oh!" she wailed. "I've wounded you!"

"It isn't much," he murmured.

She tore a strip of cloth from her dress and deftly bound up his shoulder. Then, to his amazement, she sat down on a tree and burst into tears.

"Come!" he said. "I thought you never cried!"

She turned up her wet face indignantly. "Nor do I," she retorted. "I'm not crying. How dare you say I'm crying?"

"It's the best imitation I have seen for a long time."

A great sob escaped her. He winced as though she had struck him, and sank on the log beside her. She felt his arm round her shoulder and cried all the more.

"Lola," he pleaded. "There is nothing to cry about. Why are you making all that noise?"

"Noise! Oh, you . . . you . . ."

"Brute!" he added. "I know I'm a brute . . ."

"No, no. I wasn't going to say that," she protested.

His uninjured arm was still around her and her head was inclined against his shoulder, nor did she show any inclination to move. She raised her hand and wiped away a tear that had lingered on her long lashes. The ring on her finger glinted in sunshine. It brought her to realise certain facts and she felt a little ashamed. Charters moved and suddenly stood up.

"I must . . ." he commenced and then stopped as Lancaster's expression that the recent incidents had been observed. Lola bit her lip.

"Want anything?" queried Charters coolly.

Lancaster glared at him.

"I came to see where Lola was," he replied hoarsely.

"Here I am," said Lola. "What do you want?"

"Nothing. I see what a damned fool I have been," he said bitterly. "To think I trusted you . . ."

"Gratid!"

"So you were going to shoot birds?"

"I was, and I shot someone else instead."

HE looked at Charters' damaged shoulder, but it afforded him no relief to the jealousy that raged within him. Charters took the matter in hand promptly. He waved Lola away and she was glad to depart.

"Now then, why have you left your work?" he demanded.

"You have the infernal cheek to ask me that?" stormed Lancaster.

"I have, and you'll answer me civilly or I'll kick you out of the camp."

He looked as though he were about to put the threat into operation. Lancaster stood his ground. His was not a courageous spirit, but he was willing to be manhandled where Lola was concerned.

"Go on," he said. "Start kicking!"

Charters shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the matter with you?" he snapped.

"That ought to be clear to you. I suppose you know that Lola and I are engaged?"

"I do. What then?"

"What then? Do you think I haven't eyes in my head. I saw you just now . . . the pair of you. Look here, be honest, do you love her?"

Charters started. He had not expected this and his surprise was evident. His eyes blazed as he turned on Lancaster.

"You are talking of impossibilities. The point is not what I do, or think, but what you intend to do. If you love her, take

her and marry her. There is a clergyman here. You are taking too much for granted. Marry her before she exercises a woman's prerogative and changes her mind."

This suggestion coming from Charters' lips were like unto a thunderbolt. Lancaster almost gasped.

"I never thought of that," he said.

"You never think of anything. You have even forgotten that you engaged solemnly to work eight hours a day for me in consideration of certain commodities. Be off now before I lose my temper."

He stooped and picked up several lengths of wood which he had hacked from a tree. But Lancaster still stared.

"Then you don't love her!" he stammered. Charters merely laughed.

LANCASTER walked back to the camp, his brain buzzing with the details of the conversation. Marriage! How curious he had never thought of that. Why not? It only remained for Lola to agree. He had no doubt about Beresford or Priestly. They could celebrate a church wedding when they reached civilisation.

He became aware that of late he and Lola had been slightly estranged. He blamed himself for that. In a sense Charters was right. He had let his love grow cold. It needed fanning, or at least it needed a deeper expression. Things were different in big cities. A girl could get excitement in a dozen different ways—dressmakers, theatres, social functions. Here things were elemental and Nature beat a stronger note. He himself felt it, let alone Lola, who had always been a little romantic. He resolved to put more heart into his courting, to plead not as a social animal offering the woman of his choice a mere name and the wherewithal to uphold it, but as Adam wooed Eve with all the passion of his being.

That evening brought a new element into the situation. Priestly had been along the beach with a secret endeavor to bring the two sailors into the fold. He returned with the startling news that both men were dying in their wretched hovel.

"What can we do?" he asked tensely. "It's some kind of terrible fever, and no doubt contagious."

"Better leave them alone," advised Beresford. "We might only make matters worse by catching it ourselves. Why, you may even have it already!"

"By jove, yes," muttered Lancaster.

Lola winced at his startled expression, and at her father's words. There might be logic in them but it seemed inhuman. Charters came from the cook-house with Polly. Priestly detached himself from the party and went to him. Briefly he told him the news.

"I'll go down there," said Charters. "I'll get my coat . . . for I may have to stay." He went back at once and reappeared later with his coat and some provisions.

"Aren't you going to have your supper?" queried Polly.

"I've got enough here. Priestly, come along in the morning, in case I need anything. You can stay outside the camp while I shout."

"I'll come now," said Priestly.

"No. It may be something contagious."

"But I've been there already."

"We must risk that."

Beresford began to argue. What good was there to be served in going down there to two dying men? Hadn't he considered the rest? Suppose he caught . . .

"That's enough!" snapped Charters. "Lancaster, I rely on you to see that work is not interrupted by my absence. I shall not come back until all risk of infection is passed."

He strode away and was soon lost in the trees. Priestly sighed and shook his head. Polly looked at Lola, and Lola wondered.

"They are not worth it," she exclaimed, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "He may catch it and die!"

"Wouldn't that be worth it?" said Priestly quietly.

"But they hate him. They would kill him if they had the chance!"

"Oh, it's awful," moaned Polly. "If he were to die what would become of us?"

"The boat is nearly ready," said Lancaster.

The full selfishness of his words were lost upon him. Polly, Lola, and Priestly turned their indignant faces on him. He flushed and commenced to eat. But the whole meal was a failure in many respects.

CHAPTER 11

IN the rough hut along the beach Charters fought the unknown disease. He had failed utterly to diagnose it, but its infectious nature was plain from the fact that both men were down with it. He found them talking incoherently, filthy and awful to look upon. The hut was more like a midden than a dwelling place, and was calculated to militate against any hope of recovery.

His time was occupied between making this novel sanitary and in tending to the stricken men. Of the two Ferguson was in the worse condition. Hour after hour he lay in the grip of a delirium, swearing and raving about a myriad happenings of the past. Charters' own name cropped up from time to time accompanied by curses. Periodically Bellamy joined him in these wild mutterings. The period of their consciousness was practically nil. At the most they could only gaze in weak and fuddled fashion at the face of their "nurse" and wrinkle their brows.

On the second day after Charters' arrival it became obvious that Ferguson was doomed. His shrunken chest heaved convulsively and his murmurings grew less in volume. They finally ceased altogether and his temperature fell sharply. Charters was forcing some liquid down his throat when he opened his eyes and revealed the fact that he was fully conscious.

"You!" he whispered.

"S-sh!"

"You here—all along?"

Charters nodded and offered him the liquid food again. But he shook his head.

"I'm finished," he whispered. "May as well talk, can't do no harm now. Where's Bellamy?"

"He's here, and ill too."

"Ah, caught it from me. You'll catch it too. Did you know that?"

"I reckoned with that possibility."

Ferguson's bright eyes contracted and a little hiss left his lips.

"And yet you came . . . well, if that's not . . . Is it night time. It's mighty dark here?"

It was broad daylight. Charters knew the end was near. He saw in the bright eyes the shadow of approaching death. It affected him strangely . . . the calmness of it.

"Is . . . is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"No thanks. There was my old mother away in Vancouver, but maybe she's . . .

Charters, where are you? Have you gone? Don't leave me . . . a-h, you're there. I'm . . . going . . . Charters. It's all cold and dark. You're a white man . . . a great skipper. Why did I hate you. Why? . . . Why? . . . He passed away with the eternal question on his lips. It left Charters with a tight feeling at his throat. He felt the heart and looked under the closed eyelids. Without wasting time he carried the body to a sheltered place and scooped a deep hole in the loose sand. There Ferguson found his last resting-place. He returned to find Bellamy muttering again. He soothed him to some extent and, hearing a cry, went out to see Priestly with some water and fruit.

"One has gone," he said.

"Dead?"

"Yes, Ferguson. You will find the place along the beach . . . just behind those three palms . . . there. Perhaps you would like to say a few words . . ."

Priestly inclined his head.

"And the other?"

"I think I may save him . . . I don't know."

The clergyman went on his way and Charters carried in the provisions. He felt tired and weak, for all night he had sat by Ferguson and had taken scarcely any food. Now the life of Bellamy was in the balance and the fight must continue.

Towards the evening Bellamy began raving just as Ferguson had. Great beads of perspiration dropped from his brows. He strove to rise to his feet but was pushed back gently by the watcher. As the night advanced he grew worse. It continued until the dawn and then the crisis came. Charters watched the sufferer with heavy eyes. He looked for the signs of death that had been so manifest in Ferguson, but they were not so evident. Fighting against sleep he at last succumbed. When he awoke it was almost noon. He looked at Bellamy and saw that he was asleep, but even now the outcome was uncertain. He went outside and found the daily provisions placed on the sand. To his astonishment Lola was sitting nearby.

"I BROUGHT" them this morning," she said, walking towards him.

"Don't come too near," he begged.

"Why not? You . . . you haven't caught the fever?"

"I . . . I don't know. But you must take no risks."

"Why shouldn't I take a few risks? Are you to take them all?"

"Please don't argue!"

She sank her head at the peremptory tones, but after a brief silence she raised it again and inquired after Bellamy.

"I think he will survive. You heard about Ferguson?"

She shuddered. A cry came from inside.

"I must go," he said hurriedly, and ran towards the hut.

She walked back to the camp feeling strangely lonely and miserable. Lancaster and Beresford had knocked off work and were awaiting dinner. The former was in high spirits for the boat was shaping well and he foresaw early escape from what he regarded as a loathsome prison. It was Saturday and the customary half-day's holiday. After the meal he and Lola wandered up the lagoon. Rain during the morning had washed everything clean. The air was sweet and full of the perfume of flowers that seemed to grow all the year

round in this equable climate. The sea was running gently between the green banks and all nature seemed at peace. They sat down under a tree near the water and watched the fish swimming up with the tide.

"You are very quiet, Lola."

"Yes. I feel quiet."

"What does that mean . . . that you feel unhappy?"

"No, I could never feel unhappy here."

"Why here in particular? I see very little that makes for happiness and comfort."

"Then you are very blind."

He frowned a little at the retort for he was trying to discover some means that would lead him to the subject that was occupying his mind . . . their engagement. He was diplomatic enough not to rush the barricade like a mad bull.

"You've changed a little, Lola, these past few months," he murmured tenderly.

"Have I? Yes, I suppose I have. For the first time in my life I have thought about . . . things."

"What things?"

"Everything that matters . . . life, love, and people."

"Didn't you think of those before?"

She shook her head very slowly.

"I took everything for granted . . . just as you do, Gerald."

"You're wrong, Lola. I don't take things for granted now. I, too, have been learning things."

This assertion evidently astonished her. She gazed at his serious face.

"What have you learnt?"

"That it is easier to win a girl's love than to hold it. I won yours back there in Brisbane. Can I hold it?"

She turned her head away from him that he might not see the confusion in her eyes.

He pulled her close up to him and gazed longingly into her wistful eyes. Her lips were near his and he could feel her heart beating fast against his own. He kissed her passionately and sighed as she calmly received it. The shadows retreated from his mental horizon. A mighty chasm seemed to have been bridged in those few minutes of bliss. They sat there in the glorious sunshine each dreaming dreams. But in the girl's dream was a figure that persisted in blocking the horizon, and that figure was Charters.

At the same moment Charters had won his fight. Bellamy awoke and gazed at the figure in the hut.

"I dreamed I was scuttled," he muttered.

"Where am I? Oh, it's you!"

Charters gave a great sigh. The crisis was over. He knew that Bellamy was not destined for the hole in the sand. His relief was tremendous.

C

HARTERS, with his patient now on his legs, was wondering how long he should remain in isolation. His head ached in unaccustomed fashion and he felt a little weak and feverish. It was Bellamy who stumbled across the truth before it was manifest to Charters himself. His eyes rolled in their sockets as he peered at Charters' pallid face.

"You've got it!" he ejaculated.

"Nonsense!"

"You have. Doesn't every muscle in you ache like the devil? Isn't your throat sore? Sit down and don't move. I'm all right now."

Followed a week of suffering and anxiety. Priestly, on bringing down the provisions

heard the news. He was making the hut when Bellamy stopped him.

"You leave him alone!" he growled. "He's all right with me. I gotta get him well, I have."

Lola heard the news and came down to plead with Bellamy, but all to no purpose. He threatened to "scuttle" anyone who interfered and looked as though he meant it.

"What can we do?" moaned Lola.

"Nothing!" said Priestly. "We can only hope and pray."

The days passed and the only news they got from Bellamy was that the skipper was all right. Then in the midst of the night Priestly was awakened by the sailor. His voice was broken and wild.

"Come!" he cried. "He's dying. What shall I do? He's got no right to die. He was doing fine and then he gave up—just as if he wanted to."

Lola and Polly, who had been awakened by mistake, ran out and found Priestly on his way to the other hut.

"What's the matter?" gasped Lola.

"It's the skipper. He's very ill."

"Let me come."

"No."

"Why not? There is nothing to worry about. The damage is done now. We must take risks. I will come."

"Lola," pleaded Polly. "You see what happened to the skipper. It may be you next time."

"I don't care. We've got to help if we can."

SHE shook off Polly's arm and joined the two men. Very soon they were with the patient in the small light of the home-made lamp—a piece of wick in a shell of fish oil—they saw Charters' face. The change in him terrified them. All the plumpness had gone. The cheeks were hollow and there were great cavities under the eyes. A little sob left Lola's lips.

"S-sh!" growled Bellamy fiercely.

Charters moved slightly and opened his eyes. He was quite conscious and recognised his visitors.

"Why did you come?" he whispered. "It's dangerous here. Go at once."

Priestly fingered the Bible in his pocket. For the first time he was at a loss to know what to do. A prayer. Intuitively he felt that much lay behind Bellamy's assertion. Charters wasn't putting up a good fight.

"What can we do?" he asked.

"Nothing," murmured Charters. "Please don't worry. The boat must be nearly ready now. My little bit is done. You must make due west."

Lola knelt beside him, her breast heaving with emotion.

"You've got to get better," she said. "You can if you try. Why aren't you trying?"

"Why should I?"

"Only cowards die without a fight. You shall get better. I won't let you die. I won't!"

Her voice rang with determination. Priestly looked at her and Bellamy frowned as he realised that she was actually out to invade his domain.

"You two can do nothing here," she said. "Please go. I'll stay and nurse him."

"Lola!"

She paid no heed to them but took the lamp away from the bed and prepared to take up residence.

"Here, what about me?" said Bellamy. "I'm not going to leave him."

Lola faced him with calm eyes.

"If you want him to get better you'll go; you've done all you can."

"Where am I to go?"

"To the camp. Mr. Priestly can go in with the other men. You can have his hut until the skipper is able to return and arrange things."

"Lola, is it wise?" pleaded Priestly.

"I don't know whether it is wise or not. But here I stay. Please go!"

They went at length, leaving her to her task.

CHAPTER 12

THE miracle had happened, and how it had come about no one quite knew. Lancaster and Beresford were of the opinion that Lola had acted in a decidedly opprobrious manner, and in their narrow-mindedness had insisted that Polly should go down to her. Polly, who knew what Lola would say to such a suggestion, blankly refused, and gave them a piece of her tongue.

So the miracle happened in secrecy. Charters got better. The fight against death had started in that night when all hope had apparently vanished. She had acted on the axiom that to know the cause was half the cure, and the cause in this case was evident enough. The illness had brought Charters within sight of death's door, and the desire to pass through it easily and swiftly had taken possession of him.

It had been no easy task to bring him to see the shame of such a desire. Ignorant of the reasons that prompted him, she had fought through the night, close to him, pouring into his ears soft argument, cajolery even philosophy of a kind.

Perhaps he had found it much harder to die in the presence of such a one. Whatever the real potion was, he fought and lived. Once through the crisis recovery was rapid.

One morning they walked into the camp. Charters was still pale and a little thin, but Lola remained untouched by the ordeal. Bellamy ran forward in a state of great excitement.

"So you've joined the firm?" queried Charters.

"Aye. And we've got the boat finished, and the paddles. She's a fine little craft, but wants a coat of varnish. That's going to be a ticklish job."

"I'll see to that," replied Charters.

An inspection of the boat followed. It was nothing more than a large canoe, seatless and rudderless. Its length was twenty-six feet, and its width nearly two feet. It was rough in every respect, but not without a certain shapeliness. The bows were cut well away, and there was a locker in the stern to carry provisions and water.

Charters got his varnish from a resinous tree, and days were spent in applying it. It dried in patches, but it served its purpose. The problem of fresh water was solved by the cutting of a huge gourd. A hole was bored in the top and the inside scooped out. This, when thoroughly dried and varnished, held several gallons.

Lola put fresh energy into fishing and a plentiful supply was amassed and smoked over the fire. Civilisation seemed much nearer now, for the stormy season had finished and every day saw the sea comparatively smooth. Bellamy's help was a godsend. He was untiring in his efforts to get the boat ready for launching. He managed to rub along with Lancaster and Beresford, without much friction, for the

simple reason that no conversation ever passed between them. He was content to take his orders from Charters and to carry them out with alacrity. The fearful Bellamy of old was gone for ever. He was rough and uncultured still, but somewhere within him a seed of goodness had been touched, and in being touched it bloomed.

"Astounding!" said Priestly. "The man's converted. It bears out my theory that there is good in everyone."

"The trouble is knowing how to reach it," said Polly.

"Charters knew how," put in Lola quietly. Lancaster said nothing. Charters no longer appeared as an obstacle. He felt he had made headway with Lola. He began to take a sensible view of her admiration for the skipper. After all, he admired him, too, though his pride did not permit him to acknowledge that fact.

The trial trip of the boat was a memorable event. It accommodated the seven of them and left ample room for provisions. Carefully they carried it to the lagoon and boarded it from the raft. Polly and Lola sat forward, and the five men took the long-bladed paddles. It sped down the wonderful waterway and out to sea. It mounted the breakers bravely and shipped but little water.

"She's wonderful!" said Priestly.

"Aye. She's a handy craft," agreed Bellamy.

They circumnavigated the whole island in less than two hours. On the eastern side was another lagoon as beautiful as the one on which the camp was built. Its banks were lower and a wide sandy beach ran along both sides.

"I didn't know there was another lagoon," said Charters.

"I did," replied Bellamy. "Me and Ferguson went right up to the end. We found a skeleton up there."

"A skeleton!"

"Aye... it's there now."

"I shall have to explore it," said Charters.

"What's the use now," argued Lola. "We shall be away in a few days, shan't we?"

"Yes, of course."

THEY ran round the point and shot up the lagoon. The "trying out" was in every way a success. It set Lancaster and Beresford talking of the future... that wonderful future in which their light would shine as brightly as of yore. For the first time they approached Bellamy to learn his views.

"With any luck we ought to make Australia," he said. "One thing you can bank on... the canoe can't sink."

"Good!"

"Splendid!"

A little later they interrogated Charters. He answered them somewhat shortly promising a departure two days hence if the weather held. Two days! Was it a dream? Polly dreaded the immediate future. Admire the little craft how she might, she regarded it as a cockleshell and not fit to go to sea in.

"We'll never see Australia in that," she asserted.

"Don't be ridiculous, Polly. Charters says it is very seaworthy and Bellamy agrees. Also we have the life-preservers."

Polly shook her head solemnly.

"I had a dream the other night," she said. "You may laugh but this wasn't an

ordinary dream. I am certain we shall never see Australia."

"Fiddlesticks!"

"Polly, you are putting a damper on the whole project," complained Lola. "Don't get pessimistic when we have achieved so much!"

"I can't help it, dear. I . . . I feel that something is going to happen to us. In my dreams I saw your father and . . ."

She covered her eyes with her hands. Her emotion had a great effect upon the others. They began to visualise dangers. The yacht had been running on a beautiful, calm sea but two hours before the cyclone came and changed the face of nature. Who could say it would not happen again? It set Lancaster thinking very deeply.

That night he enticed Lola into walking with him along the beach. It was a night made for lovers. The moon was at the full and the island shimmered like a jewel in the brilliant illumination. The air was warm and sweet and the lazy breakers boomed musically along the strand.

"Lola," he whispered. "I want to ask you something. Will you marry me?"

"Marry you? Aren't you talking rather soon. Brisbane is a long way off."

"I wasn't thinking of Brisbane. We've got to face facts, and there is no doubt that our trip in search of the mainland is full of dangers."

"Has Polly been at you again?" she asked with a laugh.

"No. I'm not superstitious, but we are putting ourselves entirely at the mercy of the elements. Something may happen to us."

"Yes, something may," she agreed.

"Well, can't we be married before we leave?"

"Married before . . ."

"Yes . . . here on the island. Priestly can marry us to-morrow or better still on the morning we sail."

"I . . . I must think it over, Gerald," she said. "Have you asked father?"

"Yes. He thinks it is a wise plan. He advised me to speak to you to-night. Can't you say 'yes' now?"

"No. I'll tell you to-morrow. Please, please don't worry me!"

"Very well, dear. I won't mention it again until you do."

SLEEP was impossible for her that night. Long after Polly was in the land of dreams she sat and wrestled with the problem. Finding no satisfactory solution, she left the hut silently and wandered along the beach. The moon was well over to the west and the tide was out. She sat down and let her mind have full play. She had never imagined that the climax would find her so unsettled. Hitherto marriage with Lancaster had seemed inevitable and quite desirable. Now it was different.

She did not see the silhouetted figure in the distance until it was quite near her. The soft "pad-pad" of bare feet on the sand aroused her from her dreams. She turned with a start and beheld Charters.

"You!" she gasped.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I couldn't sleep. It seemed stuffy in the hut."

"Thinking too much of the future?"

"Yes."

"So was I," he confessed in a low voice. "Charters, why must there be a to-morrow?"

"I can't to-morrow . . . it's the day after."

"For me it is to-morrow," she said tensely.

He looked at her troubled face and divined that something was wrong.

"You are not going to nourish any regrets now," he said.

"Regrets!" She took her courage into both hands. "To-night Lancaster asked me to marry him. I must tell him to-morrow."

"Well?"

"I . . . I wanted to think it out."

"But wasn't that arranged long ago?"

"Yes. But he fears there may be dangers on the journey. He wants Priestly to marry us here . . . before we leave."

"Here!"

HIS voice betrayed a little surprise, but nothing more. It left her cold and miserable.

"And what have you decided?" he asked.

"I can't make a decision. Tell me, what shall I do?"

"You oughtn't to ask me that."

"You must advise me one way or the other."

For a few minutes he was silent. When he spoke again his voice was quite calm.

"In the circumstances the suggestion seems good."

"You think that?" she quavered.

"I do."

What more was there to be said? The oracle had spoken with such emphasis as to leave no doubts in her mind. Why did it hurt her like this? She walked with him to the huts in silence.

Another member of the party also suffered from insomnia due to different reasons. Lancaster's brain was whirling with the thoughts of home and impending marriage. It was a decidedly comfortable sensation and kept him wide awake. He heard the sound of feet on the sand and, with astonishment, ran to the door. He saw Lola disappear into her hut and also Charters making for his. His little heaven was violently uprooted. Rage mingled with horrible despair made him dazed and sick. He had no doubt this was a clandestine meeting. He cursed Charters long and loud, and woke up Beresford.

"What's that?"

"Nothing," replied Lancaster. "I've got a pain."

That was certainly true, but the pain was purely mental. It drove him nearly mad. The morning dawned and found him ashen-faced and trembling. He had a mind to kill Charters ere he woke, but reason prevailed.

He strode across to the lagoon and plunged into the water. For half an hour he swam vigorously and emerged and dressed to find Lola approaching him.

She looked at him curiously.

"Aren't you well?" she queried.

"Not very."

She touched him on the shoulder tenderly.

"Poor old boy!"

Blank bewilderment sat in his eyes. The cheek, the cruel deception of her?

"I have been thinking over what you said last evening, Gerald," she murmured.

He said nothing but continued to stare at her.

"I am quite ready to go through with it."

"What?"

"Is that all you have to say?"

"But . . . Lola . . . I thought . . ."

He rubbed his forehead. "You're not joking, are you?"

"Of course, I mean it."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her wildly. In a few seconds he had mounted from Hades to Paradise.

"I must tell your father," he said.

"There's no need. I told him just now."

"And Priestly?"

"He knows, too, and is quite prepared to marry us."

"So everybody knows?"

"Everybody!"

"Charters . . . did you tell him?" he asked hoarsely.

"He knew last night. He helped me make up my mind."

"Charters helped you . . .?" He became speechless. To his credit a feeling of shame swept over him. He could afford to be generous, repentant now. A desire to apologise to Charters obsessed him. He found an opportunity later.

"You heard that Lola and I are to be married before we leave?" he stammered.

Charters nodded.

"I wish you every happiness," he said tersely.

"Thanks. I know I'm not half good enough for her."

"You're not," granted Charters.

Lancaster laughed merrily.

"But I mean to do my best to make her happy. While I'm at it I may as well say I am sorry I have been a bit of a drag upon you. At times I acted like a child."

"That's all right. It's over and done with. You start to-morrow at noon, as the tide turns. With fair luck you should reach the mainland."

LANCASTER stared at the use of the third person plural. He was about to interrogate Charters when Bellamy came forward. Charters went to meet him and Lancaster wandered off.

"Everything aboard, Bellamy?"

"Aye."

"Good! What of the weather?"

Bellamy turned his eyes towards the south-west and nodded his head.

"Seems settled enough for a day or two." He dived his hand into his pocket and produced a crumpled sheet of parchment. "I forgot to tell you about this," he said. "I found it up along the eastern lagoon near the skeleton. Can't make head or tail of it . . . can you?"

Charters took the document. It was nothing more than a long sequence of figures inscribed in something that looked very much like blood. At the bottom was a crude design, the subject of which he failed to recognise.

"Curious!" he muttered. "This must have been left by the dead man. There's a date here at the end of it . . . 1896."

"What's it mean, anyway?"

"Heaven knows. It's some kind of cipher. Where was it found?"

"On a tree near the skeleton. It was fastened round a branch with a bootlace."

"It's interesting, but will want a lot of deciphering."

"You keep it," said Bellamy. "It's no use to me. Maybe it's a message to his wife."

"It certainly isn't that. I must investigate up the lagoon later on. There may be . . ."

Bellamy looked at him.

"Later on . . . why, we're off in the morning."

Charters bit his lip. He turned his head away for a few seconds and then turned and faced Bellamy.

"See here, Bellamy . . . I have no intention of leaving the island."

"What's that?"

"It was never my intention to accompany you. I meant to stay here. There are good reasons why I should stay here. Please

don't start arguing. It will be a waste of breath."

"But . . ."

Charters shrugged his shoulders and walked across to his hut. Bellamy stood scratching his head. Then he routed up the rest of the party and breathlessly announced the astounding news.

CHAPTER 13

"WHAT'S to be done?" asked Lola. "We can't go and leave him here. It's inhuman!"

Charters settled the matter himself a little later. He arrived to find the subject still being discussed and overheard Bellamy swear that he would not leave without the skipper.

"Bellamy, you're a fool!" he snapped. "I always was," agreed Bellamy. "What is all this nonsense about staying here?"

"Aren't you asking us to play rather a lowdown game," said Priestly quietly.

"No. I'm not asking you to do anything any more. I order you to go. This bit of the island is mine. I staked it before anyone else. It's going to remain mine. You've all got your discharges and to-morrow at noon you clear out. You can go by the boat back to Australia, or you can stay elsewhere on the island. You . . . can't stay here . . . I mean to live out my life alone."

Lancaster spread out his hands and looked at Priestly. The clergyman bit his lip. In the face of this dogged determination their course seemed clear.

"You . . . you really want us to leave you?" stammered Lola.

"Yes. My mind was made up from the very beginning. Would you render all our work on the boat a waste of time? I appreciate the spirit which prompts you to stay, but it is a wrong spirit. Your duty is to go."

"There you are!" exclaimed Beresford. "Thus they were forced into unanimity, but it threw a cloud over their pending departure. Charters vanished for the rest of the day. He wanted to evade further questioning. They saw him no more until the following morning."

IT broke fine without a breath of wind. Never had the island looked more beautiful. The canoe floated gently on the lagoon with all the necessities aboard her. They had included the life-preservers to provide for any unseen emergency. The paddles lay in the bottom.

Beresford found Lancaster gazing excitedly at the craft.

"When does the ceremony come off?" he asked.

"The wedding? Immediately. Lola is bathing up the lagoon. I am waiting for her."

"Dear, dear," he murmured. "I never thought our cruise would include a wedding. Lancaster, you'll be good to her?"

"I'd die for her."

Beresford smiled, not a little affected at the thoughts of parting with his one and only child. Charters and Priestly joined them and Polly intimated that she was just coming. Bellamy was nowhere to be found. That worthy for some reason or other refused to have anything to do with the matter, and as he was not required as a witness he was allowed to go his own way. At that moment he was up the

lagoon talking to the prospective bride. He had heard a snivelling and had found Lola sitting under a tree crying.

"What's up, missie?" he asked.

"Nothing. What are you doing here?"

"I thought I heard you crying . . . maybe it was the wind. They're waiting for you down there."

He pointed down the lagoon with his finger. Her moist eyes turned in that direction and she shuddered.

"Don't you want to marry him?"

"Mind your own business."

"Sorry!" he said repentantly. "But there's not much time if we are to sail at full tide."

"Did they send you for me?"

"No. I just came this way. I got no interest in this wedding. Now, if it was the other—"

She looked at him quickly.

"The other?"

But Bellamy was staring up at the sky. Something queer was happening there. Though the sun was free of clouds it had become dim and surrounded by a wide, inexplicable ring.

"That's strange!" he muttered. "I've never seen that before. Maybe—"

HE stopped as the ground beneath his feet set up a little tremble. It was not much, but sufficient to make itself felt distinctly. Lola was too perturbed by other considerations to notice anything amiss. Bellamy, sensing some mysterious catastrophe, turned on his heel and went back to interrogate Charters.

Lola followed a few minutes later. She arrived at the camp to find Lancaster and her father in earnest conversation. The latter took her in his arms with not a little emotion. Lancaster, flushed with excitement, walked across to Priestly, who was waiting patiently.

"Where is Polly?" he asked.

"She is coming—now."

Polly came down from the huts, her eyes a little moist. She smiled at the prospective bridegroom and took Lola by the arm.

"Are you ready, dear?"

"Y—yes," replied Lola huskily.

Her face was very pale and set—quite unlike that of a girl who was going to take to husband the man she loved. She was striving to overcome the hideous little doubt that possessed her. She wanted to get it over before her resolution wavered. Priestly looked at her seriously.

"Not feeling nervous, Lola?" he whispered.

"Yes—no. Oh, why are we waiting? Gerald are you ready?"

Lancaster, looking immensely pleased, nodded. Beresford suddenly remembered that a ring would be required, and slipped the signet-ring from his little finger. Lancaster took it and looked anxiously at Priestly.

"I'm waiting for the skipper," explained Priestly.

Charters was talking to Bellamy. The pair of them were gazing at the almost obscured sun, and at the inky black mass that was creeping over the western horizon.

"Charters!"

He turned and joined the party, but Bellamy slunk away.

"Is it a storm brewing?" asked Lola.

"Something strange is coming out of there, but it may pass. Are you ready to get the ceremony over?"

"Yes."

"Very good," he replied grimly. "Go ahead, Priestly!"

LOLA trembled slightly and Beresford was taking her arm to lead her forward when a terrible thing happened. The ground seemed to subside under their feet. Charters shouted something unintelligible and caught at a tree trunk. A violent shock sent the rest of them sprawling on the ground. They scrambled to their feet only to be flung again. The sickening sensation was repeated again and again. The whole world seemed upside down. Two minutes passed before things became normal and they were able to recover their breath.

"Oh—oh, heavens!" gasped Polly. "What was it?"

"An earthquake somewhere," replied Charters.

"Will it happen again?"

"I don't know. It's that that troubles me."

He pointed to the approaching blackness that had extended to east and north. The gloom became deeper and the silence was as of death.

"That is curious—look!"

Beresford pushed out his hand and they saw it was covered with fine, black dust. All their hands were the same. Bellamy, wide-eyed and apprehensive, joined them.

"What do you make of it, Bellamy?" asked Charters.

"Looks like the end of the world."

Polly suddenly uttered a wild shriek.

"Look—look!" she wailed. "The sea—"

It's all gone running away."

It was true. The water in the lagoon was a good foot lower than it had been a few minutes before, and it was rushing out before their eyes. Soon it was at low tide level, but it continued to retreat. In a short time the coral bottom met their wondering eyes. They peered through the gloom towards the beach.

"My God . . . the sea has gone!" ejaculated Beresford. "It's nothing but sand . . . sand!"

CHARTERS uttered a little hiss of alarm and ran nimbly down the beach where he commanded a view of the whole bay. The sight appalled him. There was no water to be seen in any direction. A few miles from land a blackened bulk lay high and dry. Literally the ocean had run clean away. His brain swam at this awful phenomenon. He racked his mind for a solution and at length it came. With it came something else . . . a low tremendous note from out of the distance. It was like the knell of doom, increasing rapidly. It soared with his solution. He turned and fled towards the camp.

"What is that noise?" asked Beresford.

"Run . . . run! Make for the high hill in the jungle. It's our only chance!"

They stood and stared at him like fools. He lumped at Lancaster and Beresford and pushed them violently towards the jungle path. Polly trembling like a leaf followed with Priestly.

"What's wrong?" grunted Bellamy.

"The end of the world . . . nearly. Run for your life! I tell you I'm not mad."

Lola was near him. He caught her hand and plunged into the jungle. The whole party became wedged in the narrow path. He urged them on, yelling at the top of his voice to make himself heard above the awful roar behind them. Up the steep path they scrambled. There was no further need to urge them. The fearful noise in their rear told them where the danger lay.

Again they experienced the sickening sensation in their stomachs. Lola fell. He jerked her to her feet. A sound like hell

et loose broke on their ears. Mixed with it was the snapping of trees. Lola felt herself caught tight. Above the infernal din she heard a voice whisper "Courage!" then the deluge came. It swept up the jungle path carrying everything before it. She was lifted off her feet by something green and vast and noisy. She choked and cramped and fought but still the strong arms held her until all was black and silent. Bellamy's remark rang through her aching brain. "The end of the world... the end of the world!"

CHAPTER 14

THE inky sky poured down a fine volcanic dust. Mixed with this were red-hot rocks that sizzled as they struck the receding torrent. Occasionally the blackness broke and the sun broke through only to be obscured again. The earth quivered and shook like a jelly. Everywhere was chaos... appalling destruction that defied imagination.

The day passed and night came down. But for a slight nip in the air it was no different to-day. The moon and stars were blotted out and still the stones came crashing through the trees and into the boiling sea.

High up on the hill two figures crouched among the rocks... Charters and Lola. They were wet and covered with black dust and for hours they had spoken no words. The catastrophe had rendered them dumb. The violent oscillations of the land began to subside and towards the dawn a crimson glow was seen away to the west.

"The sun!" murmured Lola.

"No. The sun set hours ago. That must be the reflection from the volcano!"

"The volcano!"

"It was an eruption and earthquake combined. The sky is clearing. It will be morning soon."

He dreaded the dawn and the horrible sights it would reveal. What had happened after the gigantic tidal wave had enveloped the island he did not know. He remembered seeing Bellamy swept away like a cork on the vast head of water. Then everything was turned to green. Everywhere was the sea, a mad-dened green-backed monster with flocks of white in its mane that tore and devastated in its insensate fury. Swept up by a second wave he saw the mountain of water ahead of him burst over the highest point and disappear. Then he was down again in the green depths mixed up with rocks and swirling logs.

He was scarcely aware that his left arm still held the girl. His leg struck something and with the frenzy of a drowning man his free arm grasped it. It was a tree stump whose trunk had been snapped off by the tremendous impact. Without reasoning he clung to it. The back-wash almost pulled his arms and legs from their sockets, but still he clung and a few seconds later saw the foaming mass rushing back through the wreckage. The land seemed to be falling away beneath him, but the water still retreated. Now things seemed to be normal. He could hear the sea in the distance a little noisier than usual, but keeping a regular beat.

"Is it all over?" murmured Lola.

"I think so."

"The earth still trembles."

"Only slightly. Look, the sky is becoming clear!"

She looked up and saw a few points of light as through a mist. The glare in the

west was dying away, and in the east a few thin bars of light crept over the horizon.

"What made the sea break over us?" she asked, with a shudder.

"Some convulsion of nature. The island was raised up by the first shocks. It must have been gradual and I did not realise it until I saw the sea running away. Then it began to sink again and the natural result was a tidal wave. I heard it coming when I called you."

"And the volcano?"

"It may be a hundred miles away, or even more. Look... the sun... thank heavens!"

Dawn broke with a great suddenness. The island was a different place. Half an inch of black dust lay on everything. Trees were strewn on all sides, and here and there were great pools of green sea water. On the eastern side the havoc appeared to be less, due to a reef of rock that buttressed it. The confused mass of broken-down trees obstructed a view of the western lagoon, but Charters had little doubt that that region had suffered badly.

"It's awful," moaned Lola. "It is just as though some monster had passed a gigantic scythe over it. Why... why do these things happen?"

CHARTERS shook his head. He was wondering what had happened to the rest of the party. The girl, fascinated by the amazing scene, appeared to have forgotten them completely. It was a few seconds later that her face revealed the fact that her memory had come back. She grasped him arm agitatedly.

"My father, Polly—!"

"We must search for them at once."

Horrible premonitions set in. She ran frantically down the rocks calling aloud. But no reply came. Charters ran to her. "Courage!" he whispered. "This is a time for courage."

She caught her breath and nodded. They wended their way through the obstructions and searched among the debris. Charters bellowed through his hand but never a sound came in response. For two hours the search went on... and then they found Bellamy. He was lying in a fast disappearing pool, terribly mutilated.

"It's Bellamy... oh!"

Charters drove her away and covered the body temporarily with a branch. They reached the lagoon and almost wept at the sight they saw. There was not a vestige of the hutments left. The palm trees were mostly uprooted and gone. The canoe and raft no longer floated in the lagoon. The result of months and months of thought and labor had gone to the winds in a few hours.

But this was completely dwarfed by the larger tragedy. Lola felt stunned at the magnitude of it. The cruel irony of the situation was almost unbearable. Yesterday they were talking of escape, and now those to whom escape was most dear were in all probability dead. She sat down on the bank and dissolved into tears. Charters left her to herself, believing that this outflow of emotion would be good for her.

He spent an hour in burying the body of Bellamy and gathering some fruit. When he returned Lola had removed the grime from her body and was more composed. She ate a little of the fruit and looked at him interrogatively.

"It puts us back to where we were months ago," he said. "We shall have to start all over again... you and I."

"You and I! You think the others are... are...?"

"We must face realities," he murmured. "For one thing we must be thankful... we still live."

She clenched her fists. "I wish we had been taken with the others," she retorted fiercely. "Why did you save me? It would have been so easy to drown."

He sank his head, not expecting this kind of rebuke. In an instant she was penitent.

"What am I saying? I didn't mean that. But to be alone... alone..."

"Not alone!" he said slowly. "We are together. We can start again. What we have done before we can do again."

"It would take years."

"Yes, years."

His calmness was having an effect upon her. She thanked God it was Charters who had been spared, and not Lancaster. Then she grew ashamed of the thought, and uttered a little sob as she revived her memories of the man who was to have been her husband. It was easy to make allowances for him now... to magnify his virtues and forget his shortcomings. She sat in a state of abstraction while Charters bathed in the lagoon. He came back a little later, his bronzed skin glistening again.

"We must find a new camp," he said. "This place is awful to look upon."

"Where can we go?"

"On the eastern side. It is covered with this filthy dust, but has missed the deluge. The rains will wash it clean when they come. Are you ready?"

She nodded her head and rose to her feet. At the same time there was a noise from behind them. Charters turned his head swiftly. The sound came again... a crackling of branches.

"Someone is coming," said Lola hoarsely.

CHARTERS ran towards the sound. A pitiful sight met his eyes a few seconds later. A black, dishevelled figure emerged from the maze of foliage. It was Priestly, torn and battered and bruised. He tottered towards Charters and fell into his arms. They bore him towards the site of the old camp and laid him on the cleanest spot they could find. Priestly smiled up at him wanly.

"I thought everyone was dead, except me and Lancaster," he whispered.

"Lancaster!" ejaculated Lola. "Is he alive?"

"Yes, back there... can't walk." He pointed in the direction from which he had come.

"I'll go," said Charters.

"No... you attend to Priestly. I'll go after Gerald."

She left them and ran through the wreckage, calling aloud as she went. Charters turned his attention to Priestly.

"We never expected to see you," he said. "Are you hurt much?"

"I don't know. I feel all in pieces," he groaned.

The removal of some of his clothing revealed a great number of terrible bruises. Charters felt the limbs and joints and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Nothing broken. You are only damaged externally and will soon be fit again. Drink this."

Priestly managed to sit up and drink the proffered water. He then gazed about him and was horrified to find that the camp was completely demolished.

"How terrible . . . and after all our work!"

"We will start again to-morrow."

"With us it is always to-morrow," he muttered. "Are the others safe . . .?"

Charter's eyes grew hard.

"Forget the others," he murmured. "We found Bellamy this morning. I went to bury him, and discovered Polly and Bernard lying under a big tree. It will take weeks to extricate them. Better keep it from Lola. It is better that she should think them missing, for the time being."

Priestly nodded gloomily and turned his head as a noise came from nearby. Lola appeared with the dejected figure of Lancaster leaning heavily on her shoulder. His left leg was raised from the ground as he struggled along. Charter ran to him and lifted him bodily.

"What's the trouble?" he asked coolly.

"Ankle . . . I must have sprained it."

That proved to be his only injury with the exception of bruises and cuts. More water and fruit were gathered and the survivors ate heartily.

It was afternoon before Priestly and Lancaster were fit enough to limp away from the dreadful scene. Charter and Lola spent the time in searching for any small, useful things that the sea had left behind. They salvaged a bow and several arrows, and one of the huge gourds that had served as a receptacle for water. Charter had already extracted the knife from Bellamy's pocket and with these tools they made their departure.

As Charter had predicted the eastern side of the island had partially escaped. Like the western side it was covered with dust and was black and uninviting enough, but compared to the desolation they had left it was a paradise.

They chose a spot on the side of the lagoon, nearer the sea than before, where a projecting spur of rock served as one wall to their prospective dwellings. Charter, the indomitable, started work immediately on their arrival. Priestly was not in a fit state to render help, but Lola was anxious to do anything that would take her mind off the recent disaster. The lagoon in places was strewn with branches and broken bamboo and building material was thus obtained.

CHAPTER 15

LANCASTER and Priestly rapidly recovered from their injuries. The former still limped slightly, but Charter had an idea he was posing a little in order to extort sympathy from Lola, whose attitude towards him had changed considerably. Lola, however, was quite as observant as Charter. It annoyed her intensely to see him aping the invalid and the sympathy which he yearned for gave place to contempt.

"Why do you do it?" she asked angrily.

"Do what?"

"Keep up this silly game of pretence."

He adopted a very injured expression which changed to resentment immediately he perceived it had not the slightest effect upon her.

"Aren't you pretending, too?" he snapped.

"I don't understand you."

"You do, but you haven't the courage to say so. What has happened since the earthquake? You are cold and unresponsive. You forget that but for it we should now be man and wife."

"Lola, you aren't going back on your word. I hold you to it."

"Now can you hold me to it?"

"But an engagement is sacred!"

She smiled wanly.

"Not so sacred as happiness, Gerald. I can't go on with this farce."

"Farce!"

"Isn't it a farce? Here we are pretending all the time. I want to be free. Things are so different now. It was only recently that I discovered how rich and wonderful life was. We are two separate and distinct individuals tuned to different notes. Nothing can ever make us harmonise. You must see that."

He shook his head furiously, at a loss for words for a few moments. She went on in a determined voice:

"I want to cut the bond now. But let us remain friends—"

"Friends!" he cried. "How can we remain friends when you treat me like this? How can we be friends when I know that your heart is given to someone else—"

"What are you saying?"

"It's true. You can't mislead me. It's that damned waiter who—"

Her face went crimson. She snatched the ring from her finger and flung it at him. It fell on the sand and he stamped on it viciously.

"You think I have been blind," he raved. "I've seen this going on for a long time. He played the most cunning of games. He even made me believe that he didn't care. He had the infernal impudence to suggest that Priestly should marry us—before the earthquake—but all the time he was lying in wait. That marriage could never have taken place even if the earthquake had not intervened. He would have found some dastardly way to prevent it. Well, I've not finished yet. There are other ways to get even with him—"

His unchecked passion and hate were more than she could bear. She turned and fled from him, leaving him to howl his desire for revenge to the winds and waves. Only one joy remained to her—the knowledge that she had escaped from him for ever. At least the island had taught her one thing—that Lancaster was not at all the man she had believed him to be.

The evening meal was partaken without the presence of Lancaster. Lola was curiously quiet, and Charter constantly looked towards the beach.

"I—I hope nothing has happened to him," murmured Priestly.

Lola shook her head as she raised her cup to her lips. She saw Charter's eyes focused on her hand. His keen vision had noticed one thing—the ring she had worn all those months was absent. She watched him furtively to discover whether he was in any way affected, but he seemed quite indifferent and started a conversation with Priestly.

Not a mile away Lancaster was sitting on the sand with all his recent love for Lola being rapidly changed into intense hate for the man whom he firmly believed had tricked him and was now enjoying his failure.

CHAPTER 16

A MONTH passed and summer came again to the island. In the interim much had been achieved. The new camp was finished and proved to be every bit as good as the old. Its situation was even better. Periodic storms had washed away every scrap of the unwelcome black dust. The sands on the beach stretched away clean and white, and the new foliage in the jungle had already begun

to clamber over the old debris. Priestly fit and hopeful as ever, while Lola swept behind her the spectres of the past.

Lancaster, however, was quite a different proposition. He went about his work in a sullen kind of way, begrudging every minute of his labor. His new-born hate Charter's leaped in his eyes. He saw every innocent action of the latter the sinister motives. Priestly, who with these things for a time in silence, at last spoke to him.

"You are spoiling everything, Lancaster. Can't you forget and thank God for as many joys as He gives us?"

"Would you forget, Priestly, if someone had robbed you of everything you hold dear?" he retorted savagely.

He still had that bee in his bonnet and no power on earth could remove it. Charter, realising how the land lay strove to the utmost to bring about a better feeling between them. His attempt ended in failure for Lancaster was relentless in his animosity and was watching for an opportunity to vent his spite on his "rival."

"Charter, take care," warned Priestly. "It's a hateful thing to say, but Lancaster is capable of playing some dirty trick on you."

"Nonsense!"

"I wish I could think it was."

"But why should he want to do that? He evidently dislikes me intensely, but that is nothing worse than that in it. Why should there be?"

THERE was no doubt of his sincerity. He failed to see any reason for revenge on Lancaster's part. Priestly was a little astonished.

"Doesn't it occur to you that Lancaster might easily imagine a very good reason?"

"You mean my position as a kind of forerunner here? I know he objects to that."

"I mean your position as a formidable rival in the matter of Lola," said Priestly tersely.

Charter stared at him.

"Great heavens! You don't mean that. He grew very agitated and commenced to pace up and down. 'The fool . . . so this is it! If he only knew . . . Priestly, surely she . . . doesn't think that, too. It's absurd, ridiculous . . .'"

"Why is it absurd?"

"Because . . . but it doesn't matter. I wish to heaven she had married him when she was ready to . . . No, I don't. He is no half good enough. Confound the man!"

He was tremendously annoyed. Lola saw him later walking along the lagoon. She ran towards him but he only increased his pace and plunged into one of the jungle paths. Unfortunately Lancaster happened to be coming down the same path. Charter stood in front of him.

"I want to talk to you."

"Go on," growled Lancaster.

"You've got to drop this damned silly business."

"What silly business?"

"You know what. For the past few weeks you have been acting like a bear with a sore head. I've had enough of it. We are going to live in harmony together or not at all. Do you still love that girl?"

Lancaster snarled like an animal.

"You infernal ruffian to ask me that! You are the cause of all this, and one day I'll—"

"What is the use of childish threats. They only succeed in making you look more foolish than ever. You've lost that girl's love. There is no reason why you should lose her friendship, too."

"How generous of you," sneered Lancaster. "You offer me her friendship and reserve her love for yourself."

Charters strove to control his anger. He was beginning to realise the futility of attempting to placate the outraged man.

"I think you are a trifle mad," he said.

"Not so mad as you think. I may be quite wise in some things. For instance, I know a gaol-bird when I see one."

"A gaol-bird!"

Lancaster laughed mockingly.

"It takes you by surprise. Why did you refuse to leave the island? What is there about this place that exercises so great a fascination? So you fell overboard from a ship, eh? It's a queer thing for a seafaring man to do in calm weather. Oh no, Mr. Charters, there is much more than that in it. You've got the marks of the gaol on you."

Charters was completely taken aback by this. He looked stunned and a little nervous. Lancaster was smart enough to follow up the attack.

"What was it you did . . . rifled a bank, or maybe assaulted a woman? Yes, that's it . . ."

An inarticulate noise came from Charters' throat. He pointed down the path.

"Go on!" he muttered. "Before I kill you . . ."

"Aha! Our hero unmasked at last! It will be great news to Lola to learn that her spotless . . ."

SOMETHING hit him under the jaw with a terrific thud. He spun dizzily and fell. He rose to his feet and leaped at his adversary only to reel before another direct blow, infuriated to madness his hand fell on a large stone. His fingers grasped it. He stepped back and hurled it with all his strength. It was a hundred to one chance but it came home. The heavy missile caught Charters on the right temple. He swayed and dropped limply to the ground.

"Got you!" ejaculated Lancaster. "That'll teach you a lesson . . . you . . ."

He caught his breath and shivered a little at the sight of the blood that poured from the wound. Charters lay quite still with one arm under him. A minute passed and still he lay there. Lancaster passed a nerveless hand across his cheek. His eyes distended as he came to realise what he had done. This stillness meant death . . . he knew it. His heart became almost frozen with horror. He looked down the path but no one was in sight. Thank God there were no witnesses to the incident!

He leaped over the still figure and laid his hand on the breast of it. He could distinguish no sign of life. It was horrible, nerve shattering. His impulse was now to fly from the awful sight. But cunning prevailed. He put aside his qualms and dragged the heavy body from the path and into the jungle. A huge plantain tree formed excellent cover for it and the rearrangement of some ferns close by finished the work of hiding it. A few minutes later he was walking swiftly down the path towards the beach.

He saw Lola swimming in the lagoon and Priestly sitting near the butments in the distance, sewing. His agitation was too evident to risk a meeting with them yet. He turned in the other direction and sought to calm himself. But there was no retreat from his conscience. The brand of Cain was on him. He knew that nothing could dim it. They must see it and know him for what he was. He buried his head

in his hands and groaned in his mental anguish.

Lola and Priestly waited for some time after the evening meal was ready, but neither Lancaster nor Charters put in an appearance. Reluctantly they commenced to eat. When they had finished the two absentees had not arrived.

"They must have started on the boat," suggested Priestly. "They will turn up before dusk."

"They have never worked so late before."

"Lancaster will be furious. It's curious how he hates work." Lola fidgeted. It was the first time that Charters had ever been absent in the evening and it filled her with apprehension.

"Let us go and look for them," she begged. "I know where the tree is on which Charters was going to make a start."

PRIESTLY agreed and the pair wandered off. They found the fallen tree which was to be fashioned into a boat, but there was no mark on it. The rough tools lay by the side of it and had apparently not been touched.

"That is strange!" mused Priestly.

"I . . . I can't understand it," muttered Lola.

"Perhaps they have gone to the other side of the island. Anyway there is nothing much that can happen to them. For all we know they may be back at the camp now."

They went back and found the camp exactly as they had left it. The sun set and the night came down. An hour passed, and then another.

They fell asleep shortly before the dawn and awoke to find the sun well over the horizon. Lola rubbed her eyes and gasped to find Charters and Lancaster still absent.

"Priestly, something has happened!" she cried. "Something terrible has taken place. I'm . . . I'm frightened!"

"We'll have to start a search," he replied.

"They are on the island . . . somewhere."

They made up the fire and took a hasty meal.

"Which way?" inquired Lola.

"Up the lagoon first."

She nodded and was about to follow him when a sound came from nearby. It was the pad of bare feet on the sand, and it came from beyond a group of palms. A second later a figure appeared . . . Charters.

A strip of white was bound round his temple . . . obviously torn from his trousers. He smiled as he beheld them and looked round as though hunting for someone else.

"Where have you been?" gasped Lola.

"Had a fall," he replied tersely. "Is Lancaster about?"

"No, oh, what is the matter? Where is he and why do you look like that . . ."

"We quarrelled last evening. I shouldn't be surprised if he has left us."

"Quarrelled! I see. He . . ." She glanced at the stained bandage.

"That has nothing to do with it . . . nothing at all. I fell as I told you, and lay stunned for a long time. But I'm sorry Lancaster took the quarrel so much to heart. It makes us one hand short and there is so much to do."

"But where can he go?" put in Priestly. Charters shrugged his shoulders.

"Now that he has learned to fend for himself there is no reason why he should not make a home for himself, far removed from our undesirable company."

Lola said nothing. It was impossible to

accept that version of the story. A quarrel had certainly taken place, but it could not have been merely words that had driven Lancaster to become an exile.

CHAPTER 17

LANCASTER seemed to have completely disappeared. Priestly had surreptitiously made a search, but found no sign of the missing man. Once or twice, however, Charters had heard noises in the jungle and had found footprints near the spring. He said nothing of this to his companions, believing that Lancaster would come back one day and live a more contented life after such mental agony as he must have suffered.

Lola was the only one who had succeeded in running Lancaster to earth. She found him in one of the paths near the top of the hill. She was about to speak to him when he retreated rapidly before her.

"Don't come near me," he muttered. "I thought I saw him yesterday—just near here—oh, don't come near me."

Before she could reply he had vanished. It conveyed much to her and aroused a lot of sympathy. She wanted to tell him the truth—to relieve his mind of its crushing weight—but she did not see him again.

In the meantime Charters had been busy, as usual. He had increased the supply of working tools and was making slow but sure headway with the boat. It was to be much smaller than the original craft.

"How many will it hold?" asked Lola casually.

"Four."

It was out before he could check it. Her heart leaped at the significance of the remark. It was clear he meant to take Lancaster. Her heart warmed to him as she reflected upon the lack of hate towards the man who had nearly succeeded in murdering him.

"It will take a long time to build," she murmured.

"It will. But this time we shall get away—we shall succeed in beating fate."

"I believe you would succeed in getting the moon if you really desired it."

He laughed, and she laughed with him. Of late their spirits had been high. Lancaster had taken with him the atmosphere of discord that had been so noticeable when he was present.

IT was a glorious day for a swim. Priestly, Charters and Lola reclined on the bank in the sunshine for some time after. Charters suggested walking back through one of the shady jungle paths. They followed him and found themselves between walls of creepers and flowering trees.

Lola suddenly stopped as her foot slipped on something round and hard. Priestly prodded among the undergrowth with the short stick which he carried. The object came to view . . . grim and repulsive.

"A skull!" exclaimed Lola.

Charters turned his head.

"What's that?"

"A human skull," replied Priestly. "And here's another part of the skeleton. Looks like a thigh bone."

Lola stepped away from the gruesome sight. Charters, however, seemed interested. He picked up the skull and examined it.

"Well developed!" he muttered. "A white man without doubt. It must be part of the remains which Bellamy mentioned,

I looked for it when we first came here, but could not find it. Probably the tidal wave swept up the lagoon and removed it from its original position."

He flung it away from him and Priestly covered up the huge bone under his feet. The incident caused them all to reflect a little. Would they, one day, be like that, to be kicked about by some future wanderer?

"I wonder who he was?" queried Lola.
"The paper might tell us that if we could decipher it," replied Charters.
"Paper?"

The pair of them stared at him.
"Why, I clean forgot! Bellamy found a tattered document near the skeleton. He gave it to me just before the earthquake. It is little less than a mass of figures and I have not looked at it since."

"You think it was left by the man whose skeleton we have just found?" inquired Priestly.

"It looks like it. Bellamy found the document tied to a tree with a bootlace."
"But why should anyone leave a message in cipher?" queried Lola.

"That I cannot explain."
Priestly reflected.
"If he lived here for any considerable time we ought to find some traces of him."

"We have," replied Charters grimly.
"I mean some traces of his dwelling-place . . . his belongings."

"He may have been wrecked like us and have lived as Bellamy and Ferguson did without any substantial kind of habitation. There is a date at the bottom of the document . . . 1896. Think what changes may come about in that long stretch of time. The earthquake wrecked the western side of the island . . . even a lesser disturbance may have had a similar effect here. Anyhow the fact remains that he died here and left a message to his successors."

"Then we must discover what it contains," said Lola.

"It would avail us nothing," replied Charters. "I did not consider it worth wasting time upon. Even if we escape, what good can it do to prove the death of a man forty years after . . . even supposing that it reveals his identity."

"But the date may not have reference to his death at all," argued Lola. "It might be the date of his birth."
"It might. Anyway, how are we going to decipher it in a place like this?"

"There is no kind of secret writing in the world which is beyond the wit of man to interpret," said Priestly. "Have you still got the document?"

"It's in the pocket of my old coat . . . in the hut. You shall try your hand on it when we get back."

Later he found the document. It was filthy and more dilapidated than ever, for it had literally been through fire and water. He opened it and spread it out on the bamboo table. Priestly polished his glasses and prepared to fathom the great secret.

CHAPTER 18

FOR over an hour the trio probed their brains to decipher the writing. The figures ran in sets of three thus . . . (63, 17, 1, 80) . . . (128, 14, 2, 63), and terminated with the design of an animal under which was the date, 1896.

"What can one possibly glean from that?" asked Charters.

"It's certainly a riddle," agreed Lola.

"But it must be of some importance or he would not have gone to all that trouble. Can you make anything of it, Priestly?"

Priestly shook his head dismally.

"I might have if it had been a code of the usual pattern, but it all depends upon a 'key'."

"A key?"

"A book of some kind. These figures are references to a book. Without the book we are lost. Even in a civilized country it would be no easy task to find the book in question. In the British Museum alone there are something like ten million different books and it might be any one of those."

"He has certainly wrapped up his secret tightly," laughed Charters.

"Which proves its importance," said Lola. "I suppose the figures represent the page, line and word or something like that?"

Priestly assented.

"But what is the small numeral over the top of the second figure?" asked Charters.

"That is what puzzles me," confessed Priestly.

Lola ran her eyes all over the figures and gave a start.

"IF the first figure of each set represents the page number the book must contain nearly a thousand pages. Look, here is 972."

"There are quite a number of books in existence containing that number of pages," said Priestly.

"I've got it!" ejaculated Lola, with excited eyes.

"Have you? Then enlighten us."

"The little figures prove that the book contains two columns of printing. It is always 1 or 2. We're getting warm. Now few books of so many pages are divided into two columns, are they?"

"Shakespeare is sometimes, and Browning and Byron and nearly all the great poets," said Charters.

"It might be Shakespeare," exclaimed Lola. "The dead man would naturally choose the greatest book."

Priestly suddenly started.

"I know a greater book than that," he said . . . "and we have it with us."

"The Bible!"

"By jove . . . yes!"

Priestly produced his well-thumbed volume. Lola and Charters were all excitement. The message might be of no interest whatever, but the idea of probing a dead man's secret was fascinating.

"What is the first reference?" queried Priestly.

"Page eighteen!"

"Yes."

"Column one . . . thirtieth line!"

"Right."

"Ninety-seventh word."

Priestly began to count. He seemed to take an eternity to reach the ninety-seventh word. It was "bondman."

"Not much sense in that," said Charters.

"There seldom is in one word," retorted Lola.

He pinched her playfully. She called out the second reference and Priestly found it.

"Damnation!" he said.

"My dear Priestly!" ejaculated Charters.

"You forget yourself."

"This is the word . . . here," explained Priestly seriously.

"I beg your pardon 'Bondman damnation' . . . it is impossible to start a message that way. We are on the wrong track."

Lola's face fell and Priestly wore a puzzled look. He tried one or two more and arrived at the conclusion that the key was not the book he held in his hand.

"What a disappointment!" said Lola.

"It serves us right for wasting our time in such fashion," said Charters. "What can it matter to us?"

"Why, you were just as excited as I was," retorted Lola.

"I was, but I'm not now. Let's tear it up."

He seized the document, but Lola put out her hand and her fingers closed on his.

"Please!" she pleaded.

He let it go and she spread it out again. Priestly had been counting the words in the columns of his Bible. There was just over 400 in each column. It agreed with the largest word numeral in the document which was 298.

"The evidence is strongly in favor of the Bible as the key," he mused. "The number of pages, the two columns, the number of words in the columns. Yet why do the references not work sense?"

"Are all Bibles printed exactly alike?" asked Lola.

Priestly slapped his knee.

"Lola again to the rescue! Of course, they are not. It must be another edition that the dead man used. Lola, give me the document."

She pushed it across to him. He gazed at the design for a few seconds and then rubbed his hands.

"The creature at the bottom is an ox," he said. "And the long line over which it stands is intended to be a river. That makes everything clear."

"Does it?"

"Of course. Ox-ford. He means to tell us that we must refer to the Oxford edition published in 1896."

Lola nodded, but Charters shrugged his shoulders.

"All this for nothing," he grunted.

"What a miser you are!" retorted Lola.

"You begrudge every minute that is not used in work. Think of this marvellous discovery!"

"And what have you discovered?"

"WE . . . have discovered that somewhere on this island is an old Bible which holds the key to the mystery. When the dead man wrote those figures he had the Bible before him. Query—Where is it?"

"Ah, where?" echoed Priestly.

"Ah, where?" repeated Charters. "It sounds quite like a melodrama." He shook his fingers at Lola. "Now, listen to me, Lola. I am not going to have you running all over the island trying to find a book that has long since been scattered to the winds. We were quite happy and content until we resurrected this unknown. I have no patience with any man who can't say what he wants in plain words."

"You are quite an infidel," she replied. "But I mean to find the Bible and when I do I shall have you on your knees begging to know the message."

"Not I. I am not curious about things of the past. The present is quite full enough to satisfy any person."

"And the future," put in Priestly.

"When the future arrives we can deal with it. The present calls for our attention at the moment."

Lola was as good as her word. For days she wandered along the lagoon in her spare time searching everywhere for the missing book, but no

sign of it could she find. Her labors, however, did not go entirely unrewarded for she unearthed an old razor in the sand. It was rusted and the handle came off in her fingers, but the blade appeared to be in excellent condition. She brought her trophy to Charters, who was hacking away at the log which he was endeavoring to transform into a boat. His face and body were wet with perspiration. He always cooked that way — like an indefatigable machine, never pausing or resting until the meal hour came.

"Why do you work so hard?" she asked. "I've got to hurry if the boat is ever to materialize."

"Must it materialize?"

The question took his breath away. He thought she was joking for the moment but her face was quite calm and serious.

"What an extraordinary thing to say! Do you think a ship is likely to call here?"

"No. But that is no reason why you should slave like a nigger. We are in no hurry . . . Priestly and I. Why should you hurry when just recently you refused to leave the place?"

"I was not thinking of myself," he said. "It's you and Priestly. You tell me you are in no hurry and yet I have seen you hungering for freedom. The island is beautiful. We live like civilized creatures. We are healthy and in need of very little. But man was never intended to live alone. You know you want to go. Your soul hungers for the things that are denied you . . . the wider expression of your sympathy, friendship, love, than this place offers."

SHE blushed a little. He went on earnestly.

"There is Priestly, gifted with eloquence, with persuasive powers, what use is he here? He is wasted . . . utterly wasted. His place is out there." He waved his hand towards the sea.

"There are no souls on the island to save him."

"There is mine," she said quietly.

He shook his head.

"You have no need of him. He knows it. A clergyman has a place in the world, but he is of no use to you or me. You do not need salvation and I am past praying for . . . What is that you have in your hand?"

He had the annoying habit of breaking off in that fashion. Just at the moment when he seemed to be leading up to momentous confidences he put the barrier up again. She sighed and held up the razor.

"I found it along the lagoon. Is it of any use?"

"Any use. It is worth untold wealth. Now I can dispose of this awful growth." He passed his hand over his short beard and moustache. She opened her eyes in horror, never having dreamed of putting the razor to this use.

"I wouldn't have given it to you if I had thought you were going to . . . disfigure yourself," she protested. "I thought you were a devotee of the purely natural."

"I am . . . up to a point. One must draw the line somewhere."

"I don't see why." "Or I should be running about entirely unclad like the animals. No, the beard must go."

Later in the day he appeared minus the beard and moustache. The process had been painful to say the least, and numerous cuts marred his

cheeks. Priestly gazed at the apparition in wonderment.

"I scarcely knew you," he remarked. "But what an awful mess you have made of yourself!"

"I had to strop the razor on a piece of wood. Would you like to emulate my example?"

Priestly gazed at himself in a bowl of water beside him and shook his head.

"I think I am better as I am," he said. "I have a weak chin and my beard serves a good purpose."

Lola was busy in the cook-house. Since the death of Polly she had taken over the cooking department and showed considerable ability in the art. A very pleasant odor came from the steaming stone vessel over the fire.

THEY were clearing away the remnants of the feast when Priestly suddenly uttered a wild cry.

"A ship . . . a ship! Look!"

They turned their eyes seawards. Far away on the horizon was a sailing vessel, bows on and approaching the island under a favorable wind. Priestly picked up a branch and ran down to the beach, waving it frantically. Lola stayed where she was.

"They are making the island?" she murmured.

"It looks like it," replied Charters, calmly. "Then it means escape?"

"Perhaps!"

There was no joy in his eyes. There was nothing in his face from which to interpret his inner feelings. Her own heart was bounding with excitement but she dared not show it. So much depended on him. Would he still remain obstinate . . . immovable? If so, escape was out of the question. A little later, Priestly came back.

"They're coming here," he cried. "Now you will be relieved of further anxiety, Charters. There will be no need to finish the boat . . ."

He suddenly stopped and coughed nervously. In his natural excitement he had temporarily forgotten one important fact. He looked at Lola and saw that the same problem was exercising her mind. They sat in silence watching the oncoming ship.

CHAPTER 19

THE barbaric craft beached to and anchored off the lagoon. A few minutes later two boats put off and made for the island. The crews were a weird-looking lot . . . as big a set of cut-throats as ever manned any ship. They beached the boats and began to dump all kinds of gear on the sand . . . picks, shovels and small windlass and sundry other tools.

"Strange!" muttered Priestly.

A bearded ruffian was in command. His nationality was problematic, for while his clothes were of the East and his face a mahogany brown, he had a touch of Europe in his make-up. He ordered his men up the lagoon and then walked towards the castaways. His astonishment was not so great as might have been expected, and he stood for a moment regarding them as he might have regarded a set of prize pigs.

"Castaways!" he ejaculated, flicking the ash off a black cheroot. "I no tink to find you here, no."

Charters was taking him in very coolly. His glance wandered from the large gold earrings to the brown

leather boots, turned down at the top. Lola experienced a sense of loathing at sight of the man. In every way he was sinister . . . repellent. He introduced himself in broken English.

"I Hollings, master dat ship. Dose my men, yah. You meet big storm and land here?"

Charters nodded. Hollings' black eyes wandered to the next hut.

"Bin here long time, yah?"

"Nearly a year."

"Wanna go back, yah?"

Charters frowned and met Lola's eyes, but she did not betray her feelings. Priestly was evidently in a dilemma. He left it to Charters.

"What you geeve me to take you along a me . . . later?"

"We've nothing to give," replied Charters. "And we are not sure that we want to leave."

Hollings raised his enormous eyebrows and bit hard on the cheroot. Then he turned his evil eyes on Lola. She stared at him coldly and he laughed.

"English?"

"Yes," replied Charters for her. "And what are you?"

"Malayan. Maybe you never heer of Captain Hollings. Dey tell you bout me dose men. Yah, dey tell you many things. But now I go or no work dey do at all . . . Gooda-bye, I see you later. Yah, when I find . . . what I want."

"And what do you want?" queried Charters.

HE half closed his eyes and gazed at the huts suspiciously. Then he shrugged his shoulders and indulged in a silent laugh.

"Why I tell you, eh?"

"You needn't tell us. We are not interested."

He frowned, reflected for a moment, and then flung away the half-smoked cheroot.

"I tell you," he grunted. "Why not? You know soon and it matters not de keels bit, no. For years I seek dis island but I miss him, yah. Always I hunt in de wrong one and find nooding. But at last I come on him and remember him. Twenty years ago I sail on a ship as cook with English captain. He come to dis island for treasure buried long time by corsairs. He say nooding to de crew, no, but go ashore and dig. One day we discover it is treasure he hunt for. He come back to ship and we ask for share. He offer small share and we not take it. Then we fight, knives and pistols. The ship she catch fire and sink. The captain he go overboard and make de island. All the others drown except me . . . Hollings. I catcha de floating grating and de tide take me away to sea. But a ship she find me and I get back to Borneo. Many people I tell of a treasure but dey laugh and tink I mad. So I work hard and then I save enough money to buy ship." He waved his hand to the vessel at sea. "For two years I hunt for dis island and now I find him. Soon I find treasure and I am rich."

"Treasure!" gasped Lola, when the man had gone. "That accounts for our document. It must contain the secret."

"Assuredly," agreed Priestly. "But in the circumstances it is useless. What awful villains they are!"

Hollings' programme was soon made manifest. The men separated into four detachments . . . two on either side of the lagoon. They commenced to work like slaves with the picks and shovels, opening

up a trench midway between the high water level and the fringe of trees.

"He's a systematic kind of scoundrel," growled Charters. "If he goes on like that he'll have the whole lagoon bank turned up in a month."

"If only we could decipher the writing!" said Lola. "We could beat him?"

"And fight him?" queried Charters. "Hollings is not the sort of man coolly to watch any competitor steal the treasure from under his nose."

"Perhaps he is mistaken after all," put in Priestly. "If there was treasure buried on an island it might easily be elsewhere. The whole ocean hereabouts swarms with small islands."

Charters shook his head.

"He remembers the place. Moreover there is that skeleton to corroborate his story. And when the sea retreated just before the tidal wave I saw a wreck out yonder; it had the appearance of having been burned. No, Hollings is on the right track."

LATER he walked to the scene of operations with Lola. A few tents had been pitched in the sand and the treasure seekers had apparently finished for the day. They had brought food and drink with them and evidently meant to camp ashore until success rewarded their efforts. Already they had made a great impression on the beach. One portion of it was like a dust heap. Shovels and picks were lying about and empty bottles littered the sand. Some were drinking immoderately and quarrelling among themselves, others were tossing dice and playing cards. Hollings reclined outside his tent smoking serenely, his head resting on a rum jar and his knees up. His right hand rested on the skull which Charters had thrown into the jungle. It spoke well of his keenness of sight to have found it so soon. The men were so intent on their games and Hollings was so full of dreams of magic wealth that Charters and Lola remained unseen.

"The brute!" whispered Lola. "I . . . I hope they fall."

"I am rather inclined to hope they don't," said Charters.

"Why?"

"To be rid of them. That dusky ruffian will plough up the island before he's finished. If he found what he wanted he would go and leave us in peace."

"In peace," she repeated slowly.

"Wasn't it peaceful before he came here?"

"Yes . . . but I don't want him to find it. I'd hate him to," she said slowly.

"What does it matter to us? You are rich already . . . and I am not keen on wealth."

She looked at him squarely.

"You always puzzle me," she said. "What is it you are keen on?"

"Life . . . just the joy of being alive."

"Nothing . . . nothing else?"

He shut his mouth with a snap, looked at her almost fiercely and turned his head away. For the rest of the evening he was as dumb as a mute. She sought Priestly and found him pondering over the new problem.

"You heard that man's . . . Hollings' . . . offer?" he asked.

"To take us away?"

"Yes. We'll have to bargain with him." he said. "I am not wealthy as you know, but I am prepared to make him a fair offer."

She pursed her lips. "The idea of spending time in Hollings' close proximity was odious to her."

"Can't we wait . . . for our own boat?" she quivered.

"We can. But we ought not to wait. It's our duty to cling to the first chance."

"But can we trust him?"

"Why not? If we offer money to put us ashore somewhere he'll do it, and he can't possibly have the reward until we are in some port from which we can cable to Brisbane."

She nodded. That was simple logic.

The next day she and Priestly broached the subject. Charters listened until Priestly had finished and then smiled a little wanly.

"You need not worry about that. I have already fixed up with Hollings," he said slowly.

"You!"

"Why not? I thought it over well. He is a double-dyed scoundrel, but the promise of money had a great civilising effect. The small boat may take a long time and here is a stout-looking schooner waiting."

"And you?" queried Lola. "Are you coming?"

"Of course."

Lola could see no "of course" about it. Why had he stubbornly refused to leave the island before?

"But the payment to Hollings . . . you must allow us to contribute our respective shares," said Priestly.

"If you wish to."

"How much is it?" asked Lola.

"One hundred pounds each. He asked for five hundred a head, but I persuaded him we were poor . . . which was partially true."

"And when do we leave?"

"When he has found the treasure, or when he gives up the attempt. You must curb your impatience for a while."

He uttered the words a little coldly and walked away from them. Lola found him later sitting by the sea . . . a mere blob in the darkness. She approached and he turned and saw her.

"Ah . . . it's you!"

"Yes, it is I. I came to say good-night. It's getting late and I'm tired."

"I'm tired, too," he muttered. "There is no fatigue like the fatigue of doing nothing. Now there will be no boat to build."

CHAPTER 20

CHARTERS visited the other part of the island to find Lancaster and tell him of the schooner's arrival.

He pushed his way into the interior and found some berries, off which he made a meal. He was making for the beach again when his eyes fell on footprints in the soft earth.

Pulling aside the obstructing undergrowth he followed the marks. They led him into a narrow path between towering walls of green. A little way further on the footprints became a beaten track. He had no doubt he was nearing the retreat of the missing man. He stopped and cried aloud. Something moved not far away, but no reply came. Once more he called out and again came the rustling near at hand. With a sigh he continued on his way.

Suddenly he emerged on the beach. A few yards to his right was a queer formation of small trees. They grew in an almost perfect circle. A closer inspection revealed the fact that the large green leaves that served as thatch were loose and had been

recently placed there. He walked round the side and found an entrance. Dried ferns were placed on the floor in one corner and a gourd containing fresh water was nearby, also a shell half full of red berries. Here was Lancaster's habitation, but the man himself was not present.

Charters sat outside the place determined to wait until its owner returned. He had not long to wait. From the rear of the hut came the sound of a figure pushing its way through the thick bushes. Suddenly Lancaster's face came round the side. He went as pale as death at sight of the squatting figure.

"So I've found you!" said Charters, coolly.

The almost naked figure tottered. He passed a trembling hand across his eyes and strove to disperse what he firmly believed was an apparition. Charters rose to his feet and stepped towards the startled man.

"Don't come near me!"

"Don't be a fool!"

The tone of the utterance was not a bit ghost-like. It brought Lancaster to his senses in an instant.

"Then you—you aren't—dead?" he muttered.

Charters spread out both his arms.

"Do I look dead?"

"But—" He buried his head in his arms and succumbed to the overpowering relief that swept him. "Thank God—oh, thank God!"

Charters' lips moved sympathetically. He well understood how much this poor, half-crazy man had suffered. It was easy to forget and forgive in the circumstances.

"Come and sit down. I want to talk to you," he said.

LANCASTER, still dazed, sat down. He displayed no interest in the impending conversation. The almost magical resurrection of the man he believed was rotting in the jungle was sufficient to fill his mind. Charters shook him by the shoulder.

"Listen—I've some good news to tell you."

"Good news! You are the best news in the world."

"Don't you believe it. Suppose I tell you that in less than a week we shall all be sailing for home?"

Lancaster's eyes opened wide.

"But you can't have finished the boat!" he cried. "I—I saw you working on it once, but I thought it was your ghost and ran—"

"I haven't touched the boat for weeks. Something unexpected has happened. A ship has come to the island."

"A ship!"

"A party of treasure-hunters. They have some story about a corsair's treasure being buried here. I think they will fail to find it, but their leader, an unscrupulous scoundrel named Hollings, has agreed to take us with him at one hundred pounds a head. Will you come?"

Lancaster's astonishment was complete. To get away from the island had been his constant dream for many weeks. True, the wonderful appearance of Charters had lessened the desire somewhat, but nevertheless escape was still pleasant to contemplate.

"I didn't know there was a ship in the bay," he said. "I have not left this side of the island for weeks. Charters, you can't imagine what I have suffered. I have dreamed that murder was so terrible. Every night I have seen you—just as you were when I took you and hid you in the jungle. I was mad, mad—"

Charters touched him on the shoulder.

"Forget all about that. It was an accident."

"It wasn't. I meant to kill you. For a minute or two I was glad because I thought I had succeeded. But afterwards—when I was alone I realised exactly what I had done. It has been purgatory for me ever since. I tried to go back there, to brazen it out with Lola and Priestly, but I hadn't the courage. Once I went down that path with the intention of taking your body away and burying it. But I dared not go to the place. I felt like Cain afraid to face my Maker. Thank God, it was all a mistake. But I can't come with you—I can't!"

"What's that?"

"I couldn't face the others." He turned his eyes away and shuddered violently. Charters pulled him round and looked at him fixedly.

"You are coming," he said. "Whether you like it or not. Only towards fear to face the future. Haven't you learnt your lesson yet?"

LANCASTER'S eyes dashed wildly.

"I've tried to. I might face Priestly—but Lola. How will she regard me? I can stand the loss of her love—now, but to be despised and held in contempt—"

"Perhaps she doesn't know."

"Not know?"

"I told them it was merely a quarrel. You deserted us because you hated me."

Lancaster flushed and bit his lip.

"I would have gone on hating you until the end of the world, Charters, if that thing had not happened. All that is passed. You don't know what it means to me to find my hands are clean of the stain which I saw on them every day. Do you . . . do you really think she doesn't know what happened?"

"I don't see how she can. In any case you are coming back. You've got to face it."

Lancaster hesitated. It was clear from his expression that he pined to be back among them. A month of solitary confinement in the awful stillness and monotony of the wilderness had proved a wonderful transforming influence. It had broken his pride completely. It had shattered all his hate. He choked down his reluctance with an effort.

"I'll come," he said hoarsely. "I'll face them if it kills me."

Charters sprang to his feet and seized him by the arm.

"Come on, then, if we wish to get home by nightfall."

Home! It brought a gleam of joy to the prodigal's eyes. He walked by the side of his companion with lithe, eager steps.

"Charters," he said suddenly. "You're a damned good chap. I made an awful mistake about you."

"Don't be an ass," retorted Charters.

Arriving on the western side of the island they made a detour calculated to bring them across the top end of the lagoon, since the tide was running in at a terrific rate and swimming across in such circumstances was a dreadfully slow business.

A few minutes later they ran into the treasure-hunters. Hollings was superintending operations with a scowl on his evil face. The day had been a strenuous one and utterly unproductive. He stared with amazement at Lancaster.

"Here's another passenger," said Charters. "That will add an extra hundred to your pocket."

"Maybe I change my mind," snapped Hollings.

"Er?"

"One hundred pounds is verra leetle."

"Four hundred pounds is a considerable sum to a man of your simple tastes," retorted Charters. "Especially if you do not find the corsairs' treasure."

Hollings' eyes literally blazed. He took a step towards Charters, his hands raised threateningly, but dropped them again when he saw that his hostility created not the slightest sign of fear.

"I shall find it," he grunted. "Yah, if it is here Hollings find it."

"Yes, if it is here," replied Charters significantly.

Hollings looked at him keenly.

"You think maybe someone come and take the treasure?"

"I do not know."

The eyes still regarded him cunningly from under their long lashes. The thin lips opened and a queer little laugh escaped them. Then he turned on his heel and walked away.

"So that is Hollings?" said Lancaster.

"Yes . . . half-man, half-animal. A creature to be wary of. A thing that will strike in the dark if it suits him . . . and strike hard."

A shout came from down the lagoon. In the gathering darkness they saw the running figure of Lola. Lancaster shuddered and hesitated as his old fear returned.

"Courage!" murmured Charters. "Try to play a man's part."

"I will . . . by Heaven, I will!"

CHAPTER 31

A WEEK passed and the

treasure-hunters were still delving into the sand, growing more and more disgusted as each succeeding day offered them no reward for their titanic labors. The sides of the lagoon were a dreadful sight. Not a square yard had been missed. The beach was a mass of trenches and mounds. Hollings cursed and raved like a madman. Drink was consumed in greater quantities than ever, and the nights were made hideous with the songs and quarrels of the party. Occasionally Hollings visited his prospective passengers, his eyes swollen with excessive drinking and his voice unsteady. His presence was repugnant to all of them, but they exercised a little discretion and said nothing.

Charters, however, was boiling with pent-up rage. Lola wondered how long he would remain master of his temper. To sit and hear Hollings bluster, to be within a few yards of his filthy speech was sickening. Yet to this man they had mortgaged their future. He came in one evening drunker than ever.

"I no take you for dat price," he hiccupped. "I wanta five hundred pounds, yah. Someone be come and take dat treasure . . . curse him and I am ruined. Five hundred English pounds or you stay here and rot, yah."

"But you agreed to a hundred pounds each," said Priestly.

"Oh, but I change my mind."

"Then we will change ours," cried Lola.

"We will not go with you at all."

He stared at her through his besotted eyes, then he grinned in devilish fashion.

"The beautiful lady-savage I take for nothing, yah. Hollings he love alla ladies. He once have white English girl for wife marry . . ."

Charters suddenly stretched out his hand and caught the wretch by the collar. He lifted him to his feet and flung him

down the sloping beach. Hollings snarled like an animal. He felt for his knife, but found it was not in its accustomed place in his belt. A string of curses left his trembling lips.

"Get out!" grunted Charters.

"You pig! You dirty thing! So you lay hands on Hollings, eh?"

"Get out!" repeated Charters, ominously.

Hollings started to curse again, but stopped as he saw the half-naked muscular figure leap towards him. With a cry he sprang backwards and retreated up the beach, shaking his fists madly. Charters sighed as he sat down.

"The brute!" muttered Lancaster.

"Why did we ever strike that bargain with him?" said Priestly. "I suppose that is the end of the matter?"

Charters shook his head.

"But surely . . ."

YOU forget there are four hundred pounds at stake. If he fails to find the treasure he will want that money badly. He will come back fawning on us."

This was proved true a few days later. Hollings wandered into the camp, quite sober and wearing a smug smile. Charters faced him with his arms folded.

"Well?"

"I ask pardon . . . I was drunk. I say many things I do not mean. I am a liar when the drink got me. You will please forget."

"I may find it convenient to overlook it," replied Charters grimly. "But since we are on the subject and you appear to be in possession of your normal senses, let me make things perfectly clear. You, Hollings, are an unmitigated scoundrel, a man without morals or principles. We loathe and abominate you."

Hollings' face was the picture of absolute amazement.

Inwardly he boiled, but he was cunning enough to control himself. With him it was a choice of taking his revenge with the aid of his men or winning four hundred pounds. To realise both was an impossibility. He decided on the four hundred and choked down his wrath.

"Good!" mused Charters. "I see you are an advocate of the truth. Now we made a bargain with you. Does it still hold good? You had better decide here and now."

Hollings decided promptly. Once the four hundred pounds was his it would be a comparatively easy matter to settle with his deadly enemy in the back streets of some Malayan port.

"Now clear out," growled Charters. "We have business relations together and no other."

Hollings departed, his evil eyes glowing with hate. He took a revenge by proxy on one of his crew by almost beating him to death with a whip. By this time failure was staring him in the face. Digging was abandoned. The crew split up into parties and explored the whole island, but the treasure of the corsairs still remained hid. It was exasperating. It drove him nearly mad.

Again he sought comfort in wine, and the crew seeing that their leader was oblivious to most things followed suit. Lola, wandering up the lagoon, witnessed the orgies and felt sick. She was on her way back when something among the piles of sand met her eyes. She left the higher path and picked up the object. It was a Bible that had been unearthed by the diggers and flung aside in disgust. Its covers

were gone and twenty or so pages at the beginning and end were missing. The condition of the remaining portion was astoundingly good, the sand having acted as a kind of preservative.

The importance of this find dawned upon her instantly. What else could it be but the key to the mysterious document? And the diggers had thrown it away as useless! She ran back to the camp to find Priestly there alone. She held up the book in triumph.

"What is that?" asked Priestly.

"The key to the riddle—the Bible. Have you got the document?"

PRIESTLY hadn't. But they eventually found it in Charters' old coat. Feverishly they spread it out before them. The first few references were useless owing to the missing pages in the volume. For half an hour they were engaged upon their task, writing the words on the back of the document with a small charred stick. They examined the result.

... Who seeks shall find
Twelve cubits measures thrice
From in the sand
With sun at noon in line
Three cubits heavenward count
Within and not without . . .

"Despite the omissions it is fairly clear," said Priestly.

"But what is a cubit? Why should he include that word?"

"Because it is the only word he could find in the Bible which is a standard of measurement. It was employed by the ancients, and is equal to the length of the arm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. From eighteen to twenty-two inches."

They were both greatly excited. Hollings with all his men and equipment had failed, and here were they on the verge of success. Yet it seemed strange that the prolonged search of the treasure-hunters had failed.

"It must lie about seventy yards from some object in the sand," said Lola, who had been doing mental arithmetic.

"Yes."

"But what object?"

"What other object than the Bible itself . . . the one you picked up?"

"Of course. But the place where I found it may not be the place where it was originally dug up."

That fact rather complicated matters. To ask Hollings for information would arouse his suspicions. Moreover, search was impossible while Hollings was in the neighborhood. The alternative was to say nothing and do nothing at the moment but to get back to Brisbane and charter a boat to make another trip to the island.

Charters and Lancaster heard the great news later. They both agreed with Lola that secrecy was best in the circumstances, and that the treasure could wait until they had the means to remove it without interference.

On the following morning Hollings came and informed them that he was going to sail that evening.

"So you haven't found the covin's treasure?" asked Charters.

"Curse it, no! There is no treasure here. It must be somewhere else. And yet I could swear . . ."

He shook his head. He was baffled and beaten and furious.

"Can't we wait a few more days?" asked Lancaster.

"No, I sail to-night."

He flashed Lola a quick glance and walked away. Charters stared at the blue lagoon stretching away in the distance, and then to the beautiful strand on which the sea beat its steady note. His thoughts were obvious. He was finding it difficult to say good-bye to things that had become dear to them all. Lola decided to take a last swim in the lagoon. She found a suitable place and partly disrobing dived in. She did not see the eagle eyes of Hollings watching her at her sport. His glance followed the beautiful lithe body of her as she dived and floated and swam in the near offing. Was anything more desirable than this? She became even more desirable than four hundred pounds. He could steal four hundred pounds with comparative ease . . . but such a chance as this seldom occurred.

CHAPTER 22

LOLA, completely ignorant of the near presence of the loathsome creature, dressed and went back to the camp. Hollings' party was busy on the beach taking back their gear to the ship. Lola prepared a meal and the party sat down to it.

"To think this is the last meal we shall ever have here," said Priestly with a sigh.

"I wish we were not going," put in Lancaster.

"Don't talk nonsense," retorted Charters. "Think of the life before you, the little comforts, the change of food, the jostle of humanity. We must not start regretting our decision now."

"Where will he land us?" asked Lola.

"Borneo, I believe. But we ought to have no difficulty in reaching Australia from there."

Lola was wondering what would happen after that. Life without Charters would certainly seem a blank affair. His change of mind still puzzled her. Was he coming with them merely to act as a kind of protector, or was the obstacle that had previously intervened removed? But how could it have been removed if it ever existed?

"It is a pity we cannot take the treasure back with us," said Lancaster.

"If it still exists," added Charters.

"You still have doubts?"

"It certainly seems strange that Hollings has failed to find it."

"But we have the document to help us."

"The treasure may have been removed years ago. Anyhow, it would be unwise to hunt for it now even if we had time. You can come back for it some other time."

That prospect appeared pleasant to Lola. "I will charter a boat at Brisbane, and we'll all come back and search for it in comfort," she said.

"Splendid!" ejaculated Lancaster. "It will be something to look forward to. We can get the location of the island from Hollings, or take careful note of the ship's direction. What do you think, Charters?"

"You ought to have no difficulty in finding the island again," agreed Charters. "I wish you success."

"But you'll come, too?"

He shook his head emphatically.

"I am afraid I shall be otherwise engaged," he added.

It put a damper on the prospect. The subject was dropped abruptly. The boat was returning from the ship to the point from which it had departed. All the gear

was now aboard, and it was evident that Hollings was coming back for them. He landed with the four rovers and they commenced to walk up the beach towards the camp.

"Time to go," said Lola.

Priestly nodded and stood up. Charters commenced stamping on the fire.

"Don't put it out," pleaded Lola.

"Why not?"

"I . . . I don't know . . . I'd like to see it burning after the sun sets. It will be the last thing we shall see to keep in our memories."

He nodded with a grim smile and heaped the scattered branches together. Hollings and his men halted near them. Hollings walked forward with a smirking countenance.

"You all ready?"

"Yes," murmured Lola.

"I'll get my coat," said Charters. "It is inside the hut."

Lola wondered why he should require the tattered, useless garment until she remembered that it contained the revolver. Evidently Charters was taking no risks.

HE was midway between the fire and the hut when the unexpected happened. Three of the four men who had been lounging behind Hollings suddenly leapt forward. In a trice they seized Lola and commenced running swiftly down the beach. Lancaster gasped and then leapt like an antelope at them. He reached the man in the rear and flew at his throat. Lola, struggling furiously, did not see what followed; but Priestly on the verge of running to the rescue was held spellbound by the swift cruel drama. The fourth man crept like a cat towards the fighting Lancaster. A long knife flashed, and Lancaster dropped without a cry.

Priestly, dazed and horrified, saw Charters hurtling forward. Close to the still figure of Lancaster was his assassin. He stood quite still with the long knife gripped in his hand behind him. Charters was level with Priestly and within six yards of the waiting man when the blade flashed. Priestly saw the danger in the fraction of a second. Superhuman strength came to him. He uttered a wild cry and flung himself directly in front of the intended victim. A second later the heavy knife, propelled through space with deadly accuracy, was buried in his breast. He fell back in Charters' arms with a little groan.

Charters choked at the awful catastrophe. He laid the body on the sand, gazed into the misty eyes and, withdrawing the weapon, commenced to run towards the departing figures. Then he stopped and came back as he realised that pursuit at that moment could avail him nothing. Priestly stirred and opened his eyes.

"Aren't . . . you going for . . . her?" he whispered.

"No . . . not now. They are already at the boat. Oh, God in Heaven . . . to think I was mad enough to leave her for a second!"

He ran to the hut and came back with some fresh water and rough bandage. The wound was bathed and bound up, but one fact was painfully evident . . . the gallant little minister was doomed. Charters bore him to the huts and laid him on the ferns.

"What . . . what are you going to do . . . about her?" he whispered.

"It will be dark in half an hour. The sails of the boat are still furled. She can-

not sail before then. I'll get Lola away from that fiend."

"You must leave me when the time comes. You can do nothing for me, skipper. But do you think you stand any chance against that crew?"

"We shall see."

"And poor Lancaster, is he . . . ?"

"Yes." He buried his head in his hands, blaming himself for the whole terrible tragedy. On top of the double murder was the terrible, unthinkable danger that hung over Lola. That seemed even worse than the other. Priestly, watching him, had a fair inkling of what was passing in his mind.

"You must rescue her, Charters," he muttered. "That man . . . he is inhuman . . . and yet I fear for you . . ."

"For me! What do I matter? If I fall it were better that I should . . ."

Priestly understood much more than he was intended to understand, and it was this glimpse of the soul of Charters which made him pray devoutly that he might live long enough to be of service to them both, if they passed safely through the storm that was now threatening.

CHAPTER 23

LOLA'S one outstanding recollection was of the fate that had overtaken Lancaster and Priestly. While struggling with her captors she averted eyes had seen the appalling drama in her rear. It put an end to her resistance. It numbed her brain and brought her near to swooning. She remembered nothing of the passage to this ship.

Only when the island was blotted out from view, and she was confronted by the four dirty walls of Hollings' cabin did her brain commence to function reasonably. She ran to the door but found it fastened on the outside. Frantically she beat it with her fists until she realised the futility of it. From the decks came the sounds of voices and the rattle of gear. Above all she identified the piercing execrations of Hollings. He was bellowing orders and threats, half in English and half in his own tongue.

With a groan she ran to the small porthole. It was not nearly large enough to escape through, but it offered a view of the island and added to her despair. There it lay, a perfect jewel in an azure setting—symbol of freedom and happiness. It seemed impossible that danger could threaten so close to its sunlit beaches and yet the voice above was sufficient to remove any doubt in the matter.

They were making ready for sea. What would happen when once the ship was under weigh? Could she expect any mercy from such a man as Hollings? It was sufficient argument to the contrary that he had sacrificed four hundred pounds for her. Her blood chilled as she came to the hopelessness of her position. Priestly and Lancaster were probably dead. Charters was powerless to aid her. Only her own comparatively feeble strength lay between immunity and the unthinkable.

Desperate, she looked round for a weapon, but she found nothing that would avail her much. In the meantime the sun was setting, and the creak of tackle overhead told her that work was going forward. A rickety arm-chair was by the bed. She seized one of the stout legs and with a great effort pulled it apart. It was two

feet long and heavy in the bargain. It brought a feeling of comfort to her. Some of her terror departed and a new spirit was born. She held her cudgel in both hands and waited by the door.

It grew very dim. She heard Hollings yell something and then a window rattled. Her heart bounded as the ship began to move. The anchor was up. Then came low voices from the direction of the fore-castle. . . . At last a sound came from outside. A key was turned in the lock and the door opened. Hollings' evil countenance came round it. In a second she brought the cudgel down on his bare head. He came to earth like a log.

She jumped over his prone body and made the stairs. A figure jumped at her and caught her ankle from behind. She swung the club and heard a curse as it met a human skull. Two seconds later she was on deck. The man at the helm saw her and yelled something to a squatting sailor. The latter threw down the sail he was mending and sprang to his feet. He and Lola met a few yards from the rail. He put up his hands to shield his head and dived for her. She hit out madly and missed him, almost losing her balance in the attempt.

The man went sprawling across the decks and three others came running forward. She threw away the club and leapt for the side. The island lay astern and the darkening sea rolled beneath her. She raised her hands to dive and was actually falling when a long brown arm caught her round the knees. Fighting with hands and feet she was pulled back on the deck. In the gloaming she could see the fierce, almost animal, eyes of her captors. She ceased to struggle and her heart sank as they bore her down to Hollings' cabin.

He was on his feet when she arrived, wiping away the blood from his wound. His face relaxed into a horrible leer as he beheld her, and he waved the sailors away and locked the door after them, putting the key into his pocket. Then he turned and saw Lola crouching in the corner near the bed.

"**A** WHITE savage, yahi!" he ejaculated. "I like very much the wild woman. I think I tame you very soon, yah."

He tied a huge handkerchief round his forehead and coolly proceeded to light the hanging lamp. Then he brought a bottle of wine from a cupboard and poured out a tumblersful, quaffing it in one great gulp and wiping his thin lips on the back of his hand. All the time his eyes swept her form. They were the eyes of something only half-human, and they engendered in the girl a fear that almost paralysed her.

He came slowly round the table towards her, laughing insanely as he perceived her apparent helplessness. His arm was within a foot of her when she leapt like a panther away from him. Gasping, she brought the table between them. Her terror-stricken eyes fell on the bottle. She grasped it and flung it at him with all her strength. It missed his head, but collided with his shoulder and brought a groan of pain from him.

"Keep away!" she shrieked.

"I tame you," he muttered. "Hollings he tame many such as you."

He caught the table with both hands and pulled it behind him. Nothing was between them now . . . nothing but space. She retreated before him until the side of

the cabin came against her back. Her eyes distended as she realised that she was trapped. His hand caught her arm near the shoulder. She seized it and bit it hard. A resounding slap in the face sent her, dazed, to the floor. She looked up and opened her mouth to beg for mercy, but closed it again as she realised the futility of such pleading. She fought against the overwhelming faintness that swept over her. Mutely she prayed to God that death might take her now. Strange visions thronged her mind—visions of Charters, the island, the far-away home, days of happiness long passed.

The swooning passed as Hollings' muscular arms lifted her from the floor. She tore at his face and hair, determined now to fight to the last gasp.

"Let go!" he roared.

"You brute! You reptile!"

"I think I kill you," he hissed.

"Yes, yes."

He laughed again and shook his head.

"Not yet. Perhaps you die later on . . . not yet."

THE lamp was swinging gently round and round. It fascinated her. She visualised the result if the lamp could be smashed against the dry boards—and only a thin chain held it in suspension. Hollings was advancing on her again. She wriggled away like an eel and rushed at the lamp. In a second he saw her intentions. Before she could reach it he had grasped her by the shoulder and jerked her back. He pulled her up close to him, imprisoning her arms with his own. His ugly head was bent over hers. All the breath left her body. The thin sinister lips came down nearer and nearer her own. A pitiful little wail escaped the distracted girl, and then a terrific report shook the cabin and a cloud of suffocating smoke entered. Hollings' arms lost their grip. Through the smoke she saw him clutching his side and tottering. He fell with a crash and lay still.

A face came through the haze—outlined against the porthole. It was the grim face of Charters, and beside it was a shoulder and an outstretched hand in the fingers of which was a revolver.

"Skipper," she cried, chokingly.

"Quick . . . take this weapon. Fight your way out and jump overboard. I can only cling on a few seconds longer!"

She ran towards him and took the revolver. He disappeared instantly. Hollings was lying on his back—dead. She put aside her qualms and searched his pocket for the key. Then she opened the door. Someone was coming downstairs and further sounds came from the direction of the fore-castle. She found herself confronted by one of the men who had prevented her escape earlier. He stared at the levelled revolver and backed away. Turning, she fled up the stairs. Two men barred her progress on deck. Without hesitation she fired the revolver and brought one of them down. The other retreated quickly.

She reached the side of the vessel, thrust the weapon into the pocket of her garment and jumped. The sea closed over her head, and she came to the surface to see the figure of Charters some fifty yards distant. With a little cry he made for her.

"Thank God!" he muttered. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"Swim as hard as you can for the next few minutes in case they put out a boat."

She obeyed with alacrity. The island lay to the east, a blob in the semi-darkness. Charters turned his head and saw that the vessel was still keeping her course. The plan had apparently succeeded, as he hoped it would. With Hollings dead the crew were their own masters and would doubtless be delighted at the prospect of sharing out the proceeds from the sale of the ship and its gear in the nearest port.

"Are . . . are we saved?" asked Lola.

"So far," he replied grimly. "But the island lies four miles to the east and the tide is against us. Our only chance is to make the western point."

Lola nodded. She realised that a trial of endurance was in store, but the greatest terror had been removed. It was not very difficult to die at sea—with Charters. But she did not feel like dying. Her young, healthy body was full of vitality. She kept abreast of Charters, slipping through the water like a beautiful fish, with long over-arm strokes that never labored.

Time passed and still the swimmers progressed. The dark blob was appreciably nearer and the moon came up to act as pilot. Now they could hear the beat of the surf on the beaches. It was the most perfect music to their ears.

"Tired, Lola?"

"Yes," she replied. "But I can last another hour."

"Good. We shall make the western point in that time."

He erred on the side of optimism. Near the island they encountered a strong opposite current. They battled with it heroically and made some progress at enormous cost. Lola began to lag. Her limbs felt heavy and her heart fell a little as she realised that she was tiring. Charters, looking over his shoulder, took in the situation. He had expected her to fall long before this, and it amazed him to see her still battling.

"We are in a strong westward drift," he said. "Another quarter of a mile and we shall doubtless be through it. Can you manage it?"

"I'll try," she murmured.

He swam beside her, uttering words of encouragement from time to time. A strange drowsiness came over her. Her arms and legs no longer seemed connected with her brain. She found herself dreaming, but still making strokes that grew feebler and feebler. Her eyes grew misty and she could no longer see the land, but she knew Charters was there. She had an idea he was helping her—carrying her—

THERE seemed to come a lapse, as though something had snugged in her brain, and then she opened her eyes and stared at the sea before her. It was breaking lazily on the wide beach. With a start she realised she was on the side of their former camp, sitting in the bright moonlight by the lagoon. She turned her head swiftly and saw Charters looking down at her.

"Better?" he queried.

"Yes. What happened? Oh, I remember now . . . Hollings . . . and the ship . . . and you . . . I never dreamed you could come and help me. How did you get aboard?"

"I never got aboard. I swam out shortly before they up-anchored and swarmed up a rope that was hanging over the side. I was clinging on when you attempted your

first escape but I couldn't do anything. I saw the light through the porthole a little later and guessed . . . what was happening. By swinging on the rope I managed to get a grip of the edge of the porthole. The revolver was wet, and I dreaded it would not go off—but it did."

"Thank God you came! I must have fainted in the water."

He nodded and looked impatiently towards the west. In a moment she understood.

"Priestly and Lancaster!" she ejaculated.

"Poor Lancaster is dead, but Priestly may still be alive. He was dying when I left." His lips quivered. "But I had to come. He . . . he understood."

She sprang to her feet instantly, tears welling to her eyes as she thought of Lancaster, and of the wounded man dying in the darkness alone. She could see Charters' tense face in the moonlight as he strode beside her.

"Hurry!"

"I can't go faster. You . . . you go on."

He nodded and broke into a swift run. In a few minutes he was out of sight. She could understand his tremendous haste and his well-concealed but still obvious emotion. The little minister had given his life for him and he wanted to be there at the end. She prayed fervently he might not be too late.

CHAPTER 24

CHARTERS burst into the hut dreading to find that the soul of Priestly had flown. It was too dark to see more than the bare outline of the recumbent figure. His heart bounded as he heard a sigh, and a voice whispered:

"Is that you . . . Charters?"

"Yes. One moment . . . I'll get a light." He brought a burning brand from the fire and lighted one of the shell lamps. Priestly lay on his back with his pale face turned to the roof. He averted his head and smiled as Charters came towards him.

"I feared you would not return," he whispered. "You got her?"

"Yes. She is coming. But you . . ."

"I am very close to the golden gates, Skipper."

Charters hung his head.

"Don't worry, old fellow. I never dreamed I should end like this. I never thought it would be my lot to do something for you. That is what makes the end so pleasant. Charters, what made me do that? I was always a coward, physically . . ."

"No, no!"

"But I was. I never could endure the sight of bloodshed, and pain sickened me; yet when I saw that awful knife coming I wasn't afraid. Why wasn't I afraid?"

Priestly spoke again, slowly, painfully.

"There is the girl to be considered."

Charters looked at him keenly and then turned his head away.

"Don't do that. There are some things I know. You can't hide them from me now. Charters, what is the matter? Can't I help you?"

"Help me?"

"To forget. Whatever it was that sent you here there must be a remedy."

Charters nodded grimly.

"There is a remedy . . . a natural ending. I mean to face that when the time comes."

"You mean when the boat is ready for sailing?"

"Yes."

Priestly attempted to drag himself into

a sitting position. He failed and sank back again.

"I could have cut the thread that holds me two hours ago," he whispered earnestly. "But I wanted to be of service to you . . . both. When I am gone you will be alone . . . you two. Unforeseen things may happen. You may not be able to get away, what then? Charters, this may be the last chance you will ever have of doing the right thing."

"The right thing!" he gasped.

"For Lola. You aren't blind . . . you must know how much you mean to her. Is there any reason why you should not marry her?"

Charters bit his lips. He met Priestly's eyes unflinchingly.

"There is a good reason," he said heavily.

"There can be only one reason—that you are married already. It can't be that . . ."

"There is another. Priestly, don't ask me. What is done is done. What you suggest is impossible. Whatever happens we must live our lives separately. Have no fear, I'll get her away from here. I'll never rest until I take her back to where she belongs."

Priestly sighed deeply as though satisfied. He died soon after.

Next day they worked together on the boat until the evening fell. As yet it was scarcely more than a log and escape seemed far off—too far even to dream of.

"What a fool I was not to have found out from Hollings our exact geographical position!" said Charters.

"Does it matter?"

He gazed at her in astonishment.

"Matter! It's the one thing that matters above all else. For aught we know the nearest inhabited land may be outside the possible sailing limits of the boat."

"And what then?"

Her coolness took his breath away. He seemed a little annoyed that she could treat the matter so indifferently.

"There is one alternative to reaching land," he said grimly, "and that is staying here forever."

"There are worse places."

"And there are better," he retorted.

"You didn't seem to think so a short time ago, when you refused to leave the island."

HE frowned, suspecting that this was a deliberate attempt to gain information on a certain matter. He had not forgotten her presence in the hut at the termination of his conversation with Priestly and he wondered just how much she had heard.

"Whatever may have been my former intentions, circumstances have changed them," he remarked.

She shot him a swift glance.

"Am I the 'circumstances'?"

"You are. Things are different now. They were different immediately after the earthquake. Your place is back in civilisation."

"And yours?"

His mouth twitched. She thought he was going to rebuke her, but the look of resentment passed and she was aware that the abrupt question had hurt him deeply. She caught his hand as a wave of regret swept over her.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to offend you, but you are so strange. A few hours ago you were about to tell me something. Why didn't you finish? It

might have made things clearer. . . . It might have made me understand."

"What is it you wish to understand?" he said rather irritably.

"You."

"Listen!" he said tensely. "You may understand this much, I am a man in bondage. When I leave this island I leave behind my liberty — my freedom to act as my will dictates. Someone has a claim upon me. Time was when I refused to recognise that claim, but I do now."

"And was that what you were going to tell me?" she asked, hoarsely.

"More or less."

"I see . . . I think I understand now," she murmured.

But he knew she did not. Perhaps it was as well that way. The horrible truth was almost impossible to tell.

CHAPTER 25

IT was two days later that Lola made rather a disconcerting discovery. Hollings' party had left behind them a vast number of tin cans, newspapers, and what not. They littered the beach and gave the place the appearance of a seaside resort after a public holiday. At Lola's suggestion work on the boat was interrupted and she and Charters commenced to clear up the mess.

They were engaged in depositing the refuse into a deep hole when Lola came across a crumpled chart. She laid it out flat and examined it. A little cry of astonishment left her lips.

"What's the matter?" queried Charters.

"It's a map. It must have belonged to Hollings." At once he realised the importance of the thing. It included the southernmost portion of China and the whole of Oceania. A red line was traced from Benkulen in Sumatra to a small dot which was obviously the island on which they stood. Charters' face became grim and set. One fact was clear, the boat as a means of escape was useless. For hundreds of miles on all sides of the island there was nothing but sea.

"Is that the nearest land?" asked Lola, pointing to Christmas Island.

He nodded.

"But the glow in the sky — the volcano?"

"I can't understand it. It may have been raised from the sea by a terrific convulsion."

"Then we . . . we are doomed to stay here?"

"No. We shall get away . . . we must," he replied doggedly.

"In the boat?"

"There may be other means . . . I must think."

It was a bitter blow after all the labor that had been expended. In the face of this new knowledge it seemed futile to proceed with the little vessel. They were walking back to the camp when they arrived at the spot where Lola had found the old Bible.

"Let us hunt for the corsairs' treasure," she begged.

"Of what use is gold or jewels to us?" he protested.

She sighed, then broke into a laugh.

"We need a respite from work. Aren't you getting a little morose and sour?"

"Perhaps I am. Would it please you to search for this treasure trove?"

"Yes."

"Then we will. But where is the document?"

"We shall not need it. I remember the words distinctly. 'Twelve cubits measured thence, from . . . in the sand, with sun at noon in line. Three cubits heavenward count, within and not without. . . .'"

"We are faced with a difficulty at the very outset," said Charters. "We are not sure of the exact position of the Bible. If we knew that it would be easy to make a start. It must be noon now."

Lola ran up the bank and came back with a straight stick. She pushed it into the sand in a perpendicular position, and pursed her lips as she saw how short a shadow it cast.

"We want something much longer," said Charters. "Wait a minute!"

He disappeared and came back a few minutes later with a long bamboo. It threw a good length of black shadow pointing up the beach.

"Now three twelve are thirty-six," mused Charters, "and thirty-six cubits according to poor Priestly are equal to how much?"

"About six feet," said Lola promptly.

"Good. Now to measure it. We had better turn it into yards and step it out."

Lola shook her head. She had a better idea. She gazed at her bare brown feet.

"They are just eight inches long," she informed him.

"Are you sure? They don't look more than six."

"Beside yours I have no doubt they do," she retorted, and commenced to walk along the shadow, heel to toe.

"Ninety!" she ejaculated at length.

Charters rubbed his chin. She was standing in one of Hollings' trenches. All round the sand was disturbed where the recent diggers had been at work.

"We must be wrong somewhere in our reckoning," she said.

"You are sure about the wording?"

"Yes."

"Then, it's a fraud — a hoax."

"I can't believe it. Why should a dying man want to perpetrate a hoax? We've evidently started from the wrong spot. The Bible must have been moved from its original position."

That seemed quite probable, but sixty feet from any spot thereabouts led to the scene of Hollings' excavations, and there was no other means of hiding anything.

"There is only one solution," said Charters. "Somebody has already found the treasure—if there was one."

LOLA looked disappointed. After having got so far it was tantalising to be thus thwarted. She sat down and repeated the quaint doggerel of the document. Suddenly her eyes lighted up.

"Suppose it wasn't the Bible that he referred to as the thing hidden in the sand? We only assumed that. The man was evidently of a religious turn of mind to carry a Bible with him at all. Wouldn't he keep the Bible until the very end? I have it—the razor!"

"By jove—yes, I never thought of that."

She jumped to her feet and dragged him by the arm. He snatched the bamboo pole from the sand and followed her further up the lagoon. She eventually stopped near a palm tree high up the banking.

"It was here, about three feet from this tree—where I have my hand."

Charters stuck the bamboo into the place indicated, Lola at once began to measure

off the distance. Again she halted in one of Hollings' holes. She bit her lips in vexation.

"Foiled again!"

"Wait! There are those queer words about three cubits heavenward," said Charters.

She looked up at the blue sky.

"It can't be in the air," she complained.

"It isn't under the earth, that is certain. We have made an error, too. The sun has moved round slightly, which would make the hiding place further towards the north. Your cubits may be a bit wrong. The man may have measured them with his arm. If he had very long arms—"

He halted and gazed at a stout, tall tree a few yards to his right. His face lit up with intense interest. He caught Lola by the shoulder.

"Lola, I believe—"

In an instant she saw what he meant. About six feet from the ground was a huge limb shooting out from the main trunk almost horizontally. To the rear of it was another limb, and between the two a kind of depression.

"I'm going up," hissed Charters.

HE caught hold of the big branch and drew himself on to it. Crouching under the overhanging branches he made for the depression. An inexplicable sense of danger came to Lola.

"Come away!" she cried.

He looked down at her with a puzzled expression.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know. I feel—"

He laughed, and leaned over the cavity. A horrible, flat head arose from it, poised on a quivering, scaly neck. Two bead-like eyes glistened and the head shot forward. Lola screamed, and Charters, with marvellous presence of mind, fell headlong to the ground. He rubbed his shoulder and sat watching the reptile making its flight. Then he laughed, but became serious as he saw to what extent Lola was affected.

"It's all right," he whispered. "It was more scared than we were."

"Oh it was horrid. Please come away!"

"Not until I have had another look. That was the guardian of the treasure. It's a good omen."

"Don't go up again, please," she implored.

"We don't want any treasure."

He stared at her in astonishment.

"Why, it was you who was so keen!"

"Only because I was inquisitive. Women are born that way. Let us leave it alone."

"Surely we aren't going to be scared away by six feet of stinkiness. I'll take a club with me. It's a million to one there is not another one there."

He found a thick piece of wood and again climbed on to the branch. He approached the cavity warily and pushed the stick down into it. It struck something metallic. In two seconds he was leaning over the hole. A cry of amazement came from his lips. The tree appeared to be hollow right down to its base. It was crammed with shining goblets, trays, ornaments of every kind. He dived in his arm and brought out a richly lacquered box. He opened it and beheld a brilliant array of jewels, some strung in the form of necklaces and others loose and uncut.

"What have you found?" called out Lola.

He dropped three goblets down to her and laughed as he heard her cry of astonishment. Taking the box with him,

he jumped to the ground. Lola was holding one of the magnificent goblets before her, admiring the consummate workmanship.

"It's pure gold!" she gasped. "Are there any more?"

"Tons. The tree is full to the brim. But look at these!"

He opened the box and displayed its rich contents. She dropped the goblet and ran her fingers through the jewels. They gleamed in the sunlight, green, red, and yellow, turquoises, amethysts, rubies, pearls and diamonds lay mixed together. She took two sparkling necklaces and looped them round her neck. They gleamed brighter than ever against the deep brownness of her skin. She uttered a little cry of joy. For a few minutes vainly reigned. She held the looped end and moved it in the sunshine, silently admiring the changing colors.

"Now you are a queen," said Charters in a curious tone of voice. "A Barbary queen!"

She dropped the end of the necklace as if it were red-hot, reading his mind in one swift glance. He thought she loved these baubles more than anything else in life. It wounded her to the quick. It infuriated her. She tore the jewels from her neck and flung them into the jungle. Then she strode up to him, her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"I hate you," she said. "I hate you for what you are thinking!"

CHAPTER 20

FOR the first few days the two were estranged. The incident of the jewels, small and insignificant as it had appeared at the time, proved to be a veritable barrier between them. Living as they were, almost shoulder to shoulder, the smallest rupture was apt to assume alarming proportions. Charters felt the "icy hand" much more keenly than he had imagined was possible. The laconic interchanges of speech bored him. Her proud and unrelenting attitude annoyed him, and yet he was well aware that the fault was his.

His reluctance to confess this was due to a deep-set resolution within him. The finding of Hollings' sailing chart had brought this about. If they were doomed to stay for a long period on the island—perhaps to end their lives there—it were better that she should believe him to be unjust. By what he considered to be a happy idea he had succeeded in putting a chasm between them. He wanted to keep it there just calamity should befall him. He dreaded rehabilitation, knowing that would mean falling into the net woven by her incomparable beauty and charm.

Days passed and the necessary work was carried out . . . Lola attending to domestic details and Charters hunting and fishing. There was ample time for both of them to reflect over the situation that had arisen, and to each of them it engendered pain and heart-searching.

It was destined to come to an abrupt end, for life became scarcely worth living. Anything seemed better than this awful silence. Lola found him one evening, by the side of the lagoon, sunk in depression. She was about to pass him when he stopped her and rose to his feet.

"Please don't go," he begged.

"What do you want?" she asked coldly.

"I want to speak to you."

"Well?"

Her head was poised proudly. She was affecting an air of indifference to anything he might say, but it failed miserably, for her heart was nearly breaking. Without a moment's warning she burst into tears. They came not of her own willing, but as a result of her pent-up emotion. She wanted to run away . . . to hide in the jungle that he might not witness this evidence of her misery. All her armor had cracked. It fell away from her, leaving her more natural, more desirable than ever.

Charters' lips moved compassionately. The wet, beautiful eyes made an irresistible appeal. He found himself on the brink again . . . hesitant and not a little nervous. The one overwhelming desire was to put things right . . . to heal the deep wound he had so callously inflicted.

"Don't . . . please don't!" he begged. "You make me feel ashamed."

"You!"

"Yes, Lola . . . I've been a brute. But I acted for the best. I didn't want to hurt you."

She brushed away her tears and gazed at him fiercely.

"Then you did it purposely. It was not a slip of the tongue . . . a misunderstanding. You said what you said knowing it was untrue. Why did you do it . . . why?"

"Don't ask me," he groaned.

"I must know. All your actions are unfathomable. You spoke of the possibility of our staying on this island for ever. Did you want us to live at loggerheads with each other as we have lived this past week?"

He hesitated, and then said, "yes." Her great eyes regarded him with horror and dismay. He went on rapidly. "It would have been better that way, Lola. But it can't be. We must be ourselves. I can't bear you to think I do not value you at your true worth. It was all make-believe, like a child's game."

HE sank his head sorrowfully. His whole attitude was one of deepest regret. Naturally impressionable, all her heart went out to him. For the first time since their friendship began she thought she saw through his sphinx-like exterior. It was as if she had touched some smouldering fire that burst into flame and was rendering futile all his efforts to constrain it. It leaped into his eyes, suffused his cheeks. The strong brown arms trembled as she laid her fingers on it.

"Why did you act like that?" she whispered.

He had intended to keep silent, but it was impossible in the circumstances. She stood amid the enchanting splendor more like a goddess than a woman of earth—a radiant seductive figure in all the beauty of virile youth. To desire to take her, to defy the fates and the future obsessed him. A slight caressing movement of his arm and she was close to him, her yearning eyes gazing fearlessly into his own.

"If you had never come into my life, Lola, it would have been better for me," he said hoarsely.

"Am I a woman to be regretted?" she retorted. "Is there something about me that is repellent?"

"Repellent! Oh, God!"

"Even now you close your eyes as though the sight of me hurts you. And you tried to make me hate you . . . why?"

"Because . . ."

She waited for him.

"Because of the future."

"You have always argued that the future will take care of itself . . . that the present is all that matters."

"It was a lie. I tried to believe that if you were less dear to me I think I might forget it. It is because you are what you are that it must not be forgotten. You know nothing of me . . . nothing. I tell you I am a man to be avoided."

She smiled into his eyes and shook her head.

"I can't avoid you, Charters. Oh, I hate that singular name, it makes you seem more of a stranger than ever. Yet it is you, and what is you can never be hateful."

"It isn't even me," he replied.

"But . . .!"

"My name is Richard . . . but it doesn't matter, one name is as good as another. Charters is all right."

"I suppose you are right," she replied with a laugh. "I prefer Dick, however, and Dick you shall be."

THEY walked together back along the lagoon and reached the camp just as the great red sphere dipped below the western horizon. The barrier was down for all time. They laughed and joked over the evening meal. Eloquent harmony had been restored, but with the restoration had come something else . . . a knowledge that a new stage of relationship had been entered. There was no hiding that fact. It leapt like a flame in their two breasts. It revealed itself in every movement of their eyes. As the evening wore on and the spell of the moonlit landscape came upon them the little invisible archer played havoc.

She came to him by the fire and held out her brown, soft hand.

"Good-night . . . Dick!"

The warm fingers quivered like electrified wires. To release them was impossible. It was a short battle and fierce enough while it lasted. The blood rushed madly through his veins as he clung madly to his resolution. He caressed the fingers then let them go with a gasp.

"Good-night!" he whispered.

She sighed and walked towards her hut. "Lola!"

She turned with the moonlight full on her oval face.

"Did you call?"

"I . . . I . . ."

She laughed softly.

"I shall see you in the morning."

The morning! And here was the night . . . the wondrous tropical night with its spice-laden breezes and its ineffable peace. He took a step towards her and held out his arms.

"Lola . . . don't go yet."

He saw her young bosom heaving. The luxuriant hair sweeping back from her temples gleamed like silver. The bare feet moved slightly . . . she came timidly towards him. The next instant she was in his arms, crushed hard against his turbulent breast. His firm mouth hovered above hers. A little sound of unutterable bliss escaped him as his lips met hers.

"Lola, I love you madly, desperately. God help me, for I can't help myself. I tried to fight against the invincible and I've lost . . . no I've won. Whatever happens."

Lola, remember I tried. You may come to hate me . . ."

"Hate you! My love . . . I've guessed all along. Whatever it is you want to forget it can make no difference. I'll help you to forget."

Some of the gladness left his eyes, but he still held her there, feeling her heart beating on his . . . triumphant, intoxicated, held in the coils of this new and wondrous emotion, but still aware that the skeleton was in the cupboard. One day he must release it, but not now . . . this glorious now . . . that would be too cruel.

CHAPTER 27

CHARTERS was in the jungle hacking away at the undergrowth at a spot between the western and eastern lagoons. For days he had been engaged at this seemingly thankless task. To Lola it was yet another mystery. From the time of his confession of love, when for the first time he had thrown away, for a few brief moments, the mask which he habitually wore, he had steadily resumed his old elusiveness.

It needed but a small amount of imagination on her part to realise that he was afraid of where the step, taken on that night, would lead. It was significant that he had not kissed her again . . . that at the touch of her hand he writhed as though in pain. All the while the love leaped from his eyes.

His work in the jungle puzzled her. Why was he clearing the space between the two lagoons? His laughing explanation was that he needed violent exercise, but she knew instinctively there was much more behind it.

As a relief from this herculean task he retrieved the treasure from the interior of the tree. The amount astonished them. It lay in one huge glistening heap in the corner of one of the huts, gold and silver and jewels thrown carelessly down as though they were but dross. He placed a magnificent string of pearls around her neck and clasped his hands over them as she tried to wrench them away.

"I am no Barbary queen," she cried. "I hate these things."

"Only because of what I said in a moment of madness and jealousy."

"Jealousy!"

"I was jealous of the most innocent things. Wear them, Lola."

"No."

He sighed and held out his hand. She snatched them from her neck and gave them to him. He dropped them carelessly on the pile.

"I can never wear them," she said with a softening voice. "What you said was partly true. It was only recently that I discovered that life was enough."

She meant love was enough but refrained from saying so. She had thought she knew where they stood but a few days ago, but not now. There were a hundred questions she wanted to ask . . . meant to ask . . . before long. Hurt as they might, it were better to get it over.

In the afternoon he paid a visit to the jungle with the ostensible purpose of getting water. He was away a long time and eventually came back with the two huge gourds full to the brim.

"What a lot you have brought!" she said. "We shall need it."

His voice was strange. His whole attitude was strange. He looked towards the jungle and then turned his head windward as though he were interested in the strong

breeze. She prepared a meal pondering over his behaviour.

"Why were you so long?" she asked later.

"I had something to do."

He stared at her hard and her heart thumped.

"I don't understand you. You have . . ."

"Lola, I've burnt our boats behind us. I want to explain things . . ."

The explanation commenced a little later. A smell of burning assailed her nostrils. She looked westward and saw a dense column of smoke ascending.

"You . . . you've started a fire?"

"I am burning the island."

She jumped to her feet, wringing her hands.

"Burning the island . . . our island?"

"It was the only way."

"The only way . . . to what?" she cried fiercely.

"To escape. It will burn for days. Some ship is bound to see the flames and smoke, and will probably come to us. The space I cleared will prevent the fire from extending to this side of the island . . . even if the wind should change about."

AS she looked the conflagration grew. The vast column of smoke expanded and the noise of burning came to their ears . . . a low, sullen note that outdid the sea.

"Escape!" she ejaculated. "So it is that that haunts you?" She fixed him with her eyes. "It is me you wish to escape from . . . I know."

"You are right," he replied tensely. "It is you."

She opened her mouth to say something but a great sob prevented her. He seized her by the arm and forced her down on the sand beside him.

"That's right . . . hate me now. You will hate me more before I have finished, but you will be glad I started that fire. I've won against everything I hold dear. Listen! I've said before you know nothing of me. I said I was a man to be avoided. It was true. I wanted you to evade me . . . to treat me as an outcast, for that is what I am. On the night when poor Priestly died I nearly perpetrated a fiendish act. He made a suggestion to me . . ."

"I know. I heard him."

The interruption rendered him dumb for a few moments. When he spoke again his voice was strained to the utmost.

"Poor girl! I didn't know to what depths I had hurt and insulted you."

"I knew there must be a reason . . . something you had done, of which you are ashamed. Something you have magnified out of all proportion . . ."

"Stop! You make it hard for me. I haven't magnified it in the slightest. Out there," he waved his hand towards the horizon, "there is punishment waiting for me . . . imprisonment."

Her eyes followed the workings of his face.

"I . . . I am a fugitive from justice . . . a common felon for whom a dungeon is waiting . . . perhaps even the gallows."

She uttered a wild shriek of alarm. Her hands flew to her lips and her face went pale.

"No, no. Tell me it isn't true. It's impossible . . . I can't believe it," she wailed.

"It is true. I killed a man in Brisbane over a year ago. He was everything that is bad, but it makes no difference. I have a sister back there in Brisbane. She was widowed through a mining disaster and left with two small children. Her husband's small estate and superannuation provided just enough capital to produce an annuity,

properly invested. She got into the toils of a wealthy stockbroker . . . a flatterer of spurious companies and a man without mercy or scruples. He had already swindled sufficient people to live in luxury for the rest of his life, but he could not resist the temptation to plunder that poor woman and her children. The crash came as it was bound to come. Certain individuals were imprisoned but Seagar, shielded by his millions . . ."

"Seagar!" she gasped. "He was my . . . my father's friend."

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "But it's true. To Seagar's account must go hundreds of ruined homes. He lived on ignorant women. With his ill-gotten wealth he purchased power sufficient to shield him. I came home from a prospecting trip in Papua to find my sister starving. I soon got to the bottom of the tragedy and ran the real culprit to earth. I called at Seagar's office late one afternoon. The key was in the lock and I turned it and pocketed it. My intention was to thrash him . . . to force him . . . to force him into giving back the money he had stolen. But when I turned round he had a revolver in his hand. He had no time to shoot. I hit him as hard as I knew how. He dropped like a log and never moved an inch. I went round to him and . . . and found I had killed him. Appalled at what I had done I made an escape. Fortune favored me. I ran into a drunken man near the docks. He was trying to get to his ship before it sailed. He told me his whole history in a few minutes and I realised that he had only signed on that morning . . . a waiter. He had already put his kit aboard and had his papers on him. His name was Charters."

"Yes, yes."

"I offered him twenty pounds for his papers and he agreed to sell them. Two hours later the liner sailed with me aboard. I dreaded that the man would give the show away when the news of the murder was published, and that must have happened for a few days out of Brisbane . . . a wireless message came to the ship. I happened to be near the Captain when he got it. It was an order to place me under arrest."

"And you escaped?"

"Yes. I thought of suicide . . . anything rather than the life of a convict for a deed which was not contemplated. There is nothing more to tell."

LOLA shuddered. The smoke, noise and heat of the fire was becoming unbearable. Everything was clear enough now . . . painfully clear. But if a ship came it would take him back to captivity. She imagined him wearing chains . . . shot out from the light of day until he died, with the memory of this wonderful island in his brain. She found it impossible to think of him as a criminal. Were his actions the actions of a criminal? Even Bellamy had learned to love him. If there had been any doubts the presence of that raging furnace was sufficient to stifle them. Had he been less of a man he would not have started that. Love was here . . . love and liberty and yet he had chosen the other way. Charters was regarding her with eyes of wonder. He had expected her to shrink from him and yet she sat there gazing into space, with just a suspicion of moistness about her eyes.

"I wish to God you had not done this!" she said passionately.

"Lola!"

"You said I knew nothing of you. It is because I know so much that I would have

died rather than this signal should have been started. Can't we stop it?"

"It is too late."

"And if a ship sees it, and comes here?"

"We will go back."

"And you?"

"He shrugged his shoulders. She seized him by the arms and looked at him fiercely.

"They have no right to punish you . . . no right. If we escape from here we must go abroad . . . live in hiding. We must fight them, Dick . . . until the last."

"We?"

Her eyes gleamed.

"Am I not also to share this trouble?"

He seized her passionately and kissed her lips, cheeks, and ears. That she could forget that terrible accident, that she could still love him with all the strength of her soul was amazing to him.

"I wanted to face the music. It seemed right, but not now. My whole life is yours, whatever you decide shall be. If . . . if no ship comes we will vanish the next night up to the day when you found me floating in the sea. Do you remember that?"

"Do I remember the greatest day in my life?"

THE heat was now intense. It drove them further from the huts; Charters' face exhibited signs of alarm as smoke came drifting through the trees.

"The wind must have changed," he said.

"It has, but you said the fire could not . . ."

She stopped as a great volume of smoke drifted towards them. Anon came sparks and more smoke. The roaring of the flames grew louder.

"It has got across the clearing," gasped Charters. "The island is doomed!"

This was soon made manifest. They were driven down the beach before the intense heat. In a very short time, the awful mass of belching smoke was lit by a glare. The fire was rushing through the sun-dried jungle in every direction. It outdid the setting sun.

Lola saw a mighty wave of flame rushing madly down the side of the lagoon. It enveloped the huts. She hid the sight from her eyes. When she looked again they were gone and the flame was leaping westward. They were on the edge of the breaking sea, stunned and bewildered by the unexpected onslaught.

The night came down. Fascinated they sat and watched the furnace roaring. Everything was going up in smoke. The heavens reflected the glare. Their eyes smarted and their lips craved the fresh water which they had foolishly left behind. The awful sight brought a convulsive sob from Lola. She felt a strong arm creep round her neck.

"Can you ever forgive me for this?"

"How could you guess the wind would change? Oh, but to see our home . . . What shall we do afterwards? Our little paradise will be a heap of ashes. Suppose . . . suppose it dries up the water-course . . ."

That thought had occurred to him. He cursed his folly in adopting such a means, but it was too late for regrets. The hours slipped by and although the heat grew less in their near neighborhood, the fire still raged elsewhere. The morning revealed a heart-breaking sight. Through the smoke could be seen the blackened

debris . . . gaunt, charred tree-trunks rising above a desert of ashes.

"I must try to get water," said Charters.

She clung to his arm.

"Not yet. You could not live in there. I can wait . . . if you can. I'm not very thirsty."

Her speech belied her words. He plunged towards the site of the vanished huts with the object of securing a vessel that would hold water. He was brought to a halt long before he could reach the place. With blistered feet he limped back to confess his failure.

"I'll try further along the beach," he said. "A shell will suffice if only I can reach the spring."

"Wait, wait. It will be easier later. See, the wind is veering again. It is blowing the smoke inland."

It was true. Very soon the air was comparatively clear and much cooler. Charters was hunting for his shell when Lola suddenly shouted something excitedly. He raised his head and followed the direction of her pointing finger. On the horizon was a large two-funnelled steamer.

"They must have seen the fire," said Lola. "Yes, they are making the island. It's a big liner."

"Thank God!"

She grasped him by the arms and looked at him seriously.

"Remember, you were with us on the yacht. We must lie, lie, if we wish to win through."

"I hate lies, Lola. I won't have you resort to that."

"You can't stop me. You wouldn't dare contradict anything I chose to say. Dick, dear, aren't there white lies as well as black?"

He said nothing, but waited the arrival of the oncoming boat.

CHAPTER 28

"THEY'VE seen us, and they are putting off a boat," said Lola excitedly.

Charters was staring at the liner — a two-funnelled red boat rocking gently in a wide ring of foam. Her decks were thronged with people, all striving to get a glimpse of the two lone figures on the beach. In some way she seemed familiar to him. The small boat was dancing across the blue sea under the oars of two seamen, while in her bows sat the figure of an officer in blue reefer coat and white ducks.

"You don't look very elated," said Lola with a smile.

"In a way I'm glad," he replied.

"So am I. Our dear little home has gone — but we'll make another in some sweet corner of the earth."

The grip on her hand suddenly tightened. Charters' face grew very grim. The boat was very near now, and he could see clearly the face of the officer in her bows — it was that of the mate of the Port Nelson. A little groan escaped his lips.

"What's the matter?" she gasped.

"The game is up, Lola," he replied. "I know that man. He is the man who is going to arrest me. By the irony of fate the signal has brought to us the very ship from which I escaped."

She clung to him and her eyes grew wide with terror.

"You must be mistaken."

"No. See, even now he recognises me."

It was true. She could see the look of enormous surprise in the eyes of the officer.

It was a crushing climax to the great adventure.

"What shall we do?"

"I am afraid there is nothing to be done."

"We must do something. We'll bluff him. Leave it to me. I'll tell him you are—"

"You will not," he retorted doggedly. "Whatever the future let us face it. Lola, I want to pay the price. It hurts me to realise that you too will have to pay."

"But, Dick, you know what they will do with you. I can't bear it. They'll treat you as a common felon. They'll take away from you every joy of life. No, I won't let you—"

SHE jumped up and ran along the beach to where the boat was about to land. The officer jumped on to the sand and touched his cap.

"This is extraordinary," he commenced.

"We never expect—"

"I am Lola Beresford, of Brisbane. My father—"

"By Jove! You were shipwrecked then. I heard that the yacht was missing. A search party was sent out but failed to trace you. Where are the—?"

"We are all that are left. There was an earthquake, and the others—"

She heard a step and found Charters beside her. The officer's eyes opened wide as he scanned Charters' face.

"By the living Harry—it is!" he ejaculated. "You are the missing steward—Charters?"

"I am."

"Dick!" screamed Lola.

The officer looked at her in perplexity and then at Charters. He shook his head as he failed to solve the mystery.

"How the devil did you get here? We reported you fallen overboard and drowned. Didn't you fall overboard?"

"I jumped overboard."

"But why?"

Charters' mouth opened in amazement.

"Why?" he muttered. "Isn't that obvious?"

"No, I'm hanged if it is."

Lola was in an agony of suspense. Charters was like a man in a dream. He passed his hand across his brow.

"I was near the wireless room when you received the message from Brisbane," he explained.

"The message! What message? — oh, I get you — a message to put one of the crew under arrest at Colombo. But how did that concern you?"

Charters gasped and Lola uttered a little cry of warning.

"Who was the man you were to arrest?" queried Charters hoarsely.

"A stoker. He committed a robbery in Brisbane—"

"A stoker!"

"Aye — we got him all right. He's in gaol now."

He pursed his lips as he witnessed their terrific relief. Wisely he asked no questions, but changed the subject abruptly.

"How did the island catch fire?"

"Well, it succeeded. We thought it was a fire at sea. I've not seen this island for twenty years. We used to call it 'Cossairs Island.' There was some yarn about a treasure hidden here by corsairs."

Lola looked at Charters and laughed.

"It happened to be true," she said. "And we've found it."

"What!"
"I expect it is melted down by now. Come and see!"

They walked up the beach and through the carpet of ashes which were now comparatively cool. Most of the beautiful metal treasures were little more than shapeless slabs, but the jewels were uninjured.

The officer gazed at them with eyes of envy.

"Shall I get these aboard for you?" he queried.

Charters nodded, and he called for two seamen. Lola found an opportunity to whisper to Charters.

"Fate has not been so unkind after all. There is still hope."

"I can't understand it," he replied. The officer came forward.

"The passengers missed you, Mr. Charters. Not thinking of signing on next voyage?"

"No thanks. I'm not a waiter by profession. It happened to be merely convenient on the last occasion."

"So I imagine, Miss Beresford. It is a great pleasure to be of service to you. Please accept my deepest condolences on your great loss. Everyone thought you had all met the same fate."

LOLA looked a little sad as she reconstructed the scenes of the past. Only Charters' arm prevented her from breaking down. They eventually walked down to the boat, and turned to bid a mute farewell to the place that for over a year had been their home.

"Cheer up," whispered Charters. "There is still the future. I never did believe much in futures, but who can tell?"

They got aboard and the craft pushed off. Ten seconds later they were breasting the rollers. The officer leaned across to Lola.

"I've a little surprise for you, Miss Beresford. Your father's oldest friend and colleague is aboard . . . Mr. Seagar."

Lola started, and Charters gripped the side of the boat in his amazement.

"What . . . what did you say?" he asked.

"I was telling Miss Beresford that Mr. Seagar is aboard. I beg his pardon. I should have said Sir Malcolm Seagar. He went to England and was knighted there."

Charters was rendered speechless, and Lola could scarcely contain herself. It looked as if a miracle had happened, in which case . . . She found Charters' hand and gripped it. The officer was now looking at Charters keenly.

"Excuse me for putting a blunt question," he said. "But is your name really Charters?"

"I'm afraid it isn't."

"Then . . ."

My name is Richard Faulkner, and the presence of Seagar on that ship means a great deal to me."

"Faulkner . . . Faulkner. Great heavens . . ."

I remember now. You are the man who has been missing from Brisbane for over a year. Some people were unkind enough to say that Seagar had something to do with it. There was a story about your going to his office and quarrelling with him. Anyway, I heard that Seagar was found lying on the floor in a dazed state."

Charters nodded. He had no desire to go into details. The outstanding fact was that Seagar was alive, unless . . .

unless there were two Malcolm Seagars. Fearful of raising false hopes he thought it best to bottle up the elation that was almost choking him. Lola gazed into his eyes.

"Have you any doubts, Dick?"

"Yes. I dare not hope for so much."

"If he is on board you will recognise him at once?"

"Of course."

The boat was now drawing near to the big liner. They could see the crowded promenade decks, with rows of faces above the rails, and waving hats. Very soon they were on deck, running the gauntlet of the interested passengers, until a stewardess rescued Lola, and Charters found sanctuary in the first mate's cabin.

SOME hours later a new Lola Beresford emerged from a cabin and went nervously on deck. In her borrowed frock she looked very different to the Amazon who had hunted . . . half-naked over that now invisible island. A large proportion of the passengers were Australians returning from Europe, and she soon found three or four acquaintances. In addition to these, almost everyone had heard of the disappearance of her father's yacht, and for an hour or two she was literally bombarded with questions, some of which she avoided answering, for they concerned the man she loved.

"What a wonderful romance! But so sad about your dear father, and those others. But where is the hero . . ."

Lola was pleased to find an excuse to leave the ring of women. Seagar provided her with one. She saw him coming from the direction of the bar, sleek and as prosperous-looking as ever.

"You must excuse me," she begged of her auditors. "I want to speak to Mr. Seagar. He . . . he was a close friend of my . . . my father."

Seagar had heard the story of the rescue, but had not heard the names of the rescued, and had not connected the incident with the disappearance of Beresford's yacht, which had happened shortly before his departure for England. When he saw Lola he opened his eyes in amazement.

"Lola! How the devil did you . . . ? Why, it wasn't you who was rescued?"

"It was."

"Great Scott! And your father, is he . . . ?"

He stopped as he read the truth in her eyes, and led her to a quiet part of the ship.

"Tell me everything," he begged.

But she shook her head, and when she raised her eyes to his he was taken aback to observe their hardness.

"On that island a queer thing happened," she said. "A man came out of the blue and saved us by his courage and self-sacrifice. His name is Richard Faulkner, and he comes from Brisbane . . ."

Seagar's face went pale, and he hung his head for a moment. Lola realised that his excellent memory had not failed him.

"I believe you have met this man, Mr. Seagar?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact . . ."

"Go on."

"We had a little difference," he stammered. "But I don't understand how he managed to assist you. The ruffian molested me in my office after you had sailed . . ."

"The details do not matter, but you may be interested to know that at this moment he is on board."

"What!"

"He was saved with me. We were the only two survivors of that unfortunate yacht party."

Seagar mopped his big face with his silk handkerchief. Evidently his conscience was causing him considerable discomfort.

"It was all a regrettable mistake," he said. "Faulkner seemed to be laboring under a misapprehension."

"I think not," she replied coldly. "You were my father's friend, but I never guessed by what means you amassed your riches. I am afraid that our friendship must end."

"You . . . you believe that man's story?"

"Yes. I am bound to, for I shall soon be his wife."

She stood up, but Seagar detained her. He had had a year to reflect upon his treatment of the sister of Faulkner, and during that period a sense of shame had been engendered, for he was getting old.

"Wait!" he begged. "I admit there was a slight misunderstanding. Though you may not believe it my intention is to make things right for that . . . that woman when I reach Brisbane."

"It doesn't matter now," she replied. "It's rather a pity you left it so late, if you had acted honestly . . ."

SHE stopped as she saw Seagar's eyes open wide, and realised that he was staring at someone close behind her. She turned and saw Dick, clad in evening dress, regarding Seagar with a queer expression on his face. Whether he was violently angry or deeply pleased it was impossible to say.

"Dick!" she cried. "I've been looking . . . You and Sir Malcolm have met before, I think?"

Faulkner said nothing, but offered her his arm. They left Seagar in a state of collapse, and found a quiet corner in the bows of the vessel. The dinner-gong had gone and the decks were practically deserted.

"Well!" she murmured. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"You mean . . . finding him alive?"

"Yes . . . everything."

"I felt like murdering him again, just now, until it dawned on me that he was incidentally responsible for the greatest thing that ever happened to me."

"What is that?" she asked artlessly.

"Finding you, Lola."

"Was it . . . was it worth it?"

"A hundred times." His face lit up. "You know, it is almost impossible to believe that I am a free man, sitting here with you . . . and all the troubles behind us. I had imagined a very different ending."

"So had I," she replied. "I had almost come to believe that you . . . you were heartless, a man devoid of . . . of . . ."

"Of love?" she added.

"Yes."

"How can I prove to you that I am not?"

"You have no need . . . now."

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed for the publisher by Sydney Newspapers Limited, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney, and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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